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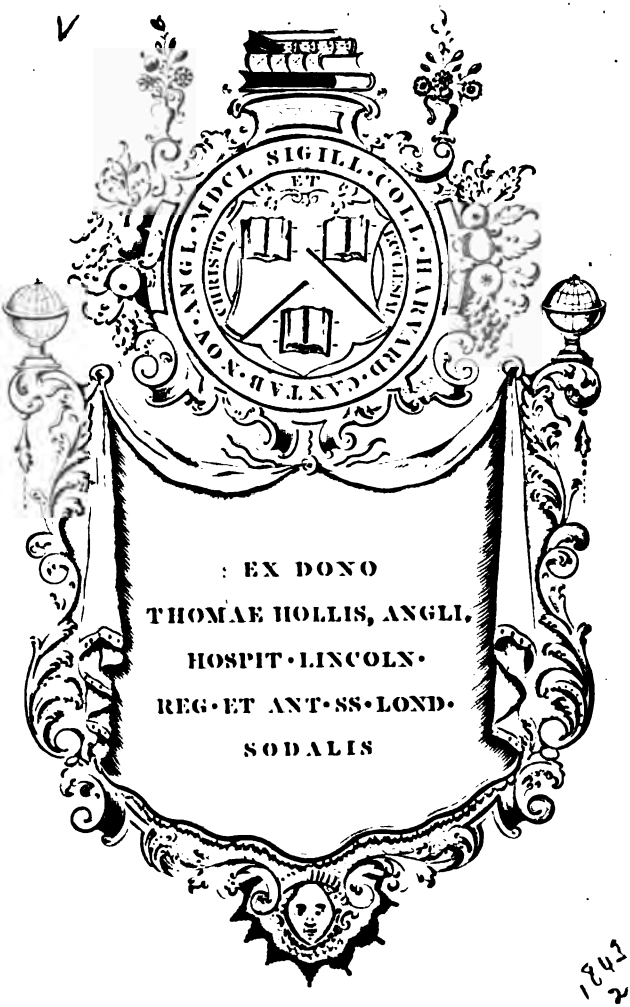
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THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

MAY, 1843.

The Life and Times of St. Bernard. By Dr. AUGUSTUS NEANDER, Professor of Theology in the Royal University of Berlin. Translated from the German, by MATILDA WRENCH. Rivington.

If the dim and partial atmostphere through which remote events and the characters of ancient men must of necessity be viewed, had nothing to counterbalance its disadvantages, the task of the historian —the endeavour to separate the true from the false, would, indeed, be thankless, and even destitute of utility. Happily, however, to borrow a metaphor from things of sense, the mental telescope through which we examine the deeds of former ages, if it does not present to our view each particular point of the prospect with greater distinctness, yet widely increases our range, and brings much within our notice which our eye could not otherwise have embraced. At the distance of a few hundred years a child may sometimes decide with readiness and truth, upon a question which agitated all Europe, and on which the wisest minds and the most powerful intellects of the age in which it was mooted, wasted themselves in useless controversy.

Such reflections are especially apt to present themselves, as often as our attention is directed to the religious disputes of the middle ages. We can understand and admire the ambitious and finessing policy of the Church of Rome, and the art with which she by degrees grafted herself into the very essence of each European court; but it is melancholy to observe minds of the very first order exhausting their energies in the mazes of theroetic theology, and displaying zeal, activity, and talent, which would have adorned any age, without in the slightest degree civilizing that in which they flourished.

But though we may mourn over talents misapplied, there are still few pursuits more interesting than to contemplate the intellectual fencing of these spiritual gladiators; nor is it useless to trace the effect of sincerity and the natural dignity of a *mens conscia recti* in securing for their possessors reverence and submission from the greatest potentates in their own times, and the universal esteem and admiration of succeeding eras.

In these scholastic combats, the latter end of the eleventh and the commencement of the twelfth century was peculiarly prolific. Lanfranc, a Milanese monk, and Primate of England, a man celebrated for his learning and gentleness, attacked the doctrines of Berenger with unwonted acrimony. Anselm engaged in controversy with the subtle and eloquent Roscellinus, while St. Bernard, Abbot of Clairvaux, was confronted as the champion of the church, against numerous adversaries; among the most celebrated of whom are found the names of Abelard, Gillabut de la Porre, Arnold of Brescia, and Petude Bruys. Upon some of these controversies there will be occasion to animadvert, as they successively present themselves; but in the mean time a short sketch of the principal events in the life of St. Bernard may not be misplaced.

The youthful Bernard appears, from the testimony of his biographers, to have been peculiarly happy in his domestic relations. His father, Jecelin, or according to Du Pin, *Jeschelin*, was lord of the village of Fontaine in Burgundy; and if there were no peculiar marks of excellence in his character, at all events he appears to have been an inoffensive man, and an indulgent father. But Alethe, his mother, was a woman of no ordinary stamp, and was imbued with religious impressions almost amounting to enthusiasm. Six sons and one daughter testified by their useful and well-ordered lives her tender care and affection. But it was upon the third of these—the future abbot—that they were more peculiarly lavished. Even before his birth a dream-vision assured his mother that it was no ordinary being that she was about to usher into the world. The notion of becoming the mother of a "catellum totum candidum in dorso subrufrum et latrantem," (for such the dream predicated,) appeared, to say the least of it, a dubious blessing! The venerable adviser, however, to whom Alethe applied for consolation, ingeniously asserted "that the dream was a happy one; for the whelp which was to be born, should watch over the house of God, and should bark furiously against the enemies of the faith."

The reassured Alethe, satisfied with this prophecy, conceived the greatest affection for her yet unborn babe, and inwardly determined to spare no pains to verify the flattering prediction. To this end she sent the young Bernard to be educated at Châtillon, where the boy speedily gave promise of the excellence to which he subsequently attained. Quickly outstripping his companions in the literature of the age, he spent that leisure time which his comrades consumed in idleness or mischief, in quiet meditation or religious exercises. As might be expected, this course of life in a mere child did not improve his health; and we accordingly find the youthful saint before long stretched upon the bed of sickness. Being in great pain, a little girl was sent to his bedside to amuse him in singing; but Bernard perceiving that her songs were of a light and worldly nature, sternly

and with great marks of indignation, drove her away. The excitement consequent upon this action, adds the superstitious biographer who records the anecdote, overcame the disease, and Bernard rose from his bed free from pain.

Alethe died when St. Bernard was still a youth; but he was old enough to appreciate her excellence and his loss; and the remembrance of her parting wishes were of use to him subsequently, in determining him to retire from the world. From his mother's death, indeed, he began seriously to entertain this design, and to search about for the most suitable spot, whither to retire and dedicate himself to the service of God. The monastery of the Cistertians appeared to present peculiar advantages to one so desirous of mortifying the flesh, from its extreme poverty and the peculiar austerity of its regulations. Two hours after midnight, the unhappy Benedictines were aroused to vigils,—at daybreak matins were performed, while the intervening time was consumed in pious meditations or holy discourse. Neither did the stated occupations of the day belie the promise of its commencement, but consisted of alternate periods of devotion and manual labour.

The friends and relations of our youthful recluse in vain combated his design. The image of his sainted mother continually appeared to his excited imagination, urging him on to the sacrifice. The same appearance was seen also by several of his brothers, who in consequence not only desisted from their opposition, but even agreed to follow him to his retreat. Guido alone, the eldest, who was married, and had a large family, hesitated to take so vigorous a step, without the concurrence of his wife, who stoutly opposed a measure which would separate her from her husband. Bernard, enraged at her opposition, prophecied her speedy illness in the event of her non-compliance. Her husband, whose eagerness to escape from the matrimonial yoke is somewhat amusing, determined upon the desperate measure of resigning all his property and working for his bread, in order to try the subduing effect of hardship and poverty. As might be expected, the unfortunate lady, unused to such privations, fulfilled the predictions of her stern brother-in-law, and fell ill. Upon this she gave up the useless struggle, and retired into a religious house.

It was in the year 1113 that Bernard, at the age of two-and-twenty, submitted himself cheerfully, and even with eagerness, to the severe rule of St. Benedict. He took with him more than thirty of his companions, who emulated his zeal if they could not share all his privations. And although it was doubtless his design in thus enrolling himself among an order known only at that time for its poverty and ascetic rigour, to separate himself for ever from the world, it will be seen that the Divine will was that the name of St. Bernard should be bruited in courts and palaces, and that his dictum should be decisive in questions of the greatest moment.

In the monastery of Citraux, Bernard remained for three years, and many are the miracles and wonders said to have been performed by him even at this early period. These, however, it would be tiresome to enumerate; but the account of the conversion of his only sister appears too curious and characteristic to be omitted. Hombeline, for such was her name, determined shortly after her marriage, upon paying her brother a visit in his retirement, probably with a lurking hope of exciting in his mind, regret, if not envy, at the sight of the splendour of her fortunes. With this view she arrayed herself in her most costly attire, and with a great crowd of attendants, presented herself at the door of the monastery. Bernard, who often appears to have allowed his zeal to outrun his amiability, on being told of the manner of her arrival, did not content himself with refusing to see her, but broke out into curses against her vanity and luxuriousness. Hombeline, overwhelmed with confusion, burst into tears, and touchingly exclaimed, "although I am a sinner, for such Christ died! Because I am a sinner, on that account, the more I require the counsel and conversation of good men. If my brother in truth despises my body, let not the servant of God despise my soul! Let him come and give me his commands. Whatever he bids me, that I am prepared to do." Relying on this promise, her brother gave way and went out to her; and finding he could not prevail on her to abandon her husband, contented himself with interdicting the pomps and vanities of the world, and particularly that of dress, to which the lady seems to have been peculiarly given. In the self-denying course thus prescribed to her, Hombeline persisted during the remainder of the life of her husband, and after that event retired to the nunnery of Juilly.

Clairval, the scene of St. Bernard's future ministrations, was formerly known by the less auspicious name of Vallis Absinthialis (Valley of Wormwood). Here, during the space of fifteen years from his abbotical ordination, "the Last of the Fathers," as he is emphatically called, devoted his energies to the reformation of abuses in the church, and the performance of his active duties as a monk. His ascetic severities, however, soon reduced him to such a state of emaciation and debility, as almost totally to unfit him for his position. Made sensible from this warning of the sinfulness of such extreme mortifications, he from that time somewhat relaxed from the severity of the discipline to which he formerly subjected himself.

The name and reputation of St. Bernard was by this time widely spread; but the boldness which he displayed in expostulating with prelates of the highest rank, when he perceived anything in their conduct which he deemed inconsistent with their position, was by no means acceptable in the eyes of the papal see. That power, ever jealous at the appearance of over-righteousness in any of its children, directed its chancellor, Heimerich to convey to the energetic abbot a

friendly hint that such interference in extrinsic matters, did not become his position as a monk. Bernard, whose ardent zeal could ill brook interference, and who, it is probable, had he lived a few centuries later, would have been equal to the position of even Luther himself, justified his conduct with considerable spirit, though with that deference to the court of Rome, which his opinion of the divine origin of papal authority required. But at this time he was diverted from rebuking the irregularities of the dignitaries of the church, and thereby, as he conceived, watching over her true interests, by a controversy in which he engaged, in a quarter which touched him more nearly as a monk and the superior of an order.

Peter the Venerable, as he is usually called, the well-known Abbot of Cluni, was a man who united many of Bernard's own virtues to the additional merit of a gentle spirit and mild demeanour. Such a man, however estimable, was not well fitted to coerce the luxury for which the Cluniac monks began by this time to be especially distinguished. St. Bernard, while he mercilessly reproved the worldliness and luxury of distant orders, was not likely to abstain from animadverting upon the indecorous splendour of a monastery which had ever affected a bitter rivalry to his own. His strictures, accordingly, enforced with the additional sting of truth, so aggrieved the Cluniac brethren, that one of their abbots charged Bernard with having maliciously slandered their order. This remonstrance gave occasion to his celebrated "Apologia ad Guilielmum abbatem," in which he chastised the vanity and extravagance of the monks of Cluni, with all the severity of his powerful pen. Notwithstanding however this unfortunate rivalry between their two orders, Peter the Venerable, with a candour and moderation which does him infinite honour, not only continued upon friendly terms with the Abbot of Clairval, but even professed the greatest admiration for his character and virtues.

But the time was now come when it became the fortune of Bernard to play a more important part on the stage of Europe, than exposing the mal doings of monks, or the peccadilloes of bishops. Upon the death of Pope Honorius II., which occurred in the year 1130, a dispute arose with respect to the succession. Sixteen of the cardinals instantly elected Gregory, cardinal of St Angelo, afterwards called Innocent II.; while the remaining thirty nominated Peter of Leon, under the name of Anacletus. This latter pretender, who was of Jewish descent, and whose private character was not irreproachable, carried with him almost the whole of Italy, from his immense wealth and extensive influence. The contemporary historians of the time, with scarcely an exception, espouse the cause of Innocent II., although the relative number of votes, and the more exact observation of forms in his rival's election, would lead a modern to give the preference to Anacletus.

Innocent, driven from his Italian dominions, sought a refuge in France; but Lewis, unwilling to decide precipitously upon so important a question, summoned a convocation of his prelates at Etampes, whither the Abbot Bernard received a special invitation to attend.

We would not insinuate that the circumstance of Anacletus having formerly been a monk of Cluni, had any share in inducing Bernard to take the decided part he did upon this occasion. It is more charitable, and perhaps as probable, to assume that he was actuated by a dislike to the private character of Peter, and also from the circumstance of his Jewish descent. However this may be, certain it is, that he espoused the cause of Innocent with the greatest zeal; and his activity, eloquence, and enthusiasm, increased every day that pope's partisans. St. Bernard, fully conscious of the danger he ran if the cause he advocated were unsuccessful, commenced his journey to Etampes, as he afterwards confessed, with no small trepidation. When, however, upon his arrival, the French king and all his bishops referred the matter to his decision, he pleaded the cause of Innocent with such fervour that from that instant the whole of France favoured his pretensions. From Etampes St. Bernard conducted his adopted superior to Châtres, where Henry of England had convened a council for a similar purpose. There, however, the bishops espoused the cause of Anacletus, and Henry himself remained for a time obdurate to the entreaties of Bernard, but at length gave way, upon the eager monk exclaiming,—"What dost thou fear?—the sin of obeying Innocent? Do thou make thy peace with God for thy other sins,—this one I will take upon my own shoulders."

Nor were these the only instances in which the abbot of Clairval successfully interposed his mediation between crowned heads. In the interview which Innocent afterwards had with Lothaire, Emperor of Germany, that prince, though he acknowledged him as Pope, vehemently insisted upon the restitution of the investitures, which the papal see had with great trouble and danger wrested from his predecessor. Bernard, to whom it was equally agreeable to reprove an emperor as to rebuke the meanest peasant, took upon himself to determine this dispute; and forthwith reproached Lothaire for his impiety, with such bitterness and severity of language, that that emperor, totally abashed, withdrew his claim. The grateful Pope, after seeing his power established principally through Bernard's exertions, throughout France, Germany, and England, thought he could not reward the abbot in a more suitable manner than by honouring him with a visit at his beloved monastery. Upon his arrival at Clairval, he was met, exultingly relates an eulogist and biographer of St. Bernard, not by monks adorned with purple and jewels, nor by begilded priests, but by meek and humble devotees, bearing aloft a rude cross of stone. He was received, not with the thunder of noisy trumpets, but with a

suppressed murmuring of prayer. It is stated that the Pope and his attendant bishops could not refrain from tears at the sight of this solemn and careworn band, at a time of such general rejoicing, slowly marching before them with their eyes bent incuriously upon the ground.

It would be foreign to the design of this brief biographical sketch of Bernard, to pursue him through the various journeys in which he was engaged during the following few years. These were principally undertaken in behalf of Innocent, and merely present him to our notice under the character of an animated and successful pleader for that pontiff. But though by the abbot's exertions, the cause which he advocated was every day gaining strength in the various courts of Europe, Peter of Leon still continued the struggle, and with such local success, that Innocent and those cardinals who favoured his pretensions, besought St. Bernard, whose influence was universally acknowledged, and who was treated both by friends and enemies with a deference which would have intoxicated a more ambitious man, to repair once more to Rome, and reanimate their tottering cause. This invitation, or rather command, Bernard, although he is represented as being extremely indisposed to quit his quiet retreat at Clairval for the turmoil and excitement of the papal capital, did not think proper to disobey; and the year 1140 accordingly found him supporting the cause of Pope Innocent at Rome, with his accustomed success.

About this period, Roger, King of Sicily, willing to effect a division in favour of Anacletus, to whose interest he was strongly attached, and being defeated in an attempt to support him by the force of arms, endeavoured by a plausible assumption of candour to entrap the unsuspecting abbot. Pretending a great desire to be more rightly informed as to the relative merits of the two pretenders to the papal chair, he requested that the one should depute Bernard and the other the cardinal Pietro of Pisa to plead before him the cause of their respective masters. This proposal he made in the hope that Pietro, who we well know for his skill in dialectics, and for his profound knowledge in ecclesiastical jurisprudence, would utterly confound and put to shame his clever, but unpractised opponent.

This scheme, however plausible, signally failed of success; for the abbot, so far from being worsted in this encounter, so won upon his destined vanquisher by his reasoning and arguments, that the cardinal (partly, in all probability, convinced by attractive offers from Pope Innocent) came over to his side, and publicly renounced the declining cause of the anti-pope. The wily churchman selected, as it happened, a fortunate moment for his defection, for the death of Anacletus, who had for some time been gradually sinking, shortly afterwards occurred. His death is related by the author of a life of St. Bernard, to whom reference has already been made, with a degree of

censoriousness and unchristian rancour that is strongly characteristic of the times. "The destroying angel,"—such is his language,—"coming to the house of Peter of Leon, found not upon the lintel the averting blood of the Lamb. He smote therefore that wretched man; who indeed for the space of two years nevertheless had opportunity for repenting! but he abused the patience of God, and died in his sin without hope."

With Anacletus expired all opposition to Innocent's quiet enjoyment of the papal chair; for his destined successor, sensible of the hopelessness of his cause, made a virtue of necessity, and peaceably resigned his pretensions. The wearied St. Bernard having had the satisfaction of seeing the long-contested tiara securely placed upon the brow of Innocent, did not linger at Rome to enjoy the honours everywhere pressed upon him, but hurried back to Burgundy and the company of his beloved monks.

It was in this same year, 1140, that one of the most celebrated of the polemic controversies, to which allusion has been already made, was brought to a conclusion. Every one in the slightest degree acquainted with English literature, must be perfectly familiar with the name of Abelard, but they would, in all probability, recognize him as the hero of an unfortunate love-tale, rather than as a philosophic casuist. For Pope's beautiful letters, though they may express the elegance and imaginative character of the penitent monk, do not paint him to our fancy the ingenious theorizer and profound thinker which he really was; and it is necessary to have recourse to the contemporary accounts of the age before we can realize the strength and vigour of his intellectual character.

Peter Abelard was a native of the little village of Le Palais, near Mantes; his father, Berengarius, although a soldier, was not untinctured with a taste for literature, and the young Abelard found no dissuasion from him, when he resolved to eschew the military garb for the doctor's gown. William of Champeaux, a Parisian professor of some eminence, instructed him in the first rudiments of logic and dialectics; and, as is often the case, became the bitter opponent of his too successful pupil, when he established a rival school at St. Genevieve. It was here, while he was filling his own lecture-room at the expense of his quondam preceptor, that Abelard became the tutor of the unfortunate Elöise, niece to Jubbert, a canon of Paris. Theirs is not the only instance in which, in a similar position, Minerva has been gradually neglected for Venus; and Abelard soon lost the authority of the teacher in the submission of the lover. He himself, in a letter to a friend, tells us that "under the pretence of learning we learnt only to love! We opened indeed our books, but love, not the lesson, became the burthen of the discourse." A private marriage with his fair pupil was the termination of Abelard's tuition, and they fled from Paris to avoid the wrath of her uncle.

He however proved so vindictive in his resentment, that they both agreed to embrace a monastic life. Abelard, accordingly, professed at St. Denys, and Elöisa at Argentevil.

There were at this time two distinct parties among the doctors of the Romish church. The one, at whose head was Bernard of Clairvaux, known by the name of Realists, cherished a mystical reverence for the church system as it then existed, and shrank with horror from innovating speculations; while the other, designated Nominalists, consisted of bolder spirits, and were desirous of upholding the church's dogmas, only so far as they were consonant to the light of human reason.

Among this latter party, Abelard, young, enthusiastic, and deeply imbued with the learning of the heathen philosophers, eagerly threw himself, and became at once from his transcendent talents *their* oracle, and the abomination of the more orthodox in the church, who indeed viewed the application of philosophy to religion with still greater prejudice, from the remembrance, not yet effaced, of the heresies of Berenger upon Transubstantiation, and of Roscerinus, (who if not the founder was the chief ornament of the Dialecticians), as regarded the Trinity.

Abelard, in endeavouring to prove the truth of the Scriptures by means of logic and human reasoning, adopted a course which secured him the suffrages of the young and ardent in the church, who accordingly embraced with avidity and in large numbers his bold and original positions.

He was no friend to the substitution of enthusiastic faith for diligent inquiry and impartial conviction. A strict investigation, he argued, into the nature of the Divine, although a knowledge human in its origin, and therefore not *meritorious*, was still not unprofitable in its results; for the more the mind was cultivated and refined by philosophy *before* conversion, the higher degree of excellence in divine knowledge it would subsequently be capable of obtaining. But though he thus called in the aid of philosophy and logic to establish the Christian religion upon a reasonable and intelligent basis, he was fully conscious of the incapability of conviction alone to satisfy the cravings of men's minds after the perception of divine truth; and he judiciously acknowledged a distinction between the *credere et intelligere*, which were, according to his system, attainable in this mundane state, and the *cognoscere*, which was reserved for a future and more perfect existence.

Abelard's investigation into the nature of the Trinity led him into expressions which his rivals in theology reviled as dangerous heresies, and which later critics have designated as the rankest socinianism. He distinguished the persons of the Trinity, according to Alexander Natalis, from whom Milner borrows his statement, in this manner,—"that God the Father was Full Power, the Son a Certain Power, the

Holy Spirit No Power—the Son was to the Father as a certain power to power, as a species to genus, as materiatum to materia, as man to animal, as a brazen seal to brass."

This explanation (if such it may be termed!) Abelard, anxious as he was to demonstrate that the doctrine of the Trinity was a truth that might be elaborated by the efforts of human genius, endeavoured to deduce from the writings of the ancient philosophers; and it was especially from Plato and his followers that he attempted to evolve the germ of this article of faith.

Had Abelard been able to pursue to its logical conclusion his fundamental position of the divine illumination of some of the heathen writers, Neander pronounces that he would have been compelled to deviate from the Catholic doctrines, and would have arrived at the conclusions afterwards held by Zuinglius and Ecolampadius. In this, however, the time was not yet ripe, and he only succeeded in exciting the indignation of his fellow Errorists, without arriving at the truth himself.

But if the opinions of Abelard in points of doctrinal tendency were not more correct than those of the other theologians of the day, he perceived and reprobated with honest zeal the practical evils of the system as it then existed. Like St. Bernard, he bitterly inveighs against the sensuality and worldliness of the clergy, and endeavours to pique them into decency, by presenting the example of his favourite heathen philosophers. Against indulgencies too, and the practice of besieging the deathbed for donations to the church or testamentary bequests, Abelard was fierce in his indignation. Neither was he more merciful (a salient contrast in this respect to the superstitious Bernard!) in his ridicule of the pretended miracle-mongers of his time,—not that he denied their former existence, but he considered that the requisite degree of faith for their manifestation was no longer to be found among mankind.

The first persecution against Abelard arose from the private jealousy of two professors of Rheims, Alberic and Lotulf, who persuaded Conon, the papal legate, to summon him before the synod of Soissons in the year 1121. He was here charged with tritheism; and having by the advice of the amiable Godfrey, Bishop of Chartres, who perceived the spirit in which the proceedings were instituted, burnt his book with his own hand, he was, after a short confinement, set at liberty. He was not however long suffered to remain at peace, but driven out of his monastery of St. Denys, betook himself to Provence, where, in a retired spot, he built a little chapel, and devoted himself to an eremitic life. His numerous scholars however, who idolized their persecuted teacher, followed him in crowds to his retreat—built little cells round his Hermitage—and erected a church for him in the vicinity, on which Abelard, touched by their considerate kindness, bestowed the name of Paraclete.

His adversaries, ever watchful for the slightest error, cavilled at this appellation, pretending it was monstrous to dedicate a church to the Holy Ghost alone!

In the year 1128, Abelard, apprehending some fresh attack, accepted the abbey of St. Gildas in Bretagne, and bestowed the church of Paraclete and its dependencies, upon Elöise, an appointment subsequently confirmed by the diocesan bishop.

William of Thierry, an intimate friend of St. Bernard, was the first to realise these fears; for that abbot appears to have become suddenly awakened to the iniquity of allowing the heterodox tenets of the new theologian to remain unrefuted. Stung with this conviction, but conscious that he himself was inadequate to the task, he addressed an animated appeal to St. Bernard, conjuring him to exert himself in the cause of the "faith of our common hope, now grievously corrupted," and subjoining thirteen articles deduced from Abelard's divinity, which he considered to be inimical to true religion. At the close of his expostulatory letter, he complains of the extraordinary titles of some of that philosopher's *opuscula*, such as "The Yea and the No," "Know Thyself," &c.; the doctrines of which he was grievously afraid were as monstrous as the titles were singular.

Bernard, who to do him justice appears in this instance to have entered the lists with all imaginable reluctance, and an honestly-confessed dread of his rival's superior logic, thought himself obliged upon this appeal, and on Abelard's indignant rejection of his expostulations privately tendered, to accuse him publicly of having fallen into the heresies of Arius, Pelagius, and the Nestorians; while Abelard, on his part, disdainfully appealed to Henry, archbishop of Sens, and challenged his accuser to make good his charges at the council about to be held at that place.

Thither, accordingly, a large assembly convened to listen to the disputation of two such celebrated men. The young French king, Louis VII, together with his principal prelates, presided upon the occasion; and all Europe waited with impatience the issue of this spiritual tourney. The speculations as to the result were tolerably divided; for though Abelard was justly considered the ablest reasoner and most learned man of the day, on the other hand the opinions of St. Bernard had already, in the eyes of a very large party, obtained such sanctity, as to render any attempt to gainsay them little short of sacrilege itself. The expectations of the curious multitude were, however, destined to be disappointed. Both appear to have secretly feared the power or the influence of his antagonist; and while St. Bernard declared he would not suffer truths which were fixed and immutable to be put upon the doubtful issue of a scholastic dispute, Abelard, struck by a sudden panic, or probably foreseeing the issue of his trial in the countenances of his judges, suddenly appealed to

Rome, where, however, at the instigation of the all-powerful abbot, his sentence was confirmed.

The venerable abbot of Cluni afforded him a retreat in the decline of life; and by his efforts a reconciliation was produced between him and Bernard. Here for two years he remained in quiet and unnoticed tranquillity; and upon becoming extremely infirm, retired for the benefit of his health to the monastery at Chalons on the Seine, where he died in 1142, aged 63. Peter, his kind patron, with that amiability which formed such an attractive feature in his character, acquainted Elöisa with his pious and resigned end, and in the same letter, strongly eulogizes the character of her unfortunate husband.

In forming our estimate of this celebrated man, it is impossible to refuse him the merit of genius, or (throughout the latter portion of his life) of true piety. That some of his notions on abstruse theological points were mistaken, and others couched in language extremely liable to be misunderstood, is certain; but, nevertheless, it is most true (to echo the words of the learned translator of Mosheim) that he "was undoubtedly worthy of a better fate than that which fell to his lot, and of a more enlightened age than that in which he lived."

It is difficult to avoid remarking upon the extreme prejudice and want of candour which Milner has displayed in his discussion of Abelard's opinions. He appears to imagine that the slightest praise bestowed upon one to whom Bernard opposed himself, would be a species of treason against that favourite divine; and he accordingly not merely wrests the tenets of Abelard into tortuous and unwarrantable positions, but with a want of charity worthy of the chronicler of the death of Anacletus, denies him the merit of penitence and piety in his old age.

Neander, in his account of his hero's controversy with Abelard and Arnold of Brescia, displays that talent and deep knowledge of theology, which from any production of that master-hand the world would naturally expect. There are, however, interspersed passages of mystic obscurity and *Kantism;* which at least, through the medium of his translation, are, to the casual reader, totally unintelligible. It would answer no useful end to expiscate these knotty paragraphs; and a very brief and general account of the controverted points, drawn indiscriminately from the works of Neander and from other sources, is all that has been attempted.

As a specimen, however, of the obscurity and mysticism alluded to, the following passage is extracted. After stating that the leading principle in Augustine's theology was, that the truths of religion were not to be attained merely by the application of the understanding, without moral preparation, but must be first received by faith, Neander, or rather his translator, thus continues:—

And here two opposite paths present themselves, in either of which the human mind is liable to lose itself. In the first, by bringing down the Im-

mutable and Divine, and placing it on a level with the Subjective and Unearthly. In the second (for the individual conception of the Divine, and the reflections arising from this conception, which would result from the peculiarities of mental cultivation) by confounding the immutable and to man incomprehensible sublime with that which is subjected to the mutations of human form.

It is but common justice however to state that the work, taken as a whole, appears to be very ably translated, and does not offend the reader by those bald expressions and foreign idioms, which are too often observable in books (especially *German*) *done* into English.

But it is time to resume the more immediate history of St. Bernard, from whom the reader has been for awhile diverted in favour of the rival luminary of the twelfth century. The controversy that has been briefly related, was by no means the only affair of a public nature which engaged the attention of the busy abbot, upon the secure establishment of Innocent II. upon the papal throne.

Theobald, Count of Blois, and elder brother of Stephen, King of England, was at this time engaged in a fierce contest with Louis VII. Theobald, an old and decrepid prince, and by himself quite unequal to so mighty an antagonist, had, however, gained by his virtues and pious donations, a friend in the powerful abbot of Clairval; who resisted the arms of Louis with the still more potent weapons of spiritual censure. The account of this transaction, as given by M. Sismondi in his "Histoire de Français," differs in some respects from that of Neander; and particularly in his remarks upon St. Bernard's share in the subsequent negotiations. Sismondi accuses the monk of being by no means superior to the duplicity and dissimulation then so common among clerical politicians, while Neander does not appear to take such a sinister a view of his hero's diplomacy.

Upon the death of Innocent II., speedily followed by that of his two immediate successors, Celestine and Lucius, the cardinals, instead of electing one of their own body, fixed upon a namesake and pupil of the abbot of Clairval, who assumed the name of Eugenius III. Eugenius appears to have been a truly pious and excellent Christian; and, on a visit which he paid to Clairval after his elevation, he gave every mark of a mind uncorrupted by the splendour of pontifical greatness.

The lowly habit of a monk, made still more irksome by a coarse woollen shirt next his person, was concealed from the eyes of the multitude by the richest purple robe. His bed, though covered with the most costly trappings, in reality consisted of the commonest straw and flock; and the humblest monk at Clairval found in his exalted brother a sympathising friend, instead of a haughty master. To this holy man, St. Bernard, as a tribute of just respect, dedicated his work *De Consideratione*, one of the most laboured and important productions of his active mind.

In the year 1145, the news of the taking of Edessa, and the massacre of the Christians in the Holy Land, filled all France with horror; and Louis VII., anxious to regain that favour with the church which he had forfeited by his persecution of Theobald, and perhaps actuated also by motives of chivalry, embraced with ardour the idea of a second crusade. Bernard lent his enthusiastic energy to the cause, and at an assembly convened at Vezelay, where he represented the pope himself, addressed the multitude in that peculiar strain of impassioned eloquence, which never failed in exciting the sympathy of his audience; and accordingly his voice was soon drowned in cries of "The cross! the cross!" while noble after noble, prelate after prelate, thronged in emulous succession, to receive the badges which were tendered by the ardent monk.

Bright were the predictions prophecied by St. Bernard concerning this crusade; and it was one of the bitterest mortifications of his concluding years, to be reproached upon its unfortunate termination, as a false and misleading prophet! He used to endeavour to console himself by reflecting upon the vices and misconduct of the crusading soldiers, and to assert that these were the sole obstacles to the success of the expedition in which they were engaged.

The closing act of St. Bernard's public career was to effect a reconciliation between the burghers of Metz and some of the neighbouring barons. It was from the bed of sickness that he roused himself to perform this work of charity; and though the haughty knights refused at the time to listen, or accept him as a mediator, he had the satisfaction of hearing upon his return to Clairval, with his malady increased in violence from the powerful effort he had made temporarily to subdue it, that the nobles had consented to an equitable peace.

From this time he never rallied; and it is painful to contemplate the last scene of his life, as one of bodily anguish, so acute as to make him pray for his departure as the only means of relief. He died in the year 1153, aged sixty-three.

The works of St. Bernard which have been handed down to us, consist of letters, sermons, and a few longer treatises. His style is lively and concise, and his diction pleasant and curious; but his knowledge is rather that of wholesome doctrine than of abstruse learning. He is not deficient in wit and elegance, and in his "Apologia ad Guilielmum," gives a very lively and amusing description of the excesses he vituperates.

And while they spin out their immoderate feasts, says their indignant censor, is there any one who offers to regulate the debauch? No, certainly: dish dances after dish; and for the abstinence which they profess, two rows of fat fish appear swimming upon the table. Are you cloyed with these? The cook has art sufficient to prick you up others of no less charms. He'll

provide sauces as different as your dishes. Thus plate is devoured after plate, and such natural transitions are made from one to the other, that they fill their bellies, but seldom blunt their appetites; for the palate is always so agreeably entertained with so many novelties, that it has not leisure to be satisfied.

In the same work he reproves very severely "a pleasant custom of some monks; who, being young, healthy, and strong, would retreat at sacrament time into the infirmary, to eat and drink more at their leisure."

It is in these writings, and especially in those upon important subjects, that the explanation of the wonderful influence and authority St. Bernard enjoyed is to be found; for they possess the peculiar and all-powerful charm of *earnestness*,—of an intense conviction of the doctrines and tenets they inculcate. It is this quality,—this faculty of deceiving (if deceiving) yourself as well as others,—this power of thoroughly merging the actor in the part he assumes, which invariably commands attention, and generally success. It carries with it the sympathy of all within its influence; and without it, the most honied charms of eloquence fall coldly upon the uninterested ear.

And it was just this magic faculty which St. Bernard undoubtedly possessed. That he often deceived himself is more than probable, that he was often mistaken is certain; but still, whether persuading his relations to a monastic life—advocating the cause of his Pope—reprobating the crimes of the clergy—persecuting the unfortunate Abelard—preaching up the Crusades, or persuading himself that he could perform miracles, he was sincere. A belief in his *genuineness* is absolutely necessary to account for the power which a private individual—of no extraordinary genius—of an obscure monastery in Burgundy, exercised over the destinies of Europe. No impostor could have come unscathed out of a life of such varied responsibility. It was his truthfulness of character alone, which has secured him from detection by the Argus-eyes of an envious posterity!

That his character was a perfect one, or even the *most* perfect vouchsafed to human frailty, no one, except perhaps the Rev. Joseph Milner, would assert.

It is difficult to reconcile the epithet *columbini* which is continually bestowed by his biographers upon his eyes, with some of the stories related of his unbending sternness. But be this as it may, it seems certain that an over-indulgence to the errors of human nature cannot be numbered as one of St. Bernard's imperfections.

Neither if the influence he exerted upon passing events be considered, is there any room for unmixed gratitude. If his opposition to Abelard is open to some question, his persecutions of the pure-minded Arnold of Brescia, of Peter de Bruys, whose only fault was to be in advance of the age he lived in, of the ardent Henri, of the Ca-

thari, and other reforming and in fact Protestant-inclined sects of his era, are still more to be lamented. Neither is it to be forgotten, that it was in a great measure owing to his influence that the so-called "Holy" wars were embraced by the European princes; and (as may be reasonably presumed) fostered by the Pope he had himself formed, Eugenius III.

These foolish expeditions, alike useless and unjust, were productive of evils and calamities, the traces of which are hardly yet effaced. The population of Europe was exhausted—enormous wealth was transferred to Asia—the most noble families of the West became extinct or degraded—the most distressing enormities were perpetrated by these holy marauders—and for what?—Let Neander reply. "In the enthusiasm which animated the nations for an object unintelligible to the senses, and the extraordinary efforts for an extraordinary end, we recognise the traces of man's illustrious origin. Lowest in the scale (of excellence), and false in the greatest degree to the primitive nobility of man, stands he, who in the coldness of intellect, looks down upon these times in a spirit of affected compassion, proceeding not from the overpowering influence of *genuine reality* on the mind, but from the circumstance of his assuming that only to be real, which is, in truth, the very lowest degree of seeming, and thus regarding as a delusion what is here the *beautiful*, the labouring and the venturing for an object which exists, and is of value for the heart alone."

This may be poetry; and Dr. Neander has certainly caught not a little of the enthusiasm he is lauding: but the question, how far the enabling, at the expense of so much Christian blood and Christian crime, future ages to "recognise the traces of man's illustrious origin," will exonerate the abbot of Clairval, is one must be left to the decision of each impartial reader.

ART II.—*A General Armory of England, Scotland, and Ireland.* By J. and J. B. BURKE. London, 1842.

LORD CHESTERFIELD, disputing some point of ceremonial with the "Garter" of his day, is reported to have said, "you foolish man, you do not understand your own foolish business." This foolish business, however, seems to retain some secret hold even upon the wiser part of the community; and it is amusing, in this utilitarian, and in some sense democratic age, to see vehement contemners of title and grave abstract philosophers, when they gain wealth or station, going out of their way to adopt a usage so entirely aristocratic, and in modern times so abundantly useless, as that of bearing a coat of arms. Whig or Tory, dissenter or churchman, philosopher or soldier, every man who rises even to competence, wanting an hereditary right, is sure, either with or without the aid of the respectable functionary above-

mentioned, to supply himself with a coat of arms. As in the case of the Galwegian, John o' the Scales, commemorated in Guy Mannering, the plain "G.G." may, indeed, be seen upon the earlier seal or the first modest equipage; but some "Mr. Cumming of the Lion office" will sooner or later be consulted in the matter, and a future and more splendid panel will glitter with the ancient coat of "Tomkins of that Ilk," with a due difference of "a pair of hose, or a sugar cask, all proper" for the house of Cranbourne Alley or Billiter Lane: a method of grafting a roturier into an old stock much in vogue among the gentlemen of the Herald's office, and which reminds us of the ancient, but now exploded legal fiction, by which a "feodum novum" was granted to be held "ut feodum antiquum," as descending from an imaginary ancestor of indefinite antiquity.

Mr. Timothy Vears goes to the herald on duty, and demands a coat of arms; his father was an Essex ploughman, and Timothy made his fortune by a successful contract in the scavenging line in Manchester. He pays his fee and receives the ancient coat of De Vere, with the addition of a "mud rake sable" in the first quarter. When Dr. Paley set up a carriage, the builder asked for his arms. The doctor had none, but he remembered that upon an old tankard there was a handsome lion; this he delivered over to the tradesman; "and so, sir," as he used to tell the story in his own broad accent, "the lion has been the Pawley arms ever since." The fact seems to be that whatever be a man's general opinions, few can resist the assumption of a distinction which was formerly a mark of gentle descent, and the absence of which is still plebian. The craving is natural, and it is ludicrous only when combined by such persons as the biographers of Lady Huntingdon or Mr. John Quincy Adams, with a pretended contempt for worldly or aristocratic honours.

We are surprised that among the illustrated, we believe we may now say illuminated works, which Mr. Murray and other spirited publishers of the present day have put forth, and which so elegantly adorn the drawing-room table, a work upon heraldry,—a subject so capable of being rendered amusing, and so peculiarly suited to the display of the richer species of illumination, should hitherto have found no place. A quarto after the fashion of Mr. Lockhart's Spanish Ballads, would form an appropriate pendant to that beautiful volume, and would be equally well suited with it to both drawing-room and library.

The "res heraldica," "the art noble and misterie of the Herehaults," is but very partially unfolded by Porny and the dry jejune writers of modern days. Those who wish to drink more deeply at the fountain of honour, must seek the aid of the Dame of Sopwell, of old Gervase Markham, or Guillim, or the quaint quartos of Ferne or Bosvile, rich in learning and humour, and treating their subject under the full impression that none can surpass it in dignity and honour.

The "blazon of gentrie," or the "glorie of generositie," are very inadequately replaced by their modern successors. It is a very different business to be told briefly,—"The 'flaunch' is made on each side of the shield, by the segment of a circular superficies, drawn from the corner of the chief to the base point; and the 'voider' is the diminutive of the flaunch;" and to learn "now, gentle reader, the 'flaunch' taketh his name from 'Flaus the flank' that includeth the small guts which strut out 'quodam tumore,' as it were a blown bladder. Hence, the flaunch denoteth courage, the organs digestive being the seat of that virtue. Thus in Lancelot du Lac, when Arthur lay striken to death, 'aquis aus fist tant de proesse que tous seu esmerveillerent dont telle proesse venoit a l'homme de son age, car ja estoit vieil et ancien: mais ce luy venoit du grant couraige que il avoit au ventre.' The 'voider' one liketh to a mirrour, and is therein a bearing proper to ladies, who are thereby advised to look frequently into their glasses, that they may be stirred up to make their minds to match unto their faces." If we turn to Mr. Burke, we shall read that the chevron is deduced from the bow of a war-saddle, and is formed of two parallel lines, meeting pyramidally, &c.; but if we go back a couple of centuries or so, we shall read that "heralds skilled dispute whether this chevron be derived from the roof of a house or the head-gear of a woman." It is difficult to say which, because "modica alteratio in membro principali magnam alterationem facit;" but the former seems more probable, because in the close roll of the exchequer, 6 H. 3, the king gives Robert de Mare twenty chevrons of oak from the forest of Melksham; and according to Madore, Master Culumb was amerced in a hundred marks, because he took fourscore and eight chevrons from the royal forest by night.

Nothing comes amiss to the old heraldic writers. Like Bayle, or Jeremy Taylor, or Burton, or the author of the "Doctor," they bring forth from their store-house things new and old, relative or irrelative; and their way of showing respect to a man, alive or dead, was to provide him with a pedigree and coat armour, and impute to him a knowledge of heraldry. The same age that represented the Virgin Mary as perfectly versed in the canon law, declared that Solomon, as the wisest of men, must have been a good herald; and describes the armorial bearings of Achilles and Hector. Hear Dame Juliana Berners, prioress of Sopwell, speaking with the utmost gravity,—"Of the offspring of the gentilman Japhet, comes Habraham, Moyses, Aron, and the profetys, and also the kyng of the right line of Mary, of whom that gentilman Jesus was born very God and man. After his manhode, king of the londe of Jude, and of Jues, gentilman by his moder Mary, prynce of coat armure." Mixed up with the most extraordinary fables and anachromisms, we find quaint discourses upon the hidden virtues of different colours and bearings, how gold signifieth faith and truth; silver, beauty and innocence; green, hope and free-

dom; and how each colour and metal had its still more recondite meaning, and its hidden analogies and sympathies with the planetary bodies. How the bend sinister in a coat of arms denoted a rent or fissure dividing the shield, "quia ipse Bastardus finditur et dividitur a patrimonio patris sui;" and how the voided or adumbrated bearing is fitted to be used by him, who having mortgaged and wasted his land, retains only the shadow as it were, and empty outline of his patrimony.

Messrs. J. and J. B. Burke, the title of whose ponderous tome stands at the head of this article, form no exception to their brethren in the bald and sapless manner in which they have treated their subject. We ought, however, in justice to these authors to state, that their "heraldry" is a mere prefix or introduction to the bulk or dictionary part of their volume. Of this latter, we can speak more favourably. It is both the most complete and most convenient dictionary of arms that has yet been published, and it forms a useful addition to their well-known genealogical work upon the British Commoners. As such, we can honestly recommend it, but as a treatise on heraldry it is stark naught and far inferior even to Porny.

It is not our intention, however, to fill up Messrs. Burkes' deficiencies, or to turn this article into a regular heraldic treatise; we propose only to pass in review some of the most amusing parts of the subject; and without further preface invite our readers with us, "desipere in loco," and to take a stroll among the saltires and fesses, lions, griffins, cockatrices and moldwarps of ancient heraldry, and invoking the shades of Blue-mantle and Rouge-dragon, with us to unfurl the banner, and mark with rapid but curious glance the rich emblazonry, gules, azure, and sable, upon its ample folds.

Particular symbols have in all ages been assumed by the various tribes of mankind; such, for example, as the Roman eagle, the Danish raven, or the white horse of Saxony, the latter of which still remains upon the chalk downs of western England. Heraldry, however, is a purely Teutonic institution, devised in Germany, received and polished in France, and adopted into this country from Normandy; all during the first half of the twelfth century. It has little or nothing in common with the older emblems, although they have occasionally been incorporated into its charges, and an apparent connexion has thus been established between the two. This practice misled the credulous writers of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and caused them to attribute coats of arms to the heroes of sacred and profane history, who were certainly as innocent of heraldry as ever was Adam of genealogy.

Arms or armories, so called from their having been originally displayed upon defensive armour, are supposed to have been first used at the great German tournaments, and to have reached England under Henry the 2nd and Richard the 1st. Many of the terms of the art are

of German, and many more of French origin. To blazon, now meaning to describe a coat of arms in words, is the German "Blasen," to blow the horn, because proclamation of the arms and style of each knight was thus introduced upon public occasions. The real use of the armorial bearing was obviously to distinguish between one individual and another, when all were shut up in close armour, or obscured in the press and dust of a melée.

The earliest extant examples of arms are probably to be met with upon the seals of the German emperors; those ascribed by Matthew Paris to earlier heroes are certainly fictitious, as are probably those upon the tombs of the Popes before 1180 or 1200. It was so common a practice in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries to attribute armorial bearings to the heroes of the tenth and eleventh, that it is necessary to regard all these early coats with the utmost suspicion.

The monk of Marmontia, probably a contemporary, describes Henry the First, upon the marriage of his daughter to Geoffrey of Anjou, in 1122, as hanging about his son-in-law's neck a shield decorated with painted lions, "pictos leoness præferens in clypeo;" but as it does not appear that their colour or position upon the shield was definitely fixed, this can scarcely be regarded as an example of heraldic bearings. The first great seal of Richard the First, in 1144, bears two lions combatant; but his second seal of 1189 bears two lions passant in pale, which with the third lion, added by John his successor, form the arms of England as they still appear. King Stephen is said to have assumed "Sagittarius," because he landed in England when the sun was in that sign; but this, if true, was an emblem only, and not a coat of arms.

The effigy of Geoffrey de Magnaville, Earl of Essex, who died in 1144, is still preserved in the Temple church, and bears a regular coat of arms upon the shield; but effigies were often constructed long after the death of the person they represented, and are by no means equal as evidence to a seal.

A very early heraldic seal, probably the earliest now extant in England, is that of Stephen Earl of Richmond, as early as 1137, and bearing seven fleur-de-lys. Philip, Earl of Flanders, appears to have sealed with arms in 1159, as did Waleran, Earl of Mellent, who died in 1166. Duchesne gives the arms of the Montmorences upon a seal as early as 1182; and William, Earl of Essex, who died in 1190, seals with the same arms with those upon the shield of his predecessor in the Temple church; Geoffrey Paganel, a great Anglo-Norman baron, seals in 1187 with "two lions passant," which his descendants long continued to bear.

With the thirteenth century evidence of arms begins to be more numerous. Thus Baldwin de Bethune, Earl of Albermarle, who died in 1212, "seals with three martlets upon a chief;" and many other examples are preserved in the Lansdowne and other collections of ancient charters.

These coats were not at first strictly hereditary, or even always permanent. The families of Ferrers, Earls of Derby; of Quincy, Earls of Winchester; Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick; the old Earls of Chester, Essex, and Norfolk, among many others, changed their armorial bearings from father to son. Sir Nicholas Carru, in 1283, seals with a tricorporate lion; but at the siege of Caerlaverock we find him with a

> Baniere et jaune bien passable
> O trois passans lyons de sable,—

the arms of his illustrious descendant Sir Nicholas, and of the Carews of our own day. In most cases, however, arms became regarded as hereditary during the reign of Henry the Third. The nave of Westminster, completed by that monarch in 1270, was decorated with the arms of forty great barons of the realm, painted in distemper. These paintings are still extant; and the arms are in most cases those used by their descendants.

No sooner had the great barons assumed armour for themselves than they began to grant them to their feudal inferiors. Arms so granted commonly bore some resemblance to those of the granter; and hence certain charges are still found to prevail in particular districts. Thus the chevron of the Clares occurs in Gloucestershire, South Wales, Kent, and Essex; the garb, or wheat-sheaf of its old earls in Cheshire; the cinquefoil of the Bellomonts in the midland counties; the annulet of the Viponts in Westmoreland; the lion all over England, and the tressure in Scotland, both from the royal arms. Thus also William Ferrers, Earl of Derby, bore "vair or and gules," and sometimes "fers de cheval or horse-shoes." Stephen Curzon, his man tenant, from the time of Henry the First, bore vair with a border of popinjays;" and Richard Curzon, his brother, ancestor of the Scarsdale family, bore also "vair on a fess, three horse-shoes." The four squires who attended Lord Audley at Poictiers, each assumed coats derived from their masters. Hubert de Burgh, Earl of Kent, bore "seven lozenges vair;" and Anselm de Guise, upon obtaining from this earl lands in Berks and Gloucestershire, assumed the same coat with the addition of a canton, as still borne by the family. In the case of Humfrey, Earl of Stafford, and Robert Whitgreaves, the actual grant has been preserved.

The later crusaders not only gave a great impulse to heraldry by the introduction of new and peculiar charges, but from the mixed constitution of the armies, such additions were adopted by soldiers of different nations, and thus a general resemblance sprung up between the heraldic insignia of all Christendom. Many coats of arms are entirely due to this period, and many older coats then received an addition. The chevron of the Berkleys, the bend of the Howards, the chief of the Clintons, the saltire of the Windsors, the

fess of the Beauchamps, were all originally borne singly, and received the crosses and crosslets with which they are now combined, when their respective owners joined in the crusade. The simple quarter of De Vere received its "star" in the Holy Land; and many of the most illustrious sovereigns in Europe date their armorial bearings from the achievements real or imputed of their ancestors in the East. Thus the Visconti Dukes of Milan bore "a serpent devouring a child;" their ancestors having slain and despoiled Volux, a Saracen giant, who came forth like Goliah to challenge the host, with this emblem upon his helm. It was doubtless a desire to emulate this respectable bearing, that led Barnabas Visconti in 1370 to force the papal legate to eat up an obnoxious bull, with its leaden seals, silken strings, and other indigestible appendages,—a fare almost equal to the "fers de glaive á la moutarde et haubers desmaillies au poivre" mentioned in the lay of the gentle batchelor.

The heraldic gold plate, or Byzant, derives its name from the current coin of Byzantium, which circulated among the troops. The water budget, or bucket, was used by the soldiers in the desert; the stars, suns, and crescents, and the terrific Moor's head couped, were trophies won from the Saracen, together with the pilgrim's gear.

> ——————— my scallop-shell of quiet,
> My staff of faith to walk upon,
> My scrip of joy—immortal diet—
> My bottle of salvation,
> My gown of glory, hope's true gage,
> And thus I take my pilgrimage.

The staff, the shell, the scrip, and the bottle, and the cross in all its varieties, were charges directly derived from the professions and usages of the earlier crusaders, "who went to the Holy Land, like that good Bishop Hieronymo, that perfect one with the shaven crown, to smite the Saracens for the love of charity, with both hands." It was natural that all the emblems of so ardent a charity should be carefully preserved. De Joinville indeed speaks of some of these "Saracens" who were smitten in a more friendly manner. A Turkish leader, whose name has been converted into "Secedune Facardin," was knighted by Frederick the Second, and in gratitude combined the imperial arms with the emblems of Aleppo upon his own banner. Such a proceeding, however, must be regarded as highly irregular, and one which "that perfect one with the shaven crown" would have regarded as little better than profanity.

Wager by battle, and the diversion of the tournament, performed before a great number of disengaged critical spectators, called for a greater display than even war itself. Here, as in the field of battle, the knight was only known by his armorial bearing, and hence the use of close or plate armour was followed by the institution of strict heraldic rules.

At a tournament at Calais in 1381, Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, one of the most accomplished knights in the reigns of Richard II. and Henry IV. and V., suspended three shields with three several coats of arms and devices, as representing three distinct knights who professed to be ready to meet all comers.

Three French knights successively appeared to meet the three challengers. Against the first the earl came forth as "the green knight with a black quarter," bearing the arms of "Tooney," his maternal ancestor, "silver a maunch gules," and so encountered and overcame his opponent, and returned unknown to his pavilion.

Against the second knight he appeared with equal success as "the green knight," bearing the arms of "Hanslape," another maternal ancestor, "silver two bars gules."

Upon the third day he appeared in his proper person, with the arms of Guy of Warwick and Beauchamp quarterly upon his shield, and those of Tooney and Hanslape upon his caparisons, and thus with great honour he won the third day also. Who can marvel at the old proverb, "As bold as a Beauchamp?"

Tournaments, however, were games at which life was often lost. Raoul Count of Guisnes, Robert of Jerusalem, Earl of Flanders, Geoffrey Earl of Essex, Florence Count of Hainault, and Philip Earl of Bologne and Clarmont, all were thus slain about the beginning of the thirteenth century. The same fate was shared by John Marquess of Brandenberg in 1269, by Henry II. of France, by Louis Count Palatine of the Rhine in 1289, by Crymer de Valence, the husband of

> ——— sad Chatillon, on her bridal morn,
> That wept her bleeding love;

and by their descendant John, the last Earl of Pembroke of the blood of Hastings and Valence, in 1369. Altogether the names of about a dozen great knights, many of them sovereign princes, are upon record as having been slain at tournaments, which were in consequence severely, though ineffectually, forbidden by the popes.

The shield, as the most obvious piece of the defensive armour, was that upon which arms were first displayed. The Norman shield was of wood, covered with hide; triangular in figure, and from two to three feet long by about eighteen inches broad. A shield of this description, elaborately strengthened with plates of iron and horn, and painted with the arms of England, long hung above the tomb of John of Gaunt, at St. Paul's, and the remains of one are still shown at Westminster. The later shield, so frequently seen as an ornament in the buildings of Henry VII. and VIII., has a notch in the side for the lance, and is thence called "l'escu chancré;" it is usually charged with arms. So long as shields were carried in war, their figure was regulated by the safety they afforded; but in later times,

when the shield became useful only for the display of the armorial bearings, its figure depended, as it now does, upon caprice. The lozenge-shaped shield upon which the arms of maids and widows are still represented, was probably never actually constructed. As early as 1347, Maud, Countess of Ulster, uses a seal upon which her own arms appear upon a lozenge, and in the seal of her niece Maud, Lady Wade, similar lozenges appear as subordinate to the central shield. The seal of Joan, Countess Dowager of Juney, and granddaughter of Edward III., though a later, is a better marked example.

Armorial bearings were also painted and enamelled upon household goods and personal chattels, as well as upon swords and other offensive weapons. The sword of the Earls of Chester is a curious example of this description of ornament, and one of the brass effigies at Cirencester exhibits arms upon the sword chapé. The citizens of London were bound to provide the Barons Fitzwalter, their banner bearers, with "a saddle with his arms," and the seal of one of this family, about the year 1300, shows the arms upon the back or rest of his war-saddle. Various bequests of plate and furniture with arms occur in the fourteenth century. In 1380, Edward Mortimer devises "á notre tres-chier friere John Gilbert, Evesque de Hereford, une plate de argent pour espices et enamaillez ove les armes de Mortimer en la fonce (fonds), and such bequests were common. Arms were also early displayed upon the guidons and banners of temporal knights and barons, but ecclesiastics commonly used either a plain banner or one adorned with a figure of their patron saint. Thus the great banner or Oriflamme, borne by the kings of France, who, as Counts of Vescin and Pontoise, were vassals of the Abbey of St. Denis, and signifieri ecclesiæ, was a square red banner, fringed, and suspended by a cross-staff, or yard. The banner of London was blazoned with a figure of St. Paul; that of Bury Abbey with one of St. Edmund.

In the days of mail armour a camise or linen tunic was worn over the mail, and was commonly embroidered with arms. When the Comte d'Artois was slain under St. Louis, by the Turks, they elevated as a trophy his "Cotte d'Armes toute doree et fleur de lisèe." Froissart also describes Sir John Chandos, and the Emperor Henry of Luxemberg, as wearing "coats of arms" of this description. Leopold the Virtuous, Duke of Austria, in 1193, came out of the press at Acre covered with blood, and upon removing the belt off, the part of the camise beneath it was the only part which retained its white colour; hence, we are told, the arms of the house of Austria "gules a fess argent." An actual remnant of the richly embroidered camise of Wm. de Fortibus, Earl of Albemarle, who died in 1261, is still preserved, and has been engraved in the Archæologia, and the surcoat of the Black Prince, bearing the arms

of England, still hangs over his tomb at Canterbury. Sir Alexander Neville appeared at Halidon Hill in a surcoat of his own arms, the quarters being filled up with the arms of his friends; and the effigy of Wm. de Valence, in Westminster Abbey, is decorated with small escutcheons of his arms upon various parts of his dress and weapons. It was against the embroidery of the camise that the severe sumptuary laws of Richard and Philip Augustus were directed. As mail gave way to plate, the camise became gradually shorter, and finally assumed its appearance as we now see it in the tabard or official costume of the heralds, giving them very much the air of a hog in armour.

The importance formerly attached to armorial bearings is strongly shown in the uses to which they were applied. A sovereign who wished to assert his claim to a kingdom, placed its arms upon his shield. Edward of England thus assumed the lilies of France; and the kings of Spain and Naples thus assert their claim to the throne of Jerusalem. In like manner Savoy assumes the arms of Cyprus, and Denmark those of Sweden. In 1479, when Alphonso of Portugal resigned his claim to the kingdom of Castile, he was also required to lay aside its armorial ensigns. Arms were also considered as a valuable consideration. Thus among the more solid bribes which Louis the Eleventh bestowed upon Edward's followers, occurs a grant of "three fleur-de-lys" to a knight of the Croker family. The armorial bearings of the great English barons were treated with as much respect as the barons themselves; and the same bard who tells

> In deeds of arms how Audley did excel,
> How bravely Basset did behave him there:
> How Oxford charged the front, Warwick the rear;

has not neglected

> The sum of Stafford's guly shield to show,
> What colours Ross and Courtney did unfold;
> Great Warren's blazon————
> The eagles, lions, Talbot bears,
> The badges of our famous ancestries.

When Pope Innocent wished to do honour to Reginald Mohun, he presented him with a consecrated rose, in memory of which honour the family added to their paternal coat of "the maunch," a hand grasping a flower. The dagger in the arms of London, is generally supposed to have been given in honour of the service of Sir William Walworth.

Richard II. was fond of this description of reward; but it was not confined to his day or country. Thus when Juan de Urbieta took Francis of France prisoner at the Ticino, he was rewarded by a grant from the emperor of "en campoverde, primero, un *medio cavallo*

blanco, en el pecho *una flor de lis coronada* y enfrenado, y las viendas caidas por un cuello, en el segundo, un braco armado, con un estoque quebrado: y debaxo, aguas marinas, en memoria del rio Ticino." We shall notice a few similar examples when we come to speak of grants and concessions.

The importance attached to arms enabled sovereigns to disgrace as well as to honour their subjects through their means: thus when the Earl of Carlisle, temp. Edward the Second, was convicted of plotting treason with the Scots, the chief justice ordered "a knave anon to hew off his spurs off his heels; and after he let breake the sword over his head . . . . and after he let him unclothe off his furred taberde and his hoode, and off his furred cotys and his girdyl," &c. He was degraded also in his arms before execution. A modern and less serious instance occurred in the case of Edward Gibbon, the well-known heraldic writer, who, having a quarrel with three ladies, daughters of his kinsman Gervase Gibbon of the Temple, obtained from Garter a licence to convert the three scallops in his shield into three ogresses, or female cannibals;—a truly heraldic revenge.

The early heralds, both professional and ecclesiastic, seem to have employed themselves most liberally in inventing a proper origin for each great baron's coat of arms; and their fables were at one time firmly believed. Some instances have already been mentioned; we subjoin a few more of the most remarkable. Geoffrey, Count of Barcelona, presented himself bloody from a battle, before Louis le Debonair; the monarch, to mark his sense of the count's valour, dipped his four fingers in the gore, and drew them down the golden face of his shield. Hence the "four pallets gules upon a field or," so long borne by the Counts of Provence and the house of Arragon.

The origin of the well-known balls in the arms of the Medici is said to be as follows:—Magus, a cruel giant, ravaged Italy, his weapon being a number of iron balls at the end of a chain. Pedro, the founder of the house of Medici, attacked and slew him; but the giant left the marks of his weapon on his enemy's shield, who forthwith assumed them for his arms. We fear, however, their real origin is less magnificent; and that in allusion to the name, they represent neither more nor less than six gilded pills.

The arms of the Scottish family of Hay are three shields, their supporters two husbandmen with yokes, and their crest a falcon. According to the tale, the ancestor of the family was a husbandman, who seeing the Scots give way at the battle of Loncarty, with his two sons, snatched up their ox-yokes and turned the tide of the battle. The three shields represent the father and his two sons; the supporters are the two latter; and the falcon is added because their reward was as much land as a falcon should fly over in a day.

In many cases, however, the origin of the coat of arms was not indebted to fable. Thus the family of Felix du May of Savoy and

Provence bear "gules on a bend argent, the letters E. F. F. sable," being a grant from the Earl of Savoy, denoting "Felices fuerunt fideles;" and the Spanish family of Cardenas bear the letters S. S., because when Ferdinand made a stolen march to see Isabella, his future bride, Gutierre de Cardenas first saw and pointed him out to the princess, saying, "Ese es, ese es," which words are thus expressed on his escutcheon. William Condy bore three anchors, because he was the man who "qui ante portum de Swyne in congressu bellico cepit Johannem de Egle inimicum regis de Francia oriundum." Marc Antony Colonna took fourteen banners from the Turks at Lepanto, in memory of which act that number of banners are always represented behind the escutcheon of the family. In later days Isabella granted to Columbus "Tierce per pale and per chevron. 1. Gules a castle or. 2. A Lion rampant purpure. 3. Argent undy azure, five isles and a mound or; motto, "Por Castiglia y por Leon, nuevo mundo halla Colon." Bearings still, or very recently, used by his descendant the Duke of Verragua, Marquis of Jamaica and of the Western Isles.

There is no doubt, but that in almost all cases the family name is older far than the coat of arms, and it has been more or less the custom from the earliest introduction of arms, to give them some reference to the name.

Thus, as early as 1170, the house of Arundel bore "sable six hirondelles." William le Brito says of one of that family—

> **Hirundelce velocior alite, quæ dat**
> **Hoc agnomen ei, &c.**

or,

> **More swift than bird hight Arundelle**
> **That gives him name, and in his shield of arms is blazoned well.**

The arms of Leon are a lion; of Castile, a castle; of Grenada, a granatum or pommegranate; of Dauphiny, a dolphin: and in England Ferres used fers de cheval; Wingfield, three wings; Gorges, a gurges or whirlpool; Corbet, a corbeau or raven, and many others of equal antiquity.

Sometimes the allusion was less obvious. Thus, the crest of Vere was a boar pig, verres; that of Law, a cock,—the Scottish way of expressing the crowing of a cock being "cock-a-leary *law!*") Jason bears a toison d'or, or golden fleece; Brewer, two bends wavy, to denote that men of that trade are apt to be too busy with water. Such are called arma parlantia, or canting arms. They were in vogue to a ludicrous extent during the reign of Elizabeth and James, to which latter age are due most of the punning mottoes used by some of our old families, to the exhibition of their bad taste. The happiest of these perhaps, is the well-known motto of the Vernon's, "Ver-non

semper viret;" though even this is an ill exchange for their older—"God save the Vernon," as it remains upon the scroll over the gate at Haddon.

The ends of heraldry were, of course, in a great measure frustrated, when two persons bore similar arms; and a great variety of disputes arose out of this cause. The lesser cases were decided summarily by the parties themselves, or by the marshals of the army; but where the question lay between persons of higher rank, it was generally referred to a special military commission, ending sometimes in a combat à l'outrance." The chief instances of disputed coats occur late in the fourteenth century; but the roll of Cærlaverock mentions one as early as 1300. Cases of this nature were also decided between Harding and St. Loo in 1312; Warburton and Gorges in 1321; Sytsylt and Fakenham in 1333; and Hugh Maltby and Hamon Beckwith in 1339.

In 1375, Sir Hugh Aton challenged the right of Sir Robert Boynton to the arms "or, on a cross sable five bulls' heads argent." The dispute was referred to Lord Percy, who awarded in favour of Aton as "chef des armes entiers et droit heretier." Aton, however, granted Boynton licence to bear them.

But by far the most celebrated dispute of this nature arose in 1384, between Sir Richard Scrope of Bolton, and Sir Robert Grovesnor, for the arms "azure a bend or." The most illustrious persons in the country, including John of Gaunt, gave testimony on one or the other side; and it was abundantly proved that each family had used the blazon in question from time immemorial. The coat, however, was adjudged to Scrope as of the more illustrious family; and Grosvenor was directed to bear "les ditez armes ove une pleyne border d'argent." Grosvenor, however, declined the shield so differenced, and assumed a garb or wheat-sheaf, still borne by his direct male heir, the Marquis of Westminster. The Scrope family were plaintiffs in many disputes both for their arms and crest. Their last quarrel regarded their arms as Lords of Man, and was composed by Edward the Fourth in person.

The general use of arms and the increasing complexity of the charges, rendered it necessary that persons should be appointed to regulate the practice, and enforce heraldic rules. These persons were called "heralds;" and the fact of their being also employed to declare war and peace, and of their persons being considered as sacred, shows the high estimation in which armorial bearings were then held.

In England, the heralds were first incorporated by Richard the Second,—Garter, principal king at arms, being at the head of the college, and above all other kings, heralds, and pursuivants. Garter, howevever, by that name, was first appointed by Henry the Fifth. Many private nobles also had their heralds and pursuivants. Blanch Lion was thus named after the Mowbrays, whose arms he carried;

others bore the more fanciful names of "Plain-chemin," "Voir-disant," "Haut-le-pied," &c.

Heralds also proclaimed sovereigns. At the accession of Isabella, the herald cried,—"Castile! Castile! for the King Don Ferdinand and his consort Dona Isabella, Queen proprietor of these kingdoms. As late as 1635, Louis the Thirteenth declared war against Spain by a herald sent to Brussels; but this is probably the last instance of that ancient custom.

The proverb says, "there go three generations to the making of a gentleman;" or as Camden has it, he to whom arms are granted is a "gentleman of coat armour;" but his descendant in the third degree is a "complete gentleman,"—that is by blood and coat armour. As a general rule, only such could engage in a tournament. From the general use of arms upon the shield, the terms "scutiger" and "armiger" became convertible, and synonymous with the modern "esquire."

Passing by, however, Camden's notion of the gentleman of three generations as one that would prove highly inconvenient to many of the armigers and gentlemen of the present day, we find, according to equally orthodox authority, that there be nine varieties of gentlemen. —1, A gentleman by ancestry; 2, by creation; 3, by blood,—that is as the son of a gentleman by creation; 4, by royal patent conferring a lordship with arms annexed thereto; 5, a Christian yeoman who kills a Saracen and takes his arms; 6, a yeoman knighted by the sovereign; 7, a gentleman spiritual; 8, "a prelate's sister's sonne,"—the reason is droll, "because such seldom come to beggary;" 9, pages and gentlemen official.

There are instances on record of gentlemen by blood who possessed no coat armour. Such were several persons in the town of Bedford, 9 H. IV., who gave evidence in the heraldic cause of Hastings and Gray de Ruthyn. Selden, however, speaks of this as a singular case.

The earlier pedigrees and armorial bearings were recorded by the monastic bodies, but upon the establishment of the heraldic body, matters of this nature remained exclusively under their province until the introduction of parish registers by a mandate of Cromwell, Earl of Essex, as vicar general, in 1536.

Henry the Fifth decreed that no man should bear arms, unless he could show his right to them by prescription, usage, grant, or from having, himself or his ancestors, fought at Agincourt; and as the enforcing of these laws was left to the heraldic body, into their hands gradually fell the management of all honourable distinctions granted by the crown. Before this became the case, arms were not only granted by great barons to their followers, and by one knight to another, but were treated in many respects as personal chattels, and bequeathed by will even to those not of the blood of the testator, and sometimes to the exclusion of his proper heirs. Thus, a knight of

the family of Odingsells of Arley, co. Warwick, temp. H. 3, quitted his paternal name and arms, and assumed those of Limesi, to preserve the memory of his grandfather. Henry de Lacy, the last Earl of Lincoln, who bore "or a lion rampant purpure," granted in 1312 to his friend and executor, Sir Henry Scrope, a lion passant purpure, in augmentation of his paternal coat. John de Whellesburg, 21 R. 2, granted "the reversion of Whellesburg and Fenny Draiton to Thomas Purefoy, and also passed to the said Thomas, his heirs and assigns, his arms as entirely as himself or his ancestors had borne them." The arms in question, "or three piles gules, on a canton argent a mullet sable," were in consequence always used by the Purefoys in their second quarter. Robert Morle, Marshal of Ireland, succeeded to a coat of arms, upon the death of Baldwin de Manoirs, and this coat, "argent, a saltire engrailed sable," by deed dated 22 E. 2, he granted to "his good friend Robert de Corby."

And to give a more illustrious instance, the Lady Lucy, by a fine still upon record, conveyed her arms to her husband, the Lord Percy, and to his heirs male by his first wife, she herself dying without issue. As late as 1644, the Lord Newburgh dying childless, bequeathed to Richard Lennard the name, arms, crest, and quarterings of Barret, their only kin being a common maternal descent from the Dineleys of Stamford-Dineley. In modern cases the legatee is directed to assume the testator's arms, but the arms are not spoken of as a corporeal chattel.

The succession to arms, like that to more substantial property, was also frequently disputed. Thus upon the death of Edward Lord Burnell without issue, 9th Edward the Second, his esquire, Robert de Morley, considering the arms as void, adopted them. They were challenged upon the person of his grandson Thomas Lord Morley, by John Lord Lovell, an heir of Edward Lord Burnell, by descent from his sister. This was not the first time they had been challenged. The ancestor of Lovell was the lady's first husband; but she left by a second marriage, Nicholas, who assumed his mother's name of Burnell, and who also challenged the arms in the person of Robert Lord Morley, son of the assumer, before the court military at Calais.

Robert Lord Morley appears to have been conscious that his services were valuable, and that his cause was weak; for he declared that if judgment went against him he would leave the army. This brought up Edward the Third, who, rather than lose his soldier, got a decree, permitting the arms to Morley for life, but specially excluding his heirs.

Morley died in Burgundy, 34 E. 3, and by his direction his banner was carried to Nicholas Burnell. His son, Thomas Lord Morley, however, continued to use the forbidden arms, and against him the suit of Lovell was preferred. In the course of this trial, it seems to have been admitted, that, although the thing had been done, a man

could not legally alienate his arms from his posterity." Jean le Terre, Toison d'or, stated in evidence, "qu'on ne peut vendre, ne aliener les armes de son lignage." In the absence of lineage, however, a possession in fee simple seems to have been admitted, though in some parts of the empire, on the extinction of a family the arms were interred with the last of the race, and strangers in blood were not allowed to assume them. This is strongly laid down in "Jurisprudentia heroica" of Belgium in 1616. At present, in such cases the Germans do not inter, but only reverse the funeral escutcheons.

To avoid confusion between members of the same family, it became necessary to "difference" or distinguish their several arms. This was anciently done sometimes by changing the colours, as in the Hastings family, in which the elder brother bore "or a maunch gules," and the younger "argent a maunch sable;" sometimes by retaining the ordinary, but adding a charge; thus Gray of Codnor bore "Barry of six argent and azure;" Gray of Ruthyn, "the same, but in chief three torteaux;" Gray of Rotherfield as Gray of Codnor, but "on the B. azure bars six fleur-de-lys or." The difference was sometimes made by assuming wholly or in part the mother's coat. No fixed rule, however, obtained; it was only essential that the distinction should be such as would be apparent at a glance. The best marked and most numerous examples of these ancient differences are to be found in the arms of the prolific family of Basset, ennobled as early as the year 1200 in no less than six branches, besides very many of knightly rank. We have space but for a few only here:—

1. Basset, the Lord Chief Justice, "or three bars wavy gules."
2. Basset of Rydel, "or three piles gules, over all a bendlet azure." This coat bears reference to that of Rydel, the wearer's mother.
3. Basset of Weldon, "or three piles gules, on a border argent eight Bezants.
4. Basset of Drayton, "or three piles gules, a quarter ermine;" the latter taken from his mother, a daughter of the Duke of Britanny.
5. Basset of Warwick, "or three piles sable."
6. Basset of Sapcote, "argent two bars wavy sable."
7. Basset of Chedle, "argent two bars wavy sable, a label gules."
8. Basset of Newplace, "argent two bars wavy sable, on each wave a Bezant."
9. Basset of Sapcote, a second coat, "or three piles gules, a quarter vair."
10. Basset of Blore, "or three piles gules, on a quarter argent a griffon segreant sable.

Besides about a dozen similar changes introduced by cadets of the above houses. Differing much in the same manner are the coats of the fourteen great families of Grey, of the Scropes, Staffords, Rosses, Nevilles, and the like. Instances are on record in which the

difference adopted not being sufficiently well marked, one brother was taken for the other, with fatal results.

In later times, when the introduction of gunpowder rendered close armour less general, the knight depended less upon his armorial bearings for recognition; and a system of differences, regularly arranged indeed, but less strongly marked, came into use. According to this system the eldest son, during the life of his father, added to his coat a file or label of three points, one for each parent and one for himself; the second son added a crescent, denoting that he was to increase the consequence of the family; the third, a spur-rowel, denoting the profession of arms; the fourth a martlet, "temple-haunting bird," marking his destination for the church." The children repeating the differences,—a third son of a fourth son giving the rowel upon the martlet, and so on. The Earl of Harrington thus bears a crescent upon a crescent. The earliest and best example of these "modern differences" is seen upon the shields of the six sons of Thomas Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, as blazoned in the windows of his chapel there. The French call these differences "brisures." The painful ingenuity of the herald Gibbon has reduced these "brisures" into the following extraordinary verses.

Dum pater in vita est, *Lemnisco triplice* primus
Filius utetur—mittens post funera patris;—
At nota semper erit *accrescens Luna* secundi;
Tertius a *stellâ*, radiis cum quinque, notatur:
A *merula* quartus notescit, quintus *anello;*
Lilia dant senos, septenas dat *rosa* natos;
Octavus natus *molari* fit *cruce* notus:
Flos octo-foliis fratrem solet edere nonum.

The Bastard, being "filius nothus or nullius," found no place among the differences of legitimate folk. Sometimes he took his father's coat with a border, as may be seen on the escutcheons of the Somerset and Richmond families; in other cases he assumed altogether a new coat, as in the case of Sir Roger Clarendon, son to the Black Prince, who bore "or on a bend sable three ostrich feathers argent, their quills through as many scrolls or," in allusion to his father's badge. More commonly, however, the bastardy is marked by a short bend or bâton drawn sinisterwise across the shield, and called the mark or bend of bastardy. This is seen in the arms of most of Charles the Second's ducal descendants.

Arms were originally borne singly, but to this succeeded at an early period the practice of combining with the arms of the man those of his wife, and such coats were said to be those of "baron" and "femme." In the earlier examples, the mode of combination often varied. Our space does not permit us to touch upon the subject of quartered coats, which indeed belong almost as much to genealogy as

to heraldry; but before we conclude, we will add a few words upon the general subject of the blazon or description of coats of arms.

The blazon commences with the colour of the field, and then describes the charge laid upon it, as thus, "Sir Thomas Bardolph he beareth, B. azure, three quater-foils or."

Metal is not to be placed upon metal, or colour upon colour; and a violation of this rule is false heraldry, though the rule is not absolute.

> Metal on metal is false heraldry,
> And yet the well-known Godfrey of Bologne's coat
> Shines in defiance of the herald's vote.

Sir Walter Scott frequently violates this rule. Marmion's falcon

> Soared sable on an azure field;

and in Ivanhoe we have "a fetter-lock and shackle-bolt azure on a field sable." Solomon moreover blazons "apples of gold in pictures of silver," which as John Gibbon observes, is very singular, because as Solomon was the wisest of men, so he could not be ignorant of heraldry. And we read in Stowe of a Carmelite Prior of our Lady of Thoulouse who, induced doubtless by the bad example of Solomon, displayed a figure of our Lady in gold, set in a banner of silver. This error, however, could plead benefit of clergy.

The term "proper," in heraldry, has nothing to do with propriety in morals or behaviour, but simply expresses that the object is to be represented of its natural colour. Thus, in the insignia of the Ionian order of St. George and St. Michael, we have "the Archangel Michael encountering Satan all proper;" that is to say, sable; though the German family of Teufel display "a Teufel or Divel, gules."

Arms, say the old writers, are not perfect, unless they contain gold or silver. The Captal de Buch, so famous in the pages of Froissart, bore "de l'or plein," and the Bandinel family display the same chrysoaspidous bearing. The various combinations of colours and metals are all emblematic; thus gold with silver represents victory over the Saracens; with red, a man ready to shed his blood for worldly pelf; with blue, one able to hold his pelf when gotten, and so on.

Gules, or red, according to Feron, was the armorial bearing of Adam, but after the fall he charged it "d'une pomme de sable demonstrant le vilain peché par lue commis—qui est le motif que ces armories sont faulses on coleur domine autre coleur, qui à esté observée jusques a present."

The reasons given for the introduction of certain bearings are scarcely less original. Thus, the lion is placed above every heraldic beast, because "il est de si franche nature, et de si haulte, que si'l trouvoit filly de Roy de loyal pere et de loyale mere ja nul ne luy feroit;" and "in peril your lion is then most gentle and noble; for

when he is pursued with hounds and hunters he then desireth not to lurk, nor hideth himself, but sitteth in the fields where he may be seen, and arrayeth himself to defence. When he is wroth, first he breaketh the earth with his tayle, and afterward as the wrath increaseth, he smiteth and beateth his own back;" for which reasons he is accounted a most honourable heraldic bearing.

The two-headed lion is an emblem of circumspection, two heads being better than one. The heraldic lion also is often queuee furchee, or provided with a second tail, which he owes to a piece of imperial attention. The Emperor Frederick Barbarossa was materially aided in war by Udislaus, King of Bohemia. "My crown and honour," said he, "belong of right to you, who have been the head and tail of my success; suffer me therefore, as a perpetual memorial of my love, to change your eagle into a stern lion." The king assented, and the imperial painter produced a lion, but with his tail between his legs. The Bohemians however objected to this, and so the emperor ordered a second tail to be painted, leaving the first also. Edmund Crouchback used a tricorporate lion.

Perhaps the most marvellous feat that ever gave rise to an heraldic bearing, is that of the valiant man who, meeting a lion, thrust his arm into his mouth, "and soe on to his tayle," which taking he turned him wrong side outwards, to the manifest discomfort of the beast. In token whereof, he bore to his coat "a lion everted."

Of English coats of arms, not a few date from the crusades, a still larger number were assumed during the wars of Edward the Third, and a proportion equal to both the rest were granted by the house of Tudor. With the single exception of that of Mortimer, called the heraldic puzzle, the old coats are remarkably simple. Such are the saltire of Nevill, the maunch of Hastings, the cross of Bigod, the chevron of Stafford, the bend and fusils of Scrope and Montacute. To the crusades themselves are attributable the "bright star of De Vere," the crosses that accompany the chevron and fess of Berkeley and Beauchamp, or the "chief a capiendo et tenendo" of Clinton. Under Edward the Third rose the bulk of the old landed gentry of the country, not only such illustrious names as those of Howard, or De la Pole; but the milites and militule, the barones minores of England, a class described as noble in Scotland and on the continent, but for which we have no corresponding term. The arms granted under the house of Tudor, were for the most part to men who had risen in the church or by commerce; they are recognized at once by the herald, from their confusion and complexity; and they are the latest which the admirer of noble blood condescends to notice.

ART III.—*Critical and Historical Essays, contributed to the Edinburgh Review.* By T. B. MACAULAY. 3 vols. Longman.

IN the preface, Mr. Macaulay offers an apology which is quite unnecessary, in so far as the reader is concerned, for the republication of these Essays; although it would have been an injustice to himself had he withheld the statement; at the same time that there would have been denied an opportunity of complimenting him for its proper tone and tasteful modesty. After confessing his sense of the defects of the papers, he declares that he has been reluctantly brought to consent to their appearance in the present shape, from a feeling of what is due to the protection of the property of others. The fact is, the Essays have been reprinted by American pirates, copies being continually carried to England, while a still larger importation is expected. Now, the author is of the mind that there is nothing unreasonable in the publishers of the Edinburgh Review being anxious to protect "their own," nor fulsomely pretending in his desire, "that his writings, if they be read, may be read in an edition freed at least from errors of the press and from slips of the pen."

A remark readily suggests itself with regard to the reprinting, without the author's consent and revision, of such papers as those now before us, even if freed from errors of the press and slips of the pen. These Essays appeared in a periodical publication, and were probably not only written on the spur of the moment, in the heat of some transient controversy, and only for an ephemeral purpose; but the writer may have altered his mind on the subjects discussed, seen reason for wishing that his hasty speculations had never been obtruded on the public; or circumstances may have undergone such an alteration, that neither for his own credit nor the benefit of any class, is the revival advisable. But the injury and injustice done by an unauthorised re-publication of periodical articles are greatly enhanced by the fact that the pirate ransacks the numbers of a journal extending over many years, makes a selection without adequate judgment, and then binds up in a collected form the heterogeneous mass, without systematic arrangement; nay, without enabling the reader to discover the progress of the author's mind in the process of development, or the revolutions of opinions and events that may have characterized the different periods of the era over which the speculations, criticisms, and records may extend.

The unpresuming character of the re-publication will be appreciated when it is known that the present collection contains no papers which have not been pirated by Americans; a few however having been excluded, to which the author attaches little value. It is due also to Mr. Macaulay, that the following statement be circulated:—He has been urgently pressed "to insert three papers on the Utilita-

rian Philosophy, which, when they first appeared, attracted some notice, but which are not in the American editions. He has, however, determined to omit these papers; not because he is disposed to retract a single doctrine which they contain, but because he is unwilling to offer what might be regarded as an affront to the memory of one from whose opinions he still widely dissents, but to whose talent and virtues he admits that he formerly did not do justice. Serious as are the faults of the Essay on Government, a critic, while noticing those faults, should have abstained from using contemptuous language respecting the historian of British India. It ought to be known that Mr. Mill had the generosity, not only to forgive, but to forget the unbecoming acrimony with which he had been assailed, and was when his valuable life closed, on terms of cordial friendship with his assailant."

The three volumes contain some twenty articles, and just as they at first appeared, excepting such slight alterations and corrections as a more deliberate correction of the proofs would have accomplished when they were sent to the Review. The mode of arrangement is chronological, the papers extending from 1825 to 1842,—a plan which of course affords a very miscellaneous sort of reading, and an opportunity of forming a judgment of the author's progress in improvement and opinion. It is obvious, however, that a more scientific mode might have been adopted, both as regards connexion of subject, and the testing of the writer's talent, range, and manner. Literary criticism might have been thrown into one section; philosophy, politics, and biography, could readily have taken their respective places. Still it is proper to observe, that Mr. Macaulay does not in any case abide very strictly by one method of treatment, or any definite order of disquisition. Indeed, the term Essays will not guide a stranger to a precise idea of the nature of his papers. On almost every occasion he roves at will, and as one who conscious of his abundance, having culled from many rich and flowery fields, loves to display his skill at selection as well as his opulence in respect of possessions. Description, disquisition, narrative, and reflection all commingle,—biography, anecdote, and striking illustration. Indeed, to strike, to dazzle, and to carry captive by means of rhetorical flourish and power, together with a most luminous manner of statement, are Mr. Macaulay's masterley qualities; and prove so attractive that the reader is apt to lose sight of the demands of logical reasoning, and even to overlook errors of doctrine, in his admiration of the delightful manner, and in his subjection to the self-confident and dashing art of the author.

The purpose for which Mr. Macaulay seizes a subject, as well as the manner in which he handles it, may be said to be his own, and also to be the model upon which many of the crack and more popular articles in the larger periodicals have come to be framed. He lays

hold of a text, it may be in the shape of a remarkable individual, a prominent event, or an awakening scene, in order to preach and illustrate a doctrine, give the aspect and characteristics of an epoch, or the fashion of manners social and national of a particular date. He traverses the globe, dips into the volumes of a biographical dictionary, and alights with wilfulness upon far distant eras, to serve the purpose in hand. He theorizes without scruple, dogmatizes without doubt, and frequently asserts with utter recklessness; but never in any one phase of mind or mode of treatment does he fail to charm, to suggest, and to elevate. How otherwise could it happen that while the reader may dissent from his conclusions, and object on the score of logical fairness to his mode of procedure, there is not a paper or a page in these bulky volumes which does not lay hold of the attention and tempt you onward and onward with the spell and delightful fascination of a brilliant romance? Thanks to the American pirates—we are almost ready to offer, for having goaded on the resplendent reviewer to a measure of self-defence, and to this assertion of English rights. Indeed with all its faults of style and eccentricities of view, the collection is admirably fitted not merely to awaken a taste for the higher objects and domain of literature, but to propagate a system of thinking that will guide to sound principles and a philosophic love of the good and the beautiful. Not only is our author's manner of statement singularly luminous and imposing, but he possesses a power and compass in respect of grasp that have rarely been matched. He fills, warms, and carries aloft the mind, but he does more,—he imbues it with the desire of careering independently, and even with the conviction that it can walk the heaven of speculation and beatitude unaided and alone.

It is not our purpose to go into any minute and specific observations with regard to the several or even the more striking papers of the collection. We may mention, however, that in the more historical department we find the lives and times of Lord Burleigh, Hampden, Temple, &c. chosen for texts immediately relating to England. Lord Mahon's War of the Succession serves to lay Europe under contribution at a particular period,—while Warren Hastings affords the Reviewer an opportunity for travelling to India at the era when British sway and power in the East were consolidated. Bacon, Johnson, Bunyan, and others prompt to the employment of the author's biographical reading, learned disquisition, and critical acumen.

Different readers will entertain their respectively different opinions of the collected papers; although, as we have hinted, not one of the articles can come amiss to the eager and the susceptible. But perhaps there is not an article among the whole that evinces in a stronger and more favourable light the powers, acquisitions, manner, and taste of the writer, than that which has Machiavelli for its theme, and in which the Italian of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries is pictured. Take a generalizing passage:—

A vice sanctioned by the general opinion is merely a vice. The evil terminates in itself. A vice condemned by the general opinion produces a pernicious effect on the whole character. The former is a local malady, the latter a constitutional taint. When the reputation of the offender is lost, he too often flings the remains of his virtue after it in despair. The Highland gentleman who, a century ago, lived by taking black mail from his neighbours, committed the same crime for which Wild was accompanied to Tyburn by the huzzas of two hundred thousand people. But there can be no doubt that he was a much less depraved man than Wild. The deed for which Mrs. Brownrigg was hanged sinks into nothing when compared with the conduct of the Roman who treated the public to a hundred pair of gladiators. Yet we should greatly wrong such a Roman if we supposed that his disposition was as cruel as that of Mrs. Brownrigg. In our own country, a woman forfeits her place in society by what in a man is too commonly considered as an honourable distinction, and, at worst, as a venial error. The consequence is notorious. The moral principle of a woman is frequently more impaired by a single lapse from virtue than that of a man by twenty years of intrigues. Classical iniquity would furnish us with instances stronger, if possible, than those to which we have referred.

We must apply this principle to the case before us. Habits of dissimulation and falsehood, no doubt, mark a man of our age and country as utterly worthless and abandoned. But it by no means follows that a similar judgment would be just in the case of an Italian of the middle ages. * * *

Now for the application individually:—

The character of the Italian statesman seems, at first sight, a collection of contradictions, a phantom as monstrous as the portress of Hell in Milton—half divinity, half snake, majestic and beautiful above, grovelling and poisonous below. We see a man whose thoughts and words have no connexion with each other, who never hesitates at an oath when he wishes to seduce, who never wants a pretext when he is inclined to betray. His cruelties spring not from the heat of blood, or the insanity of uncontrolled power, but from deep and cool meditation. His passions, like well-trained troops, are impetuous by rule, and in their most headstrong fury never forget the discipline to which they have been accustomed. His whole soul is occupied with vast and complicated schemes of ambition: yet his aspect and language exhibit nothing but philosophical moderation. Hatred and revenge eat into his heart: yet every look is a cordial smile, every gesture a familiar caress. He never excites the suspicion of his adversaries by petty provocations. His purpose is disclosed only when it is accomplished. His face is unruffled, his speech is courteous, till vigilance is laid asleep, till a vital point is exposed, till a sure aim is taken; and then he strikes, for the first and last time. Military courage, the boast of the sottish German, of the frivolous and prating Frenchman, of the romantic and arrogant Spaniard, he neither possesses nor values. He shuns danger, not because he is insensible to shame, but because, in the society in which he lives, timidity has ceased to be shameful. To do any injury openly is, in his estimation, as wicked as to do it secretly, and far less profitable. With him the most honourable means

are those which are the surest, the speediest, and the darkest. He cannot comprehend how a man should scruple to deceive those whom he does not scruple to destroy. He would think it madness to declare open hostilities against rivals whom he might stab in a friendly embrace, or poison in a consecrated wafer.

Yet this man, black with the vices which we consider as most loathsome, traitor, hypocrite, coward, assassin, was by no means destitute even of those virtues which we generally consider as indicating superior elevation of character. In civil courage, in perseverance, in presence of mind, those barbarous warriors, who were foremost in the battle or the breach, were far his inferiors. Even the dangers which he avoided with a caution almost pusillanimous never confused his perceptions, never paralyzed his inventive faculties, never wrung out one secret from his smooth tongue and his inscrutable brow. Though a dangerous enemy, and a still more dangerous accomplice, he could be a just and beneficent ruler. With so much unfairness in his policy, there was an extraordinary degree of fairness in his intellect. Indifferent to truth in the transactions of life, he was honestly devoted to truth in the researches of speculation. Wanton cruelty was not in his nature. On the contrary, where no political object was at stake, his disposition was soft and humane. The susceptibility of his nerves and the activity of his imagination inclined him to sympathize with the feelings of others, and to delight in the charities and courtesies of social life. Perpetually descending to actions which might seem to mark a mind diseased through all its faculties, he had nevertheless an exquisitite sensibility both for the natural and the moral sublime, for every graceful and every lofty conception. Habits of petty intrigue and dissimulation might have rendered him incapable of great general views, but that the expanding effect of his philosophical studies counteracted the narrowing tendency. He had the keenest enjoyment of wit, eloquence, and poetry. The fine arts profited alike by the severity of his judgment and by the liberality of his patronage. The portraits of some of the remarkable Italians of those times are perfectly in harmony with this description. Ample and majestic foreheads, brows strong and dark, but not frowning, eyes of which the calm full gaze while it expresses nothing seems to discern everything, cheeks pale with thought and sedentary habits, lips formed with feminine delicacy, but compressed with more than masculine decision, mark out men at once enterprising and timid, men equally skilled in detecting the purposes of others, and in concealing their own, men who must have been formidable enemies and unsafe allies, but men, at the same, whose tempers were mild and equable, and who possessed an amplitude and subtlety of intellect which would have rendered them eminent either in active or in contemplative life, and fitted them either to govern or to instruct mankind.

The doctrine deduced from all this disquisition and illustration is the following:—

Every age and every nation has certain characteristic vices, which prevail almost universally, which scarcely any person scruples to avow, and which even rigid moralists but faintly censure. Succeeding generations change the fashion of their morals with the fashion of their hats and their

coaches; take some other kind of wickedness under their patronage, and wonder at the depravity of their ancestors.

Dr. Johnson's history, times, and experience, give rise to a display in another field, and where we find the manner of statement and of marshalling names as well as circumstances no less vigorous, luminous, and skilful:—

Johnson came up to London precisely at the time when the condition of a man of letters was most miserable and degraded. It was a dark night between two sunny days. The age of patronage had passed away, the age of general curiosity and intelligence had not arrived. The number of readers is at present so great, that a popular author may subsist in comfort and opulence on the profits of his works. In the reigns of William the Third, of Anne, and of George the First, even such men as Congreve and Addison would scarcely have been able to live like gentlemen by the mere sale of their writings. But the deficiency of the natural demand for literature was, at the close of the seventeenth and at the beginning of the eighteenth century, more than made up by artificial encouragement, by a vast system of bounties and premium. There was, perhaps, never a time at which the rewards of literary merit were so splendid, at which men who could write well found such easy admittance into the most distinguished society, and to the highest honours of the state. The chiefs of both the great parties into which the kingdom was divided patronized literature with emulous munificence. Congreve, when he had scarcely attained his majority, was rewarded for his first comedy with places which made him independent for life. Smith, though his Hippolytus and Phædra failed, would have been consoled with 300*l.* a year but for his own folly. Rowe was not only Poet Laureate, but also land-surveyor of the Customs in the port of London, Clerk of the Council to the Prince of Wales, and Secretary of the Presentations to the Lord Chancellor. Hughes was Secretary to the Commissions of the Peace. Ambrose Philips was Judge of the Prerogative Court in Ireland. Locke was Commissioner of Appeals and of the Board of Trade. Newton was Master of the Mint. Stepney and Prior were employed in embassies of high dignity and importance. Gay, who commenced life as apprentice to a silk-mercer, became a Secretary of Legation at five-and-twenty. It was to a poem on the Death of Charles the Second, and to the City and Country Mouse, that Montague owed his introduction into public life, his earldom, his garter, and his Auditorship of the Exchequer. Swift, but for the unconquerable prejudice of the Queen, would have been a Bishop. Oxford, with his white staff in his hand, passed through the crowd of his suitors to welcome Parnell when that ingenious writer deserted the Whigs. Steele was a Commissioner of Stamps and a Member of Parliament. Arthur Mainwaring was a Commissioner of the Customs and Auditor of the Imprest. Tickell was Secretary to the Lords Justices of Ireland. Addison was Secretary of State.

And now for a contrast as drawn by Mr. Macaulay:—

At the time when Johnson commenced his literary career, a writer had little to hope from the patronage of powerful individuals. The patronage of

the public did not yet furnish the means of comfortable subsistence. The prices paid by booksellers to authors were so low, that a man of considerable talents and unremitting industry could do little more than provide for the day which was passing over him. The lean kine had eaten up the fat kine. The thin and withered ears had devoured the good ears. The season of rich harvests was over, and the period of famine had begun. All that is squalid and miserable might now be summed up in the word poet. That word denoted a creature dressed like a scarecrow, familiar with compters and spunging-houses, and perfectly qualified to decide on the comparative merits of the Common side in the King's Bench Prison and of Mount Scoundrel in the Fleet. Even the poorest pitied him; and they well might pity him. For if their condition was equally abject, their aspirings were not equally high, nor their sense of insult equally acute. To lodge in a garret up four pair of stairs, to dine in a cellar among footmen out of place, to translate ten hours a day for the wages of a ditcher, to be hunted by bailiffs from one haunt of beggary and pestilence to another, from Grub Street to St. George's Field's, and from St. George's Fields to the alleys behind St. Martin's Church, to sleep on a bulk in June and amid the ashes of a glass-house in December, to die in an hospital and to be buried in a parish-vault, was the fate of more than one writer, who, if he had lived thirty years earlier, would have been admitted to the sittings of the Kitcat or the Scriblerus Club, would have sat in Parliament, and would have been intrusted with embassies to the High Allies; who, if he had lived in our time, would have found encouragement scarcely less munificent in Albemarle-street or in Paternoster-row.

As every climate has its peculiar diseases, so every walk of life has its peculiar temptations. The literary character, assuredly, has always had its share of faults, vanity, jealousy, morbid sensibility. To these faults were now superadded the faults which are commonly found in men whose livelihood is precarious, and whose principles are exposed to the trial of severe distress. All the vices of the gambler and of the beggar were blended with those of the author. The prizes in the wretched lottery of bookmaking were scarcely less ruinous than the blanks. If good fortune came, it came in such a manner that it was almost certain to be abused. After months of starvation and despair, a full third night or a well received dedication filled the pocket of the lean, ragged, unwashed poet with guineas. He hastened to enjoy those luxuries with the images of which his mind had been haunted while he was sleeping amidst the cinders and eating potatoes at the Irish ordinary in Shoe-lane. A week of taverns soon qualified him for another year of night-cellars. Such was the life of Savage, of Boyse, and of a crowd of others. Sometimes blazing in gold-laced hats and waistcoats; sometimes lying in bed because their coats had gone to pieces, or wearing paper cravats because their linen was in pawn; sometimes drinking champagne and tokay with Betty Careless; sometimes standing at the window of an eating-house in Porridge Island, to snuff up the scent of what they could not afford to taste: they knew luxury, they knew beggary, but they never knew comfort. These men were irreclaimable. They looked on a regular and frugal life with the same aversion which an old gipsy or Mohawk hunter feels for a stationary abode, and for the restraints and securities of civilized communities. They were as untameable, as much wedded to their desolate free-

dom, as the wild ass. They could no more be broken in to the offices of social man than the unicorn could be trained to serve and abide by the crib. It was well if they did not, like beasts of a still fiercer race, tear the hands which ministered to their necessities. To assist them was impossible; and the most benevolent of mankind at length became weary of giving relief which was dissipated with the wildest profusion as soon as it had been received. If a sum was bestowed on the wretched adventurer, such as, properly husbanded, might have supplied him for six months, it was instantly spent in strange freaks of sensuality; and before forty-eight hours had elapsed, the poet was again pestering all his acquaintance for twopence to get a plate of shin of beef at a subterraneous cook-shop. If his friends gave him an asylum in their houses, those houses were forthwith turned into bagnios and taverns. All order was destroyed, all business was suspended. The most good-natured host began to repent of his eagerness to serve a man of genius in distress, when he heard his guest roaring for fresh punch at five o'clock in the morning.

Where shall we meet with a more brilliant freedom of manner,—a greater apparent sweep of knowledge,—a more feasible style of putting forth a doctrine or dogma; suggesting at every step and instance an impressive sentiment, and pointing to moral truths? And yet it would not be difficult to show that the author's statement, especially in the passages quoted from the paper which adduces Samuel Johnson and his times, contrasting these with other periods in our annals, is faulty in respect of facts, not only on account of deficiency, but of inaccuracy; while as regards the conclusion in a logical sense, the strict reasoner will first hesitate, and then find that there is a want both of adequacy and precision. There is greater art in making the rhetoric to *tell*, than anxiety about the *exact*. The premises are in some measure overstated or given at random; the inferences truer in an individual than general sense.

What we mean is this,—that if you closely and strictly examine the lives and circumstances of the poets and writers of the two eras, it will be found that it was not authorship alone that led to the conditions described or indicated by Mr. Macaulay; and that even when his account is perfectly true, so far as it goes, and this literally to that extent, yet that in several of the instances so much of fact is overlooked, and so many modifying circumstances are shoved aside, that the statement becomes historically lame, and the inference essentially false; although nothing can be more clearly or powerfully set forth than the facts which are put in array; facts, let it be added, that proclaim a deep and touching lesson, whatever may be the limited use made of them by disquisionist or critic.

ART. IV.—*The Life of a Travelling Physician.* 3. vols. Longman.

"THE Life of a Travelling Physician, from his first Introduction to Practice; including Twenty Years' Wandering through the greater part of Europe," makes a highly entertaining book. It is in three divisions; consisting of the Ramble, the Sojourn, and the Return Home. After having obtained his diploma at Edinhurgh in 1819, the youthful doctor found that his health had become considerably affected, and he was counselled to repair to a warmer climate in order to recruit himself. He proceeded to London with some letters of introduction, but being without any direct influential interest he had difficulties to encounter like most other young men who are destined to rise in the world. However, perseverance, address, no doubt, and above all, it would appear, good luck, won for him the situation of travelling physician to a nobleman who was ordered to the south of France, where he died. Ere long our medical hero met with a second patron in the shape of a Russian or Polish prince, with whom he resided in Paris for several years; afterwards accompanying him through Germany and Poland to Odessa. So far the "Ramble." The "Sojourn" was in St. Petersburg, where he started in practice, remaining fourteen years. He at length found it necessary, or perhaps it was mainly the love of travel and to settle in his native land that swayed him, to seek his native land, coming back to England through Sweden, Prussia, and various parts of Germany, which makes the "Return Home."

So much for the frame-work of the book. The matter consists of the observations of the traveller and resident; the spas and medical subjects, personal incidents, and a free use of disquisition and opinion on manners, morals, politics, and whatever may be supposed to attract the attention of a frank, talkative, and accomplished wanderer, filling the volumes.

The style of the work is that of a polished, shrewd, clever physician, who takes care not to offend polite ears with any of the offensive things of his profession; who, in fact, avoids the *shop* with a sparing gracefulness, preferring the delineation of character, the notice of quaint adventure, and Dutch-like minute details—a sly quiet humour pervading the better sketches,—to medical material; this last commodity being reserved for another publication. He is a singularly good-natured and agreeable companion; loving letters and liberal pursuits with the taste and a discernment, such as one loves to associate with the idea of an accomplished physician whose practice lies among the grandees of a nation. The reader may sometimes be apt to suspect that a scene is feigned, a character made, a story told, out of the abundance of extensive observation and diversified experience. But, on the other hand, the portraitures and sketches are so minutely

touched, so spirited, yet so homely and full of matter-of-fact, that one cannot but believe the whole to be truthful and honest.

This truthfulness, of course, has its rise in a great measure, in the favourable circumstances of the traveller for observation and the close study of character; the length of his residence in places which multitudes of tourists have talked about, and his means of access to scenes and society in Poland and Russia afforded by his peculiar relation to a magnate, yielding advantages beyond those which the many can enjoy. It must be confessed that flippancy is the term that ought to be applied to parts of the book; while others are marred by an obvious effort to raise a laugh. His judgments and estimates at times appear to be both rash and wrong. But upon the whole the work is one which a man of natural good sense, improved by travel and reflection, has produced; nor, were we particularly anxious to point out parts by which to test the excellences of the writer, could we do better for him than to mention his English Sketches, which are remarkably clever and smart; and next quite a distinct class of subjects,—his account of the Jews of Poland. Without detaining our readers with another observation regarding the merits of the "Life," or wasting space by attempting to link extract to extract, let the following samples be taken as they come, for they will speak for themselves: begin with the physician's visit to his old schoolmaster,—

I found my old preceptor in the land of the living. He had been a rake in his day; but *Philibert marie*. He was fond of all sports, and excelled in most. He was one of the best shots in the country; no man tumbled so many pigeons over at the frequent shooting matches which were held in the neighbourhood. All his geese were swans. He was a man of naturally good understanding, but vanity got the better of it. He was an optimist in everything which concerned himself. His dogs, his horses, his wife (naturally), were the best in the country. He had no children by the latter, but he had adopted a nephew, who was to inherit his property—a youth of fine parts, and worthy of being his successor. When I first went to him he was already beginning to find that his passions were leaving him, so he became outrageously fanatical, and left his passions. He was converted suddenly—it came upon him like a flash of lightning. No man ever forced his religious opinions upon others as he now did. Krahwinkle was in an uproar. The people stood still in the market-place; the old women sat down upon their eggs and butter. . . . . Ten years of absence had obliterated from my memory all the persecutions of my youth, and ten years had put the schoolmaster into the yellow leaf. I found him feeble, sickly, and decayed—a remnant of himself. Still self predominated, even in the remnant. It was a part of the once entire piece. He received me affectionately, and with tears in his eyes. When I spoke of my present plans and prospects, he listened with attention; and when I had finished, he replied, "I said so—the seed was well sown." He allowed me no merit, but took all the credit to himself. It was he who had taught me everything, who

put me in the right path. It was the "bread cast upon the waters, and found after many days." He then recapitulated, as in olden time, all the difficulties under which he had laboured at the commencement of life. How different were the circumstances between himself and myself at the onset of our careers! He had no friends to assist him: his father, God help him! (and he looked upwards, as if to implore mercy for his parent) had not even given him religious instruction; whereas I had been received into the bosom of the family, had been helped every way, and had slept on a bed of roses. He had earned by the sweat of his brow what I now saw,—and he pointed to his field, and his cows, and his neat cottage; and putting his hand into his pocket, he looked at me affectionately, and said emphatically, "I have always a hundred pounds to play with." Had he looked round, he might have discovered some look of disappointment in my face, when after mentioning the hundred pounds, he drew his empty hand from his pocket, and, patting me upon the shoulder, exclaimed, "Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all other things shall be added unto you." You keep the hundred pounds though! thought I to myself.

Polish Jews:—

Miserable and forlorn as the whole of Casimir appears, still the Jews are not permitted to inhabit the principal street, but are all huddled together in the narrow lanes and alleys which diverge from it. It is impossible to describe the sensation which their appearance creates in the mind of the stranger, when first he sees them walking about the streets like so many spectres, lank and lean, dressed in a long black robe reaching to their feet, and a hussar's fur cap or a large slouch hat upon their heads. They stand gazing around, apparently without any thing to do; no apparent trade or profession; neither cultivating the land nor defending it in the time of war; they only seem to cumber the ground on which they tread. This state of inaction is only apparent, for they are a very active though not a laborious people, preferring the pittance they may gain without trouble to a competency which common labour would easily procure them; living six days in the week upon black bread, and happy if they can get a morsel of meat on their Sabbath; cooped up in a hovel, lying pell-mell together without chair or table in their room; their bed consisting of a bundle of dirty straw; their garments tattered, leaving their bodies half exposed, for they never mend their clothes; no change of apparel, no difference in their dress, night or day, age alone stripping off their rags; compelled to dwell in the most obscure parts of the town, subject to persecutions inflicted upon them by their own laws and those of the government, which may be said rather to tolerate than to protect them; the sport and derision of those who deal, and often hold no faith with them.

Such is a true picture of this tribe, which is said to amount to more than half a million in Poland. Pale and haggard in their physiognomies, rendered more hideous by their long dirty beards, there is nevertheless a certain animation in their eye, and a cheerfulness in their countenances, which almost lead you to believe they merit less commisseration. They address you at every instant, either to buy their merchandise, or serve as factors, or do any thing you may please to order them; money is their sole object,

against making which they have no law; and though they live chiefly by what is styled trick and cheating, yet they seldom rob on the highway or break into houses; and few classes of men are less castigated by the penal law. They rob without being robbers, beg without being vagrants. Influenced by no laws, and yet so conforming to those under which they live that they are almost independent of them. There is no means they will leave untried to pilfer you; nothing that they will not willingly undertake for money, proof to all kinds of rebuke, callous to offence. Load them with opprobrious epithets, call them unbelievers, cut-throats, dogs, or spit upon their Jewish gaberdine, nothing makes any impression upon them. Nay, I have seen them struck by passers-by, and that with the greatest injustice, and yet show no resentment even in expression. Give them the slightest pittance, they are content, and will kiss your garment. Detect them in their frauds, they neither deny nor justify them; but if too severely rebuked, they show you, rather by signs than words, that you can have no pretensions to fair dealings with those with whom you yourself deal so hardly.

A carefully hoarded fee.

The following morning I was beset as usual by my friends the Jews, all of whom came to consult me. A more quacking race of people does not exist, and they are always swallowing some kind of medicine. It was curious to watch the physiognomies of some of them, as they doubted within themselves whether they should offer me a fee. I remember a poor woman, and a pretty young woman she was too, which makes me remember her so well; though a pretty Jewess is no uncommon sight in Poland; but, after taking the prescription in her hand, she fell upon her knees, and began to bless me, and then she cried, and, putting her hands to her head, she took off her cap, and under this was a second and less ornamented cap, which she also removed, and under this was a pocket-handkerchief, and in removing this she wept bitterly, and when she had removed it, she felt in one corner of the rag for a piece of money of the value of sixpence, and bursting into tears, she offered it to me as a fee.

The Physician entertains no very flattering opinion of the Polish aristocracy.

In the kingdom of Poland, the nobility, in order to evade this freedom, (the legal emancipation of the serf,) enter into stipulations with each other not to afford runaway or vagrant peasants any protection; so that if a peasant, from ill-treatment, should be inclined to leave his master and seek a milder one, every door is shut against him; and the violation of this tacit agreement by any one proprietor would be productive of a duel between the two parties; so that in reality the peasant, free by law, is a slave by usage. All his legal freedom turns to his master's advantage, for it allows him the privilege of starving, without any redress from his owner; whereas the slave in Austria (and I speak of the Polish provinces of that empire) can compel his owner to feed him in time of scarcity, or when from illness he is unable to procure bread for himself or his family.

There are no harder taskmasters than the Polish nobility; and the liberties they seem to appreciate so well for themselves, they are little anxious to

extend to their inferiors. The law which allowed them to murder their peasants under such easy penalties no longer exists, but the spirit of that law still exists; and their indifference to human suffering tends to diminish much of that enthusiasm for them as a people which is natural to all Englishmen who have not seen them at home in their own country.

I was playing at cards on New-Year's Eve, when the cold was very intense, I think 27 degrees Reaumur: and a servant entered the room to inform a nobleman that three of his peasants were found frozen to death about a mile from the town. "Il n'y a que trois, c'est peu de chose," and continued his game of quinze, without making another observation. The same circumstance might have occured in England, but would not he to whom the news was communicated make it his care immediately to send his steward to give all the consolation possible to the distressed families? Not so with the Pole; he only became more anxious to win his game at cards, to make up for the loss of the three peasants. This, it is true, was an instance only of passive conduct; but I witnessed so much more active brutality exercised by the rich towards the poor, so much want of common humanity in the relations existing between them on the part of the superior, that, so far from sympathizing with them upon the loss of their liberty, I could not but regret that they ever should have had so much in former times, seeing how cruelly they abused the little which was still left them.

Preludes to winter in Russia.

It is a mistake which almost all new comers make, to brave the cold too long; allowing it to penetrate before they take measures against it. Now the secret is, never to feel it. Take preventive measures; arm against it; never let it lay hold: this is the secret worth knowing, and the natives do know it, for they are seen walking about in their furs to the astonishment of new-comers, who hardly feel the cold sufficient to warrant a greatcoat.

Heat breaks no bones, says a Russian proverb. The Russians also say, wear warm clothing the first winter of your arrival, and you may do as you please ever after.

A few days previous to the closing of the navigation, the weather assumes a deceptive appearance. The sun is bright and the atmosphere clear; there is a nipping and an eager air, and the spirits are light and buoyant. Scarcely any wind prevails: the river flows calmly along without a ripple on its surface; there is a peculiar brightness in the atmosphere, which pushes forth as it were its last rose of summer. It seems as if it would last for ever, as if spring were about to return, making a leap-year winter. The sun sets with a deep orange ray; the moon rises pale and silvery. The stars tremble in the firmament. The actual thermometric cold is about 10 degrees of Fahrenheit. The nights are splendid, but colder than the days. The morning dawns bright and cheerful. The surface of the river is smooth and glistening. No swallow skims over its surface; no gnat dances in the sunbeam reflected from it; but, floating upon its top, is seen a thin pellicle of ice, which, resembling a film of suet, caused by pouring it when melted upon water, is called by the natives *sala*.

A Russian house in winter.

As in other countries clocks and time-pieces are considered indispensable pieces of furniture, so here two thermometers are equally indispensable to the comfort and convenience of the inmates of every house. The one, attached to the outer frame of the double windows, which are also universal in this country, marks the external cold; the other, suspended to a wall, or placed in an ornamental form upon a table in the drawing-room, marks the degree of warmth within doors. The scale of Reaumur is the one used in this country, and some hundreds of thousands must be manufactured in the capital; for not only is every house supplied, but often every room in the house is furnished with them. Upon quitting the bed, the first step is towards the window, to ascertain the degree of cold without, by which many movements of the day are to be regulated; and those who take pleasure in meteorological observations are provided with register thermometers, by which they not only ascertain the actual degree of cold, but learn what it has been during the night; for there are generally a few degrees of difference in the night and day temperatures.. This transit from the warm bed to the freezing window is not made through cold space, as it would be in England, making the reader shiver and shake at the very idea; for the drawing-room, the parlour, the hall, the staircase, and the bed-room, are all of the same temperature in a Russian house. The Russian does not undress in an ague-fit, as in a bed-room at Christmas in England; he does not jump into bed and smother himself under a heap of blankets to bring on the hot stage, nor does he rise in the morning with any idea of finding the water in his jug frozen. His bedroom is warmer in winter than in summer; and instead of adding to the number, he generally abstracts a blanket in the winter-season from his bed.

As he finds the degree of cold marked by his thermometer externally, so does he understand how to clothe himself when he issues from his warm hall-door.

There are three degrees of comparison in the warmth of clothing,—the schenelle, or warm mantle; the bekêche, or English greatcoat, lined throughout with warm fur; and the schube, or large mantle wrapper, lined with a coarser fur than the bekêche.

A Russian theatre.

You must give in your name at the pit door before you take out your ticket, to be registered in a book. This was the custom at Odessa, at least when I was there. As soon as you enter the house, should you forget to take off your hat, you are reminded of your neglect by a servant in court livery, who gives you a jog, and points above to the spread-eagle of Russia. Then you must sit down in one spot during the whole of the time; you cannot go in and out, nor loll against the boxes. It seems that pleasure is a command, and that you are a voluntary slave. Then there is no hissing permitted; silent contempt is the only mark of disapprobation; but for applause, oh, you may "roar till the duke shall say, let him roar again.

Storks in the Ukraine.

Wherever we halted to change or rather bait our horses, provided that the resting-place comprised a house graced by a chimney, so surely upon that

chimney-top was there to be seen a stork's nest. The bird is quite domesticated in these wild steppes, and walks about unmolested, and as fearlessly as a turkey cock in a farm-yard. He is the common scavenger; and luckless was the day to the frogs when they chose him for their king. By the side of every pond is he to be seen, picking up the croakers with as much *sang froid* as a fowl picks up a grain of wheat; and away he flies with his victim to the nest, where the young, impatient for their meal, are thrusting out their long necks and contending for the tit-bit. He is not over-choice in the delicacies with which he feeds his offspring. I have often seen him rise on wing with a large portion of a dead dog in his jaws; for storks are like Chinese in this respect—they have no prejudice against animals which have died a natural death.

Tea aboard a Neva steamer.

The passengers on board the steamer offer a motley appearance—some for pleasure and some for business, as in all cases; but the scene is different from any thing out of Russia. We had a cargo of wood-merchants, who came down from the banks of the Ladoga to look after their wood-barges in St. Petersburg. They are a drunken set; one of the best-looking of them was soon sprawling upon the deck. It was hard to keep him out of mischief. He would go down below to see the engine work. It was necessary to hold him by main force, till he fell asleep: as Sancho says, "It covered him over like a blanket;" and when he awoke, he was no longer mischievous. It is curious to see the people drink tea aboard these steamers: a passenger asks for tea, by which the French understand *un thé complet;* the Russians, a portion; we should say, tea for one. This comprises a small teapot in which the tea, and that of the best kind, has been infused; a larger teapot full of hot water, a small saucer full of lump sugar, an empty tumbler and teaspoon, a slice of lemon, and a small decanter of spirits. All this is served simultaneously upon a tray. As soon as the tea is sufficiently infused, he pours it out into the tumbler; to which he adds a glass of spirits and a slice of lemon, and then fills up the smaller with hot water from the larger pot.

The first glass of tea expedited, he brews again in the same way, and this for five or six times, till the tea has no longer colour or flavour; but there is the lemon, the sugar, and the brandy, and the tea is now the apology. The effect produced will depend upon the quantity of brandy which he has thus sipped. If he have been sparing, he remains quiet upon deck, or converses freely with his fellow-passengers. If he have sucked the monkey too strongly, he is mischievous, and is for looking after the machinery.

Popularity in Russia of Sir Robert Ker Porter.

Sir R. K. Porter had made himself known by his pencil first, and then by his pen. During his first sojourn in Russia he had espoused a native princess, who died, leaving him an only daughter. His first essay as a literary man, was his history of the campaign in Russia, which circumstances conspired to make very popular at the time of its production. Everything was read with avidity at that moment; and so popular were the Russians at

the time, that although the colouring which the author's pen borrowed from his pencil lightly varnished the tale, it was not perceived at the moment. Many a defeat was transformed into a victory under the touch of his pencil; but the public could not resist the impression made upon their feelings by such panegyrics as the following, put into the mouth of the conqueror Alexander. It was the appeal of an Emperor to the justice of God, and a reliance on his people. "Should the enemy take Moscow, have I not still Petersburg? if not Petersburg, Archangel? if not Archangel, my fleets and the hearts of my people?—and Russia is still my empire."

Sir R. K. Porter's recent death; his fame as a traveller, an author, and an artist,—his earliest celebrity and much of that which attaches to the latter portion of his active and variegated life, being closely connected with the efforts of his pencil; and the fact that a sale is about to take place, under peculiar circumstances of an interesting nature, of the museum of antiquities and ancient inscriptions, collected by this distinguished man, and many curious literary and other records worth the attention of artists, virtuosos, and the learned,—are circumstances which give additional effect to whatever is told of him by an authority so good as the writer before us.

ART. V.—*Journal of a Tour through Egypt, the Peninsula of Sinai, and the Holy Land, in* 1838, 1839. 2 vols. Printed by Richard Watts, Crown-court, Temple Bar. Intended solely for private circulation. 1842.

WE deem ourselves invested with no ordinary privilege, in being permitted to lay before our readers some portion of these talented volumes, which, although abounding with a rich diversity of original and valuable information on subjects of peculiar and permanent interest, have been printed solely for private circulation. A sentiment of amiable and becoming modesty has induced the authoress to confine the result of her literary efforts to the sphere of her personal acquaintance; and, even under the comparative privacy of such a limitation, she has abstained from adding the recommendation of her name to the work. The distribution of the contents as a private journal, in lieu of the more formal arrangement due to their literary pretensions, and the importance of the topics discussed, may also be cited as additional testimony of the total absence of display, and even apparent unconsciousness of superior merit, which have marked the preparation of her writings for the press. We are not, however, without hope, that a just sense of the value and interest of her production may dissuade the authoress from her design of withholding it from popular perusal; nay, we are quite sure that, to a mind constituted like hers, a consideration of public advantage will far outweigh any personal motive that might dictate an opposite decision,

and that she will cheerfully sacrifice those feelings of opposing diffidence that would prevent so desirable a result. Under this impression, we shall deem ourselves justified in acquainting the readers of the MONTHLY REVIEW, that the lady from whose accomplished pen so charming an addition to our literature has emanated, is a step-daughter of that very distinguished scholar, the Rev. Dr. Henry Tattam, of Bedford, author of the "Coptic Grammar and Lexicon," and other elaborate productions connected with the study of Egyptian antiquities. Miss Eliza Platt accompanied her learned relative on his travels in the East, in search of Coptic and other MSS., in the years 1838, 1839; and the present publication, constituting a journal of the voyage, affords ample evidence of the enthusiastic zeal and ability with which she participated in the high and difficult undertaking which formed the object of their pursuit. It would be needless to refer to Dr. Tattam's numerous and well-known publications, further than to observe how important are the results attained through his arduous and persevering labours. It may be truly asserted, that the compilation of his Coptic Lexicon alone (printed in 1835, at the Clarendon Press, at the expense of the University of Oxford,) might have furnished ample employment for a long life of literary leisure. Since that period, Dr. Tattam has published various other extensive and valuable works connected with the same branch of research, which possess much varied and important information, calculated to throw additional light on the obscure nature of these studies. He has also twice visited Egypt and the Holy Land, for the investigation and recovery of early Coptic MSS. On both these occasions he was accompanied by his daughter, whose assistance in transcribing with himself the scarce and ancient records of biblical learning, discovered in the numerous monasteries and libraries, and other depositories, in the remoter parts of those countries, evinces that our authoress possesses a degree of talent and acquirement rarely united in the same individual. From the second of these voyages Dr. Tattam and Miss Platt have but recently returned, and, it is understood amongst their literary friends, that a wider measure of success has attended the extraordinary exertions of these enterprising tourists than on the previous occasion, which we trust will, at no distant period, fully appear. It would be improper, within the brief limits available for our notice, to present the reader with more than detached sketches of a few of the more prominent situations and objects visited in their various routes; we shall therefore at once plunge *in medias res*, and, pursuing the same desultory course, select such passages as may appear most conducive to that just appreciation of the authoress's abilities, which a more connected perusal of these elegant volumes could not fail to confirm. Our opening extract describes, with a mirror-like freshness and fidelity of colouring, the gorgeous and luxurious pospects of the Isle of Rhoda, near Cairo, as

beheld from their temporary villa, situate in the gardens of Ibrahim Pasha, on the banks of the Nile.

In accordance with our resolution, we arose at break of day, breakfasted in our sunny verandah, walked in the gardens, and strolled on the banks of the Nile, from which our house is not more than 100 yards distant. The scene is more particularly attractive at sunset: standing on the western bank, on your right hand are spread out the beds of blooming flowers, of rich and varied hue, emitting the most delicious odour, from thousands of roses, myrtles, geraniums, and jessamines, blended with the fragrant scent of acacia and orange trees. On the left is the Nile, a broad and glassy stream, still swelled by its expanded waters: beyond, is an Arab village; and higher up appears the Palace of Shoobra, embosomed in a cluster of lofty palms: to the south-west are the mighty Pyramids, rising from their bed of sand: and stretching far towards the south, is the barren chain of the Libyan mountains, beautifully shaded with the softest pencilling of purple and gold. On the eastern bank is another fine palace of Mohamed Ali: and on the north, innumerable minarets and palms, with the range of the Mokattan in the back-ground, radiant with the deep glow of an oriental sunset, mark where stands the far-famed city of "Kahira."

A band of very good music adds an agreeable liveliness to the scene; and here we sat awhile, to enjoy the train of reflections to which the mind was naturally led by the various objects around us. The "River of Egypt," so celebrated in scripture story, is rendered familiar to us from our childhood by the many interesting events with which it is connected:—Once, its delicious waters, considered one of the greatest blessings Heaven has bestowed on this country, were turned into blood: in the present day, we constantly see the natives on their knees at its brink, quaffing to the full: then, the people "loathed to drink of it."—Probably, not far from this spot, the infant Moses reposed safely in his bulrush cradle, amid the flags by the river's side; and near, the anxious Miriam watched, "to wit what would be done to him." Oft in this cooling stream, the Egyptian Princess bathed, or strolled along its banks, attended by her maidens;—and here she beheld the little Hebrew child, and felt compassion at his tears.

The deception in the appearance of distant objects in this country, on account of the extreme clearness of the atmosphere, is most surprising. The Pyramids of Gizeh appear seated on the opposite side of the river, at the distance of less than two miles; whereas they must be at least eight from Caïro. No object intervenes by which to measure their gigantic size: they stand alone—the overwhelming monuments of ages long passed away, and days that are thought on as though they had never been. Their immensity is lost while gazing on them; but when their actual extent is calculated, the mind is overpowered with astonishment. The height of the largest Pyramid is said to be 461 feet, or 117 feet above St. Paul's cathedral: the base occupies 746 feet, about equal to the area of Lincoln's Inn Fields. Their date is too remote even for minute investigation correctly to ascertain; but, from all the contending opinions on this subject, it may be gathered, that they had seen little less than 1000 years before the birth of Christ. The world itself looks young, for its luxuriant verdure ever returns to gladden

the eye; but these stupendous chambers of the dead—the work of beings whose very names are unknown—remain to bear witness to the existence of heroes whose designs were colossal, and whose resources were equal to the lofty conceptions of their minds.

How paltry does all connected with the mosques and domes of Cairo appear, after contemplating works of nearly 3000 years' duration! Yet *El Kahira*, "the Victorious," deserves some attention in its turn. At this moment, burnished by the last gold of the sinking sun, adorned with its verdant palms, encircled by the distant mountains, it looks beautifully picturesque. Four huudred mosques are within its walls; and innumerable minarets rise amidst its green foliage. We see not here its narrow streets, ruined buildings, and half-clothed inhabitants: we hear not, from this sequestered isle, the mad ravings of fanatics; but the misery, the ignorance, the oppression of this degraded people *will* glance across the mind, and destroy the charm of a scene which wants one thing only to perfect it,—the inestimable blessing which Christianity alone can bestow.

The reader will have appreciated, with ourselves, the strongly-marked intelligence, and delightful tone of quiet animation, which pervade Miss Platt's style; indicating the total absence of laboured effort, or affected desire of display, and rendering her communications as acceptable for their easy, pleasant, and familiar address, as for the truthful descriptions and just observations with which they are stored. Our next quotation refers to an interview between the Coptic bishop and our travellers, at Cairo, which may serve in some degree to mark the characteristic distinction of oriental manners. It will also provide an appropriate specimen of our authoress's peculiar quickness of observation and graphic powers of narrative:

We repaired early to the large public room at Hill's Hotel, to receive our expected visitors; and stationed ourselves on the upper divân, which is covered with rich crimson cloth, and has rich luxurious cushions all round. In every Turkish house is found the divân or sofa, extending along the sides and one end of the apartment: the floor of about a third of the chamber is raised five or six inches above the rest: this is called the high divân; and is fitted up in the richest style, being covered with purple or crimson cloth, chintz, Cashmere, velvet, Turkey carpets, &c., according to the rank of the individual; and furnished with large cushions, thickly placed at the back. The more honourable guests are always conducted to the higher end; while their attendants, or persons less distinguished, are seated on the lower part of the divân. This custom throws light on the parable of our Lord, addressed to those who chose out "the uppermost rooms at feasts." So that the guests were probably not separated—as we might suppose from the word "room" being used,—but merely placed according to rank.

Colonel Campbell soon arrived; and introduced the bishop, who was accompanied by five Coptic priests; Mr. Mazzara, secretary to the Vice-Consul, who speaks English tolerably; janissaries, and attendants. [Some time previously Dr. Tattam had sent out to the bishop, at the suggestion of a friend, his own Coptic Lexicon, then just published, his gospels, and twelve

Minor Prophets.] The bishop, who is an Italian, is a fine old man: he was richly attired, in a flowing garb of blue cloth; is polished and gentle in his manners; and appeared really pleased to meet Dr. Tattam. He spoke French very well; and conversation was carried on in English, French, and, between him and Dr. Tattam, occasionally in Latin. He said he could not read Coptic very well, and was ashamed that a foreigner should know the language better than himself; and when he received Dr. Tattam's letter and Coptic works, he could only read them by the help of the accompanying Lexicon. We followed the usage of the country, and took coffee together. This is an important part of making and receiving calls in the East, and by no means to be omitted. To refuse a cup of coffee is contrary to all etiquette: consequently, at every visit it is necessary to repeat the ceremony. The bishop politely requested that he might soon have the pleasure of seeing us both at his house; and Mr. Mazzara has undertaken to conduct us there in a few days.

Their visit to the bishop is thus described:

We had next to pay a visit to the Catholic Coptic Bishop, or Patriarch, as he is sometimes called: and Mr. Mazzara led the way, through many intricate streets, to the residence of the bishop and his priest; which, with the greater part of their library, had but a short time since been nearly destroyed by a fire that had made frightful ravages in the neighbourhood. We were seated with much ceremony on the high divan, our servants remaining at the lower end of the room: sherbet, coffee, and pipes, were brought by an Abyssinian boy, and incense was waved before us. After much interesting conversation, relative to the present state of the Coptic church, some fine MSS. were produced. Dr. Tattam was busily engaged with these; and the old bishop, in high glee, immediately engaged me in reading to him: he appeared to know very little of the ancient language; and I could scarcely help smiling, when he came to a hard word, to see him turn to the Arabic, to find it out; and at last send for a priest, to decide some word in dispute between us; while, on the other hand, he sometimes laughed heartily at my pronunciation of the Egyptian tongue. Dr. Tattam selected a most beautiful Coptic MS., containing Isaiah, Jeremiah, Lamentations, and the Minor Prophets, and requested permission to transcribe it; which was readily given; and we took charge of our first prize with great satisfaction.

We may here not inappropriately offer a few brief remarks on the great utility of the Coptic language to the divine and to the student in Egyptian antiquities. Fabricius informs us, on the authority of Zosimus, that the bible was translated into Egyptian, or Coptic, when the Septuagint version was made. "Biblia, tunc non in Græcam tantum, sed etiam Ægyptiis in vernaculam linguam fuisse translata." Professor Lee has expressed an opinion, that the Coptic translation of the New Testament was made in the second century. This ancient Egyptian language has been preserved by the Christians in Egypt, in their religious books, as the Hebrew by the Jews. It is even now the language used in their churches, and in all their religious services.

A decipherment of the hieroglyphic and Enchorial characters can only be effected through its medium. Words phonetically written can only have their meaning established by some Coptic word of similar import. The Egyptian language, as preserved to us in the records of Coptic Christians, is an original tongue. It bears no resemblance to any known language; and, as Dr. Murray observes, derives its declinable words, and even its particles, from its own radicals. Before the Macedonian conquest, the characters used to express it were the Enchorial, or common character, the Hieratic, and the Hieroglyphic. We have the whole of what has been deciphered in the Enchorial character, in the rudiments of an Egyptian Deity, by the late Dr. Young, appended to Dr. Tattam's Coptic Grammar. These are compendiously introduced in the latter gentleman's Lexicon, under the Coptic words of the same signification. Very little of the Hieratic character has been deciphered. In the explanation of the Hieroglyphic, considerable progress has been made by Dr. Young, M. Champollion, Salt, Rossilini, Tomlinson, and others. Dr. Tattam has inserted most of the deciphered words, on the same plan as he adopted in giving an explanation of the Enchorial characters. The characters now used by the Copts are derived from the Greek, with the addition of seven peculiar letters. This character superseded the Enchorial soon after the conquest of Egypt by the Greeks; when, from intercourse with their conquerors, many Greek words were introduced. The Coptic is a very simple language. Nouns and adjectives are without inflections. The relation of one noun to another is eitheir denoted by their proximity, or by prefixed particles, as in Hebrew, or by prepositions as in English: their number by the articles or pronouns. Verbs are often merely nouns applied in a verbal sense without any alteration. They have but one conjugation, and no passive voice. The various tenses are chiefly formed by prefixes; but of these and other minutiæ of the language we have no time for examples. Besides the Coptic, which was spoken in Lower Egypt, the Mizur of the scriptures, Dr. Tattam's Lexicon includes the two dialects. The Saphidic, or, more properly, the Thebaic dialect, was spoken in Upper Egypt; and the Bashmuric was a dialect of the inhabitants of Bashmour, a province of the Delta. Dr. Tattam has carefully examined all the existing MSS., and from these original sources has very much enriched his Lexicon, which, being written in neat and familiar Latin, renders it a convenient manual for the continental literati. A literal Latin translation also accompanies his Coptic edition of the Twelve Minor Prophets. Coptic literature now assumes a very interesting aspect. We have before observed, that the only safe clue for deciphering the ancient monuments of Egypt is derivable from this source; while it is equally important to the biblical student. The Egyptian versions were amongst the earliest translations of the sacred writings. Hence their version of

the New Testament is of great authority. The translations of the Old Testament were made from the Septuagint, and not from the Hebrew scriptures: they are therefore of great use in determining the readings of the Septuagint, and in fixing the meaning of many expressions.

We now turn, with a sense of renewed enjoyment, to the contemplation of the delightful pictures of oriental life and scenery, presented by the fair artist, and which are stamped by her discriminating pencil with such striking individuality and happy fidelity of colouring, that the only difficulty we experience, in the selection of these sketches from her talented productions, arises from the superabundance of admirable pieces that challenge a preference. We at length decide to transfer to our collection the following view of the ruins of Karnac:

Passing through the village, [Luxor] we turned towards the gigantic Ruins of Karnac, which are nearly two miles from the former place. An avenue of Sphinxes, some half buried, leads to the Grand Entrance, opposite Luxor; and there are still remains of others, along the whole of the road connecting the two Temples. After passing through a lofty gateway, we were at once enclosed by the most imposing scene of ruins imaginable! Travellers may give some idea of the smaller Temples of Western Thebes; but Karnac baffles all description. The most accurate statements must appear as exaggerations; but here there is no need for any stretch of imagination in the beholder: the eye wanders over a vast field of fallen grandeur, which the mind in vain attempts to grasp. To realize all this as the work of man—and that at a period when we are disposed to doubt the very existence of the means of raising such mighty buildings—is indeed difficult. It is impossible for a stranger to form any adequate conception of the almost endless extent of ground they occupy; of the colossal size of the innumerable pillars, colonnades, and statues; the huge blocks of granite, nearly buried in deep sand; the beauty of the sculpture, covering every separate part; and the still brilliant hue of the colouring,

The first visit to Thebes must, to every traveller, be exhausting. Its high antiquity, in comparison of which all other ruins are modern—the crowds that have worshipped in its temples, and gloried in their unrivalled city—and the ever-recurring thought of what it then was, when every gateway poured in the joyous throng, and all those now silent halls echoed back the loud shout of the proud possessors—when every towering obelisk, and every giant statue, appeared in the perfection of youth, to add to the sublimity of the immense edifice—its heroes, its priests, its gorgeous ceremonies—its last overthrow—above all, its present desolation, a wreck of man's glory, pride, and power;—all these sad thoughts rush across the mind, depressing the spirits; and yet leading to the contemplation of that future day, when all that the world can boast, will exhibit a scene of destruction greater than that of the once beauteous, but now prostrate Diospolis.

Page after page, teeming with the same coincidence of apt description and powerful feeling, and combining thus lively a perception of

the varied features of moral and religious interest associated with the subjects under review, successively occupies our delighted attention, and never fails to impress us with the warmest admiration of the talent, erudition, and deep tone of devotional sentiment, possessed by the writer.

Nay, we seem to be accompanied at every step of our sympathetic wanderings, whether amid the picturesque solitudes, or beneath the stately arcs and domes of the old and storied land of the Pharaohs, or amongst the "olive-crowned hills and grassy vales," or the wild sands and barren mountains of Holy Palestine, by a fair and genii-like conductress, at whose creative wand are revealed, in all their long-vanished splendour, or stern and awful colouring, the far-off scenes of other years; flinging an alternate light and shadow over the revived features of the past, and reflecting a sacred interest on the vacant or obscure lineaments of the present. In sooth, in perusing these animated and richly graphic pages, so engagingly stored with the treasures of taste, feeling, and imagination, we bow to the subtle spell of intellectual enchantment that renders us forgetful of every object and incident save those recorded in the presiding narrative; and we cordially submit ourselves to the happy illusion which constitutes us the privileged companion of one so splendidly gifted. At one moment we retire to the deep shades of "the cool grotto, and listen to the splashing of the clear stream, as it falls over the shells, and trickles into the little lake below." At another, we take boat on the Nile, and "in the dusk of evening enjoy the pure breeze on deck, beneath the clear blue heavens, and watch the setting sun, as it sheds a beautiful light on the long chains of rocky mountains." Now we gaze upon the Queen of Night as she rises "in full glory above the rugged peaks of Gebel Moneh, and reflects a brilliant stream of light across the placid river. A broad opening in the eastern chain of mountains discovers the distant wilderness, with a few dark, solitary palms—a boundary between the luxuriant valley and the barren plain beyond. The pure blue above is scarcely dimmed by the shades of night; while the light clouds around, silvered by the moonbeams, are strikingly contrasted with the sombre hue of the sterile rocks on shore." Anon, we glance on the fair transparent bosom of an Italian sky, as pictured in colours of equal intensity by the fervid and graceful pencil of the accomplished artist; or we stretch our delighted vision over the purple tide of sun-enamoured waves that reflect, in placid beauty, the wooded promontories or golden sands of "the Isles of Greece." And again we transport our thoughts to the scenes rendered sacred by the presence and ministry of the great prophet. We visit the "city chosen of God." We shall preface our extracts from the portion of these volumes which treats of the Holy Land with the following apposite and beautiful reflection:

We could not look round upon the beautiful scenery spread out beforeus and not recollect, with feelings of deepest interest, whose feet, in years long past, had trod the olive-crowned hills and grassy vales of Hebron. To the imagination of childhood the touching incidents of Scripture history are invested with a charm, which riper years cannot obliterate. The depth of that veneration which absorbs the mind of the Christian traveller, when he looks back upon the warm pictures which his youthful fancy drew of the sacred scenes that then first attracted his attention, may be imagined by many an enthusiastic spirit, even amidst the quietness of a home circle; but can only be fully understood by those, who, with the same feelings of excitement mingled with solemnity, have trod the same hallowed ground.

We now approach Jerusalem:

We left the convent and passed over the high ridge of hills leading towards Jerusalem; where we found the wind strong, and severely cold; so much so, that we were glad of our cloaks. We then crossed the plain of Rephaim: beyond which we came upon the hills surrounding the holy city, which, after passing over the valley of Hinnom, we entered, by the Jaffa or Bethlehem gate, about one o'clock. A winding rocky path, by the side of the hills, leads to this gate; descending from the plain before mentioned into a deep ravine, and thence again ascending to the city walls. The last half hour we had a threatening of rain; which, as we advanced towards the city, came down in torrents. We had long been unaccustomed to such heavy rain; and now, in particular, it seemed a thing so strange and unwelcome, that it certainly destroyed much of that spirit of enthusiasm which the first view of Jerusalem is calculated to create. But, notwithstanding this evident disadvantage, our only impression on approaching this far-famed and highly-favoured city, was one of admiration. Its situation is indeed one of the most imposing that could have been selected for the site of a city. The luxuriant green that gladdened the eye on every side—the rippling brooks that flow through the deep dells around its walls—and the noble mountains that encompass it like a belt—all struck us with wonder and with awe: for while we looked upon its beauty, we were at once reminded that it was hallowed ground—the city chosen of God, in which He had set his name and glory. With hearts sensibly alive to the privilege that was permitted us, we repeated the Psalmist's words, "Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem!" Nor was the fervent wish for her future prosperity forgotten in the ardour of the moment; but, "because of the house of the Lord our God"—that house long rased to its foundations—we earnestly desired her good.

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre is next described, and we shall not apologise for the more than ordinary length of the extract:

A winding path between the houses leads, by a very gradual descent, out of the main street, to the court before the entrance-door of the church; which place is usually occupied by persons who bring the mother-of-pearl boxes and other curiosities from Bethlehem for sale; and troublesome enough they are, particularly to such travellers as, having previously visited that place, have laid in a stock of these articles, and are now too highly excited

by more interesting objects to pay any regard to smaller and less sublime attractions. Other things are also exposed for sale here; and consequently the commotion that salutes the ears of the visitor, on his approach to the holy spot, is little in accordance with the solemnity of his feelings. On entering the door of the church from this place, the first object presented to view is the "stone of unction," a long white marble slab, on which, the visitor is informed, the body of Christ was anointed after his crucifixion, and before being taken to the place of burial. At the head and foot of this slab stand three very large wax candles, and above are hung many silver lamps. Turning to the left, we were led into a rotunda, containing the Holy Sepulchre itself; above which is a dome, and galleries encircling it, supported by sixteen marble columns. The sepulchre is an oblong building, resembling a small church; one end being circular, and containing on the outer side little oratories, belonging to some of the minor Christian sects who claim their share of interest in the sacred edifice. The entrance is at the opposite end, with steps in front, and a low wall of marble guarding the door-way on either side. On the top is a cupola, resting on six small pillars. Within are two separate chambers; the first capable of holding only about seven or eight persons, in the centre of which is a small marble block, where, we were informed, sat the angel who announced the Saviour's resurrection to the women, who, early in the morning of the now Christian sabbath, sought the place where their crucified Lord was laid. The flooring of this chamber is also of marble. Here we were requested to take off our shoes, before entering the inner part, containing the tomb itself. This place, which is regarded by all the numerous Christian sects of the holy city as one of great sanctity, is so small, that not more than three persons at a time can stand within, before the sarcophagus, which occupies a half of the whole space, and in length reaches from wall to wall, which are rather more than six feet apart; the breadth being about three feet, and the height from the ground two feet and one inch. It is of white marble, and the walls of the chamber are lined with green marble. A great number of very beautiful silver lamps are suspended from the ceiling, and reflect a dazzling light; rendered doubly painful to the eyes on emerging from the ante-chamber, which is in total darkness. These lamps, which are never extinguished, have been presented, at various periods, by illustrious persons of different denominations. There is something exceedingly impressive, and almost overpowering, in the effect produced by the sight of this little spot, so highly venerated, so gorgeously illuminated. Could the enlightened Christian pilgrim admit the belief that this very ground, now adorned with outward splendour, had really borne the corpse of our crucified Redeemer, he might, in the ardour of his devotion, forget the sad delusion to which such ardour has led the misguided mortals who hither crowd to do homage, and fall instinctively upon his knees to worship his now exalted Lord; but the mask with which fanaticism has enshrouded all that would make a site like this worthy of veneration, tends only to destroy it. The form of devotion often appears within this "house of prayer," but alas! it is too frequently made the scene of every sinful passion; and very responsible is the sincere Protestant for the conduct which he here manifests in the sight of those who, whether "deceivers, or being deceived," profess to hallow all that Christ's presence has rendered

sacred: for while he should evince a marked seriousness in the contemplation of every object with which the name of Christ is blended, he should carefully guard against leaving an impression upon the minds of the blind worshippers around him, that he places a like faith with them in his visit to their sacred localities, and thus gives to a sinful adoration of place that efficacy in procuring salvation which an "inward and spiritual" reception of Christ crucified can alone procure.

We next visited the place called Calvary; to which we ascended by about eighteen or twenty steps, with scarcely any light. At the foot of this stair-case we were each supplied with a lighted wax taper, on account of the darkness of the chapel above, called the "chapel of the crucifixion." This is a small chamber, on a considerably higher elevation than the other parts of the church, where the monks pretend to show the true spot on which the cross stood. Here are three large wax figures, representing the body of the suffering Redeemer, and those of the two malefactors, nailed to the cross. Near them, in a glass-case, is a figure of the weeping mother. I turned away from the profane exhibition before me; and my mind sought relief in the contemplation of that approaching period, when these revolting mummeries shall be swept from the spot, to be replaced by the pure worship of those who shall offer a spiritual service to their glorified Saviour and God.

After sharing in the just indignation expressed by the fair writer, in reference to the monkish cheats and delusions practised in the Holy city, we enjoy with heightened zest the calm, natural loveliness of the following exquisite sketch of the romantic scenery around the walls of Jerusalem.

On arriving at the summit of the mountain, a fine prospect presented itself to our view. The city lay stretched out before us, with its domes and minarets, its mosques and churches, its towers and embattled walls; and, as the deep glow of the declining sun cast over all a look of brightness which a nearer view would have destroyed, we could find much that appeared still beautiful in the now desolate Jerusalem. On the east, a part of the Dead Sea was distinctly visible—a dark bluish surface, closely hemmed in by the lofty mountains of Moab, and appearing not more than two hours distant. In the same direction might be distinctly traced the Valley of the Jordan, though its waters were not visible. On the south were seen the mountains in the neighbourhood of Bethlehem; and on the north, above the hills surrounding the city, appear the distant mountains of Galilee. On the summit of Mount Olivet is a small building, of an octagonal form, erected over what is supposed to be the place of our Lord's ascension. Tradition states, that the Empress Helena built here a church and convent, both which have been long since destroyed. We remained for a considerable time on this interesting spot, absorbed by many solemn recollections: and when the sinking sun warned us to bend our steps towards the city, it was not without a look of regret that we descended the mount; and passing again by the Garden of Gethsemane, and continuing along the Valley of Jehoshaphat, we returned by the village of Siloam, the Valley of Hinnom, the south-west end of Mount Sion, and the valley of Gihon; entering the city through the

Bethlehem or Jaffa gate, by which we had left it; having made the entire circuit of the city walls.

Bethlehem:

I cannot imagine a spot in the universe more picturesque than the situation of the little town of Bethlehem. The scenery alone, independent of the sacred associations with which it is connected, is such as to excite the enthusiasm of the traveller. The hill on which it stands is very high: the surrounding mountains are still higher; and between them and the town itself is a deep vale, planted with olives, some of them fine old trees. The soil, which is of a deep-red-brown, adds in no small degree to the beautiful character of the landscape. Little foot-paths wind along the terraced and highly-cultivated hill sides; and many watch-towers, from the top of which a head often peeps forth, appear amongst the vineyards that adorn both hill and dale. Here and there a cottage, ruined and deserted, gives sad evidence of the destructive cruelty of war. Far beyond the hills of Bethlehem, piles of mountains rise one above the other, their dim and pointed tops almost lost in the distance. The watch-towers are built of stone; they are generally round, though we passed some square; and are from ten to twenty feet in height. Many references are made in Scripture to the custom of building and watching upon towers of this kind, to protect the vineyards, olive and other fruit-trees, corn-fields, &c. from being robbed:—(see Isa. and Matt. 21, 33.) Several other passages refer more properly to towers of defence in time of danger or war. Fruit-trees of various kinds, and beautiful corn-fields, meet the eye on every side; and the rugged rocks that jut forth from the mountain's brow are strikingly contrasted with the verdure which cultivation has produced on every spot to which it could extend. Nor were flocks and herds wanting to complete the picture; sleek cattle fed leisurely in the green pastures, and sheep reposed in groups upon the slope of the opposite hills. Upon this lovely scene we gazed, until the setting sun sank behind the distant mountains; and we repaired to our tent, to dwell upon the deeply interesting events which render Bethlehem sacred in the eyes of every Christian.

After commenting, with equal judgment and eloquence, on the various events which are connected with this remarkable spot, Miss Platt thus describes the "Grotto of the Nativity," its chief object of interest:

Immediately after breakfast we walked to the convent, which bears the name of St. Giovanni. It has the appearance of a fortress, and is surrounded by walls of considerable thickness, having stony buttresses. It overlooks a deep valley on the north of the town. From the hill on which it stands, was pointed out to us, on the south-east, a high mountain, standing alone, called the "Frank Mountain;" the sides of which appeared steep, and the summit rounded. It seems to have derived this name from a prevalent tradition among the Franks, that the mountain was occupied, as a place of defence, by the Crusaders. Far beyond was seen the mountains of Moab; between which and the nearer hills and plains, are the waters of

the Dead Sea. The convent is supposed to occupy the site of the Saviour's birth-place, and contains within its walls a church, the erection of which is attributed to the Empress Helena. The interior of the latter is handsome, ornamented by forty-eight marble columns in the Corinthian style, and various Mosaic pictures. The Latins, Greeks, and Armenians, have all their separate possessions within this sacred edifice. A flight of steps leads from the church into the "Grotto of the Nativity." I have seen few sacred spots more impressive than this, on first descending from the church into the solemn gloom of this subterranean cave. All incredulity, as to the authenticity of the spot, was lost in the absorbing reflections occasioned by the scene itself, in connection with the wondrous event which it is designed to commemorate. The mind of the Christian traveller is, generally speaking, more likely to be occupied by its own train of thought and feelings, to which, in all probability, those pilgrims who from time to time prostrate themselves before this venerated shrine are strangers, than disposed to investigate or doubt the identity of the spot itself. It is a cave cut out of the rock, which is limestone: and is said by the monks to be the identical stable where the child Jesus was born. It is not more than eight or nine feet in height: the floor and walls are of marble, and a marble pillar supports the roof. On the right-hand side of the flight of steps leading from the church is a recess, with a circle in the centre formed of jasper and agate, around which is the following inscription:—"Hic de Virgine Mariâ Jesus Christus natus est." This is supposed to mark the spot over which the star rested, which guided the Magi to the place of the Saviour's birth. A marble altar is erected over the recess; and before it fourteen silver lamps are continually burning. On the left-hand side, a descent of two steps leads to the manger in which it is said the Saviour was laid. This is of white marble, and is scooped out something in the shape of a manger. Fronting it is a smaller altar, where the Magi presented their gifts to the Holy Child. Here, also, are large silver candlesticks with wax tapers, and silver lamps, burning day and night. Several paintings are hung around, as well as on the walls of the grotto; and there are small marble columns in different parts; besides many other lamps which are not lighted, excepting on particular occasions; those only around the larger altar and over the manger, being kept constantly burning. Hangings of tapestry and other rich material adorn the walls of the cave and sides of the manger. Besides this most venerated spot, are shown two other caves; one called the study or oratory of St. Jerome; and the other containing the supposed tomb of the infants massacred by the command of Herod. We visited several other small chapels, to each of which some improbable story was appended; and another larger grotto, in which tradition states the Virgin dwelt for some time with the infant Saviour, before her departure to Egypt.

Although these various sacred places are calculated, from their present appearance, to arrest the attention of the traveller, there is so much that is utterly at variance with common sense in the traditions of the monks respecting them, that the Christian visitor will turn from them gladly, to contemplate, with feelings of far greater solemnity, facts which admit of no doubt, and need no Popish garb to enhance their interest. He will bend his steps, wearied with the outward show of veneration in which the Church

of Rome has enveloped the lowly manger where Jesus lay—and still more wearied with her inventions, without regard either to truth or reason—and will feel a delightful relief in looking round upon the simple, yet majestic beauties of Nature which characterize the place, out of which was destined to come forth "the Governor who should rule his people Israel."

The following remark on the "Silence of the Desert," suggested on the wild and boundless waste traversed in their journey to the Natron Lakes (Egypt), must not be passed over,—it is most simply, yet happily expressed, and rich in the truest poetry of natural feeling:

We trode the deep sand, hour after hour; and no earthly sound came across the boundless plain, to break upon its deathlike stillness. Silence and the desert seem inseparable; but at night, when the eye ever wanders round the same expansive circle, and still rests on nought but the curveless line that divides the dark surface of earth from the dim light of heaven, who could disturb the solemnity of such a scene with words? They are unwelcome to the ear—they chill the heart: for the mind can turn but to one all-important subject, while the eye gazes on its fittest emblem—eternity. Traverse the desert wilds by night, all ye long train of ceaseless talkers! and if ye be not for once constrained to silence—ah, even to reflection—talk on, there is little hope of you!

We might dwell on every page of this deeply interesting work with the warmest admiration of its varied and conspicuous merit; and we cannot refrain from again observing how inadequate must any attempt be to convey, within the compass assigned to the present notice, a just impression of its value and interest. One more extract, and we close, with regret bordering on pain, the pleasant ties of sympathy that have connected us with the diversified wanderings and adventures, so eloquently and feelingly described in this simple "Journal."

Varied, indeed, have been the scenes through which we have passed; and still more varied the situations in which we have reared our dwellings and laid down our heads to rest, during our last nine weeks of wandering. We have pitched our tents on the summit of the lofty mountain, and we have reposed in the deep vale beneath. We have accepted the friendly shelter of a huge block of granite, projecting fearfully from its parent cliff; and we have rested in peace in a deep gorge in the rocks, enclosed on every side by impassable barriers. We have hailed with delight a lodging on the verdant banks of a stream of running water; and we have encamped, too, on the broad and scorching sandy plain, where not a blade of grass relieved the eye, nor a mound varied the outline of the blank horizon. We have slumbered amidst the fragrant scent of aromatic shrubs; and we have been equally contented if the word "to halt" was given in a field of honest clover, surrounded by an impenetrable fence of prickly-pear. The sycamore, the pomegranate, the mulberry, the fig-tree, have alike afforded us their kindly

protection from the intense rays of the noonday sun; and our lowly couches have been spread in the sombre shade of the palm-grove, the olive-grove, and the acacia-grove. We have dreamed of our HOME amidst the loveliest flowers; we have established ourselves for the night in the pebbly bed of a winter stream; and we have found a snug retreat in some green brook, where but a few weeks before had flowed refreshing waters, imparting health and verdure to every spot within their reach. We have taken refuge outside the walls of an Arab village, where the yelping of curs has disturbed our repose; and we have sometimes ventured to lodge amongst the miserable inhabitants within, in the midst of a court surrounded by various species of the animal creation, both beasts, birds, and insects. We had the audacity to settle our *infidel house* under the minarets of a Mahomedan mosque; we have lain side by side with the silent dead in the centre of a Turkish burial-ground; and again, amidst a silence as deathlike, have rested in the green pastures of the sloping hills, or amongst the luxuriant corn that waved in the fertile vale. We have been glad to station ourselves in a deep recess between the buttresses of some lonely convent's walls; we have looked from our tent door upon the sea through whose divided flood the hosts of Israel passed; and again upon the distant waters of the Mediterranean, and remembered, too, that its blue waves must be re-crossed ere we should again behold our native shore.

We dwelt with deep interest on the ever-changing scenes of our days since we left the gate of Caïro to become wanderers in the wilderness; and while memory vividly retraces the long and dreary route, with each fair oäsis that cheered us in the way, gratefully we desire to own the "Guiding Hand unseen," that has safely conducted us through the dangers and difficulties that beset our path; and fully do we estimate the many privileges and enjoyments which in large proportion have mingled with them. Now, every thing that occasioned annoyance or alarm sinks into the shade; while all that gratified the eye, the ear, and the heart, presents itself more prominently to view; and, though it has lost the strong colouring of the present, retains a charm not less powerful, which the flight of years can never destroy.

ART. VI.

1. *Poems on Slavery.* By W. H. LONGFELLOW. Cambridge U.S.
2. *Legends, Lyrics, and other Poems.* By B. SIMMONS. Blackwood and Son.
3. *Elegiac Poems.* Moxon.

WITH avidity we seize upon books of poetry that have the stamp of genuine feeling and of imposing truth distinctly impressed upon the pages. We have now before us several collections that claim at our hands a hearty fulfilment of this general practice; and without further preamble proceed to the pleasing duty of introducing specimens, every one of which has something moving or melting, arousing or touching in its spirit and expression.

Mr. Longfellow's "Poems on Slavery" are in every sense worthy of him, and what is more, of the cause which they espouse. They contain poetical fire, they present the chastened luxuriance and the graphic description which are widely known to characterize the author's effusions; while sympathies and feelings the most excellent and purifying embalm the whole. The scholar and the poet are outstripped by the man, genius by humanity.

The whole of the "Poems" have one object, although contemplated from different points and approached through distinct channels. Mr. Longfellow's earnest, eager, and fearless aim is to hold up the Negro as one of the human species, with all the endowments, emotions, capacities, and responsibilities of an immortal; to picture his degradation and sufferings in bondage; and to awaken the *white* man to a full and brotherly sympathy for the slave,—to a sense of the imminent danger, the sure retribution which await the hideous violations of human rights that darken even at the present hour the history of the freedom-boasting citizens of the United States of America. We say *fearless* aim; for it requires no small share of heroism in a man of Mr. Longfellow's prominence to lift up his voice in exposure and denunciation of a condition, a practice, and an institution that can muster such multitudes of unscrupulous and desperate men in its defence, as the few following excerpts will indicate, taken from certain American papers. These we have met with in the *Examiner*, deeming the importance of the exposure, and the opportunity for making it, too great and valuable to require any apology for enlarging its extent.

We hardly ever take into our hands a book written about the United States, especially if the author be a native of the British isles, without finding that slavery, as exhibited in that country, constitutes a leading topic. The statements, to be sure, are often conflicting; although we rarely experience any difficulty in discovering, even in the most apologetic and softened accounts of the system and its details, features and facts that are revolting and terrible. When it is asseverated that the slaves are well fed and housed; that they laugh and dance, are merry and happy, the inevitable reply is, that their degradation is thus proved to be just the more complete,—that their moral sense has been brutalized, and their understanding levelled to the things that perish.

It is proper and necessary, however, that our readers should know that there can be opposed to all the imagined ameliorations, to all the positive physical advantages alleged concerning Negro bondage in "the land of liberty," a dreadful array of wrong-doings, of savage cruelties, of deep-dyed crimes. Nor are these fearful occurrences all of a remote date. Several instances of barbarism which no nation in Europe would allow to stain her annals or to stultify her laws,—which would disgrace even the stoical Red Indians, have within the

last few years not merely taken place in the United States, but have been tolerated, have passed without the visitations of an authoritative reproof, have actually been made the theme of newspaper proclamation, defence, and bravado. No farther back than the June of 1842, the *Natchez Free Trader* reports, as we now quote, of the execution of the Negro Joseph, on the 5th of that month:—

> The body was taken and chained to a tree immediately on the bank of the Mississippi on what is called Union Point. The torches were lighted and placed in the pile. He watched unmoved the curling flame as it grew, until it began to entwine itself around and feed upon his body: then he sent forth cries of agony painful to the ear, begging some one to blow his brains out: at the same time surging with almost superhuman strength, until the staple with which the chain was fastened to the tree, not being well secured, drew out and he leaped from the burning pile. At that moment the sharp ring of several rifles was heard, and the body of the negro fell a corpse to the ground. He was picked up by two or three and again thrown into the fire and consumed.

But burnings of the blacks at the stake and by slow fires, are things that are not only perpetrated in the slave-holding states, but the murder of whites, should they give reins to the tongue,—uttering the language of humanity, condemning Lynch-law, and speaking in terms perfectly consistent with the proclaimed, the professed, and the theoretic institutions of the country, present to those who are intimately acquainted with the slave-system and its reign of terror, blots of blood in American recent annals; no effectual effort having been made to wash them out, or to prevent similar atrocities. Instead, however, of going into any of these *white* cases, we cite passages from different newspapers, in order to show the *animus* of the writers, and of the people for whom the sentiments are penned; and when the only alleged offence is a man's giving expression to his feelings regarding a frightful and prevalent evil. Are not the phrases, "liberty of the press," "freedom of sincere speech," "independence of thought," and such like, mere mockeries in the mouths and the statute-books of the American people, so long as language of the following description meets with countenance and cordial acquiescence in the districts where it is circulated? Says a Georgian paper, "The cry of the whole south should be death, instant death to the abolitionist wherever he is found." "Let us declare through the public journals of our country," exclaims the Columbian *Telescope*, "that the question of slavery is not and shall not be open to discussion; that the system is too deep-rooted among us, and must remain for ever; that the very moment any private individual attempts to lecture us upon its evils and immorality, in the same moment his tongue shall be cut out and cast upon the dunghill." The *Norfolk Beacon* of Virginia records as an "awful but just punishment," the

following event:—"We learn, by the arrival of the steam-boat Kentucky last evening from Richmond, that Robinson, the Englishman mentioned in the *Beacon* of Saturday, as being in the vicinity of Lynchburg, was taken about fifteen miles from that town, and hanged on the spot for exciting the slaves to insurrection." Trial by jury, or by any regularly appointed person or body, is not required; although self-constituted committees have, under a show of authority, but in violation of the constitution and independently of the laws, committed many outrages; just as on other occasions, the Lynch process has been overlooked and encouraged.

A longer extract than any we have yet introduced will illustrate how the privilege of liberty of thought and expression is regarded in parts of America, should the truth happen to be unsavoury. The account is taken from the *Anti-Slavery Reporter*, published at New York:

On the 1st of August, 1842, an interesting address was delivered in Massachusetts, by the late Dr Channing, in relation to West India emancipation, embracing, as was natural and proper, reflections on American slavery. This address was copied into a New York weekly paper, and the number containing it was offered for sale as usual by the agent of the periodical in Charleston. Instantly the agent was persecuted by the South Carolina Association, and was held to bail in the sum of 1,000 dollars, to answer for his CRIME. Presently after, this same agent received for sale a supply of "Dickens' Notes on the United States," but having before his eyes the fear of the slaveholders, he gave notice in the newspapers, that the book would "be submitted to highly intelligent members of the South Carolina Assoctation for *inspection*, and IF the sale is approved by them it will be for sale—if not, not." And so the population of one of the largest cities of the slave region were not permitted to read a book they were all burning with impatience to see, till the volume had been first *inspected* by a self-constituted body of censors! The slaveholders, however, were in this instance afraid to put their power to the test—the people might have rebelled if forbidden to read the "Notes," and hence one of the most powerful, effective anti-slavery tracts yet issued from the press was permitted to be circulated, because people *would* read what Dickens had written. Surely, fellow-citizens, you will not accuse us of slander when we say that the slaveholders have abolished among you the liberty of the press. Remember the assertion of the editor of the *Missouri Argus:* "Abolition editors in the slave states will not dare to avow their opinions: it would be INSTANT DEATH to them."

It is impossible to produce any extended or particular account of the condition, manners, and conduct of the negroes and coloured people in the United States, without being strongly impressed with the evidences of their morally degraded state, and also of the constantly accruing force of the danger which they threaten to their masters and the whole of the white race among and around them. Another and an inseparable circumstance will arrest the reader's atten-

tion: it is this, that the whites live in continual dread of the blacks, and find themselves driven to the most horrid efforts both against abolitionists and slaves, in order to arrest the terrible danger that menaces, and to prolong what they must perceive is a doomed system and dying cause. How solemn is Mr. Longfellow's prediction, prompted as it is by the voice of history, and filled with the forebodings of our oracular being!

There is a poor blind Sampson in this land,
  Shorn of his strength and bound in bonds of steel,
Who may in some grim revel raise his hand
  And shake the pillars of this common weal,
Till the vast temple of our liberties
A shapeless mass of wreck and rubbish lies.

The observations now offered, and the passages cited from the American newspapers, we trust, will not be considered very foreign to the present article. Certainly, they are suggestive in the direction contemplated by Mr. Longfellow, and may prepare the mind to receive with due appreciation the pictures which he presents, and to welcome the sympathies which he kindles. Surely the muse was never more worthily inspired than when painting in the colours and pleading in the strain of our poet. Let him tell us of "The Slave's Dream."

Beside the ungathered rice he lay,
  His sickle in his hand;
His breast was bare, his matted hair
  Was buried in the sand.
Again, in the mist and shadow of sleep,
  He saw his Native Land.

Wide through the landscape of his dreams
  The lordly Niger flowed;
Beneath the palm-trees on the plain
  Once more a king he strode;
And heard the tinkling caravans
  Descend the mountain-road.

He saw once more his dark-eyed-queen
  Among her children stand;
They clasped his neck, they kissed his cheeks,
  They held him by the hand!—
A tear burst from the sleeper's lids
  And fell into the sand.

And then at furious speed he rode
  Along the Niger's bank;
His bridle-reins were golden chains,
  And, with a martial clank,
At each leap he could feel his scabbard of steel
  Smiting his stallion's flank.

Before him, like a blood-red flag,
The bright flamingoes flew;
From morn till night he followed their flight,
O'er plains where the tamarind grew,
Till he saw the roof of Caffre huts,
And the ocean rose to view.

At night he heard the lion roar,
And the hyæna scream,
And the river-horse, as he crushed the reeds
Beside some hidden stream;
And it passed, like a glorious roll of drums,
Through the triumph of his dream.

The forests, with their myriad tongues,
Shouted of liberty;
And the Blast of the Desert cried aloud,
With a voice so wild and free,
That he started in his sleep and smiled
At their tempestuous glee.

He did not feel the driver's whip,
Nor the burning heat of day;
For Death had illumined the Land of Sleep,
And his lifeless body lay
A worn-out fetter, that the soul
Had broken and thrown away!

Here is a companion story,—"The Slave Singing at Midnight."

Loud he sang the psalm of David!
He, a Negro and enslaved,
Sang of Israel's victory,
Sang of Zion, bright and free.

In that hour, when night is calmest,
Sang he from the Hebrew Psalmist,
In a voice so sweet and clear
That I could not choose but hear.

Songs of triumph, and ascriptions,
Such as reached the swarth Egyptians,
When upon the Red Sea coast
Perished Pharoah and his host.

And the voice of his devotion
Filled my soul with strange emotion;
For its tones by turns were glad,
Sweetly solemn, wildly sad.

Paul and Silas, in their prison,
Sang of Christ, the Lord arisen,
And an earthquake's arm of might
Broke their dungeon-gates at night.

But, alas! what holy angel
Brings the Slave this glad evangel?
And what earthquake's arm of might
Breaks his dungeon-gates at night?

"The Quadroon girl" gives us the fate of one still more melancholy and miserable than that of the negro.

The Slaver in the broad lagoon
Lay moored with idle sail:
He waited for the rising moon,
And for the evening gale.

Under the shore his boat was tied,
And all her listless crew
Watched the grey alligator slide
Into the still bayou.

Odours of orange-flowers and spice
Reached them from time to time,
Like airs that breathe from Paradise
Upon a world of crime.

The Planter, under his roof of thatch,
Smoked thoughtfully and slow;
The Slaver's thumb was on the latch,
He seemed in haste to go.

He said, "My ship at anchor rides
In yonder broad lagoon;
I only wait the evening tides,
And the rising of the moon."

Before them, with their face upraised,
In timid attitude,
Like one half curious, half amazed,
A Quadroon maiden stood.

Her eyes were, like a falcon's, grey,
Her arms and neck were bare;
No garment she wore save a kirtle gay,
And her own long, raven hair.

And on her lips there played a smile,
As holy, meek, and faint
As lights in some cathedral aisle
The features of a saint.

"The soil is barren,—the farm is old,"
The thoughtful Planter said;
Then looked upon the Slaver's gold,
And then upon the maid.

His heart within him was at strife
With such accursed gains;
For he knew whose passions gave her life,
Whose blood ran in her veins.

But the voice of nature was too weak;
He took the glittering gold!
Then pale as death grew the maiden's cheek,
Her hands as icy cold.

The Slaver led her from the door,
He led her by the hand,
To be his slave and paramour
In a strange and distant land!

Once more, and where the poet preaches the most solemn of sermons; for he speaks of "The Witnesses" who cry from unknown graves.

In Ocean's wide domains,
Half buried in the sands,
Lie skeletons in chains,
With shackled feet and hands.

Beyond the fall of dews,
Deeper than plummet lies,
Float ships with all their crews,
No more to sink or rise.

There the black Slave-ship swims,
Freighted with human forms,
Whose fettered, fleshless limbs
Are not the sport of storms.

These are the bones of Slaves;
They gleam from the abyss;
They cry, from yawning waves,
"We are the Witnesses!"

Within Earth's wide domains
  Are markets for men's lives;
Their necks are galled with chains,
  Their wrists are cramped with gyves.

Dead bodies, that the kite
  In deserts makes its prey:
Murders, that with affright
  Scare schoolboys from their play!

All evil thoughts and deeds:
  Anger, and lust, and pride;
The foulest, rankest weeds,
  That choke Life's groaning tide!

These are the woes of Slaves;
  They glare from the abyss;
They cry, from unknown graves,
  "We are the Witnesses!"

Let Mr. Simmons at once introduce himself. "The Doom of the Mirror" is the piece:—

Fair Judith Lee—a woful pair
  Were steed and rider weary,
When, winding down from mountains bare,
  By crag and fastness dreary,
I first beheld her—where the path
  Resigned its sterner traces
In a green depth of woods, like Wrath
  Subdued by Love's embraces.

By the oak-shadowed well she stood,
  Her rounded arms uplifted,
To bind the curls whose golden flood
  Had from its fillets drifted,
Whilst stooping o'er the fount to fill
  The rustic urn beside her,
Her face to evening's beauty still
  Imparting beauty wider.

She told me of the road I missed—
  Gave me to drink—and even
At parting waved the hand she kissed,
  White as a star in heaven;
But never smiled—though prompt and warm
  I paid, in duteous phrases,
The tribute that so fair a form
  From minstrel ever raises.

The gladness murmured to her cheek,
Unfolded not its roses—
That bluest morn will never break
That in her eye reposes.
Some gentle wo, with dovelike wings,
Had o'er her cast a shadow,
Soft as the sky of April flings
Upon a vernal meadow.

In vain, with venial art, to sound
The springs of that affliction,
I hinted of my *craft*—renowned
For omen and prediction;
In vain, assuming mystic power,
Her fortune to discover,
I guessed its golden items o'er
And closed them with—*a lover*.

It failed for once—that final word—
A maiden's brow to brighten;
The cloud within her soul, unstirred,
Refused to flash or lighten.
She felt and thanked the artifice,
Beneath whose faint disguising
I would have prompted hope and peace,
With accents sympathizing.

But no—she said (the while her face
A summer wave resembled,
Outsparkling from some leafy place,
Then back to darkness trembled)—
For her was neither living hope
Nor loving heart allotted;
Joy had but drawn her horoscope
For Sorrow's hand to blot it.

Her words made silvery stop—for lo,
Peals of sweet laughter ringing!
And through the wood's green solitudes
Glad village-damsels winging!
As though that mirth some feeling jarred,
The maiden, pensive-hearted,
Murmured farewell, and through the dell
In loneliness departed.

With breeze-tossed locks and gleaming feet
And store of slender pitchers,
O'er the dim lawns, like rushing fawns,
Came the fair Water-fetchers;

And there, while round that well's gray oak,
Cluster'd the sudden glory,
Fair Judith Lee, from guileless lips
I heard thy simple story.

Of humble lot—the legends wild,
Believed by that condition,
Had mingled with her spirit mild
Their haunting superstition;
Which grew to grief, when o'er her youth
The doom descended, spoken
On those who see beneath their touch
The fatal Mirror broken.

"NEVER IN LIFE TO PROSPER MORE!"
And so, from life sequestered,
With dim forebodings brooding o'er
The shafted fate that festered
Deep in the white depths of her soul,
The patient girl awaited
Ill's viewless train—her days to pain
And duty consecrated.

At times she deemed the coming wo
Through others' hearts would reach her,
Till every tie that twined her low,
Upon the lap of Nature
Her once-loved head unwatched, unknown,
Should sink in meek dejection,
Hushed as some Quiet carved in stone
Above entombed affection.

E'en her young heart's instinctive want
To be beloved and loving,
Inexorably vigilant,
She checked with cold reproving:
For still she saw, should tempests frown,
That treacherous anchor sever,
And Hope's whole priceless freight go down
A shipwrecked thing for ever.

So pined that gracious form away,
Her bliss-fraught life untasted;
A breeze-harp whose divinest voice
On lonely winds is wasted.
And such the tale to me conveyed
In laughing tones or lowly,
As still that rosy crowd was swayed
By mirth or melancholy.

I've seen since then the churchyard nook
Where Judith Lee lies sleeping;
The wild ash loves it, and a brook
Through emerald mosses creeping:
For that lost maiden ever there
A low sweet mass is singing,
While all around, like nuns at prayer,
Pale water-flowers are springing.

Poor girl!—I've thought, as there reclined,
I drank the sunset's glory——
Thy tale to meditative mind
Is but an allegory:
Once shatter *inborn Truth* divine,
The soul's transparent mirror,
Where Heaven's reflection loved to shine,
And what remains but terror?

Terror and Wo;—Faith's holy face
No more our hearts relieving—
Fades from the past each early grace
The future brings but grieving;
However fast life's blessings fall
In lavish sunshine o'er us,
That Broken Glass distorts them all,
Whose fragments glare before us.

Mr. Simmons states that the superstition of whoever breaks a looking-glass is destined to misfortune prevails widely in Ireland, and is not unknown in certain districts of England. Be it entertained where it may, our poet has given it with a touching effect, there being the simplicity of nature in the story, and that felicitous expression that shapes itself to apt thought. And now a word or two about the merits of the Legends, Lyrics, and Poems, most of which have appeared in the pages of Blackwood's Magazine. Perhaps, indeed, a more expressive recommendation could not be bestowed, than the mention of this circumstance. True, the occasional form and character of the pieces preclude the idea of elaborate construction and extended power. But we meet in them with unmistakeable tokens of right feeling well cultured,—of poetical fancy tastefully attuned, both in regard to spirit and versification. We should say too that the author has an elastic, pliable genius, that readily accommodates itself to any theme and style; his resources in respect of rhythm, imagery, and emotion being various and natural. There is at times a common-place character about his subjects, and he seems to have a capacity for imitation, when, for example, he sets his homage upon Byron. But we think there are manifest proofs in

these pieces of a versifier who can stand alone and take his own independent course; so that, however much we may have been pleased with the present effusions, sure we are that Mr. Simmons could still acquit himself to better effect, should he aim at higher results and undertake a heavier task. In that case he will rise above the Magazine and Annual order; and come forth with more deserving things than the imitation either of the spirit or the phraseology of a Byron, a specimen of which we now cite.

Byron!—Rousseau!—and thou the youngest and
Yet oldest in affliction—Shelly! ye
Whose bread was bitterness, I here command
Your presence, Misery's immortal Three!
Come,—if henceforth the torn heart's agony—
The never-resting vulture's torture fell—
If trust betrayed—youth blighted—life lost, be
O'er the grim portals of the past a spell,
Come from your heaven—ay—or from the bigot's hell!

Were ye not born with love for ever rushing,
And leaping through your beings' deepest blood?
Sought ye not vain as ceaselessly the gushing
Of human sympathy's forbidded flood?
Across the music of your softest mood
Did not the world its grating discord end?
Then may I claim with ye, sad brotherhood—
Unloved, I love—faithful, I find no friend—
And life with me, as ye, wanes lonely to its end.

Then come and watch with me—for I, like ye,
Drunken with sadness have raved forth in song—
And if not, haply, so transcendently
That my voice peals the universe along,
Yet can I speak your language, lonely throng!!
And see—like yours—my cheek is wan and wet—
And my heart, too, is broken with its wrong—
Then come with your sad smiles, and say, there yet
Exists a shadowy land for those who would forget.

Now turn to Elegiac Poems; and here we have most manifest proofs of real sorrow wringing the bosom of a parent, yearning over the loss and memory of a child; superadded to poetical feeling and spirit, that have, no doubt, long been exercised and solaced by efforts in the tuneful art. A severer test could hardly be proposed than that of the single theme of grief and personal experience, for any one to handle with varied power and adequacy. How was a man to diversify his notes and his emotions when recording of one so dear and near? The only answer that can be offered for so many varia-

tions and arresting utterances as appear in this collection of elegies, is that the writer has united his child's brief and infantine history to everything around; thus watering the most trifling as well as the most impressive objects and events with the floods of his affection, and rearing monuments wherever memory could find a spot to plant its foot.

There are some twenty-nine poems in the small volume, and yet not one that the reader would wish to exclude,—not one that has not some new cause to explain or circumstance to bewail. The perfect and unlaboured truth of the effusions is particularly welcome; this truth and adherence to nature being seen in the minute accuracy of the ideas and pictures, and showing that the parent has an abundant fountain of sorrow that can not take other than natural channels, however meandering these may be. How sad, yet accordant to experience are the three stanzas that we first quote, describing the cold grave and the domestic hearth on the funeral eve!

No mother's eye beside thee wakes to-night,
  No taper burns beside thy lonely bed;
Darkling thou liest, hidden out of sight,
  And none are near thee but the silent dead.

How cheerly glows this hearth, yet glows in vain,
  For we uncheered beside it sit alone,
And listen to the wild and beating rain,
  In angry gusts against our casement blown.

And though we nothing speak, yet well I know
  That both our hearts are there, where thou dost keep
Within thy narrow chamber far below,
  For the first time unwatched, thy lonely sleep.

The investment even of toys with tenderest and swelling emotion is happily exemplified in the following lines; the streaming eyes and the bursting heart, or perchance the wan check and the longing for departure were there,—

This chest, an homely cabinet, although
It keeps no jewels won from toilsome mine,
Nor rarest shells from ocean depths below
Drawn with unfaded colours bright and fine,
Nor doth not graven gems, nor vases show,
Nor old medallions of some kingly line—
Albeit no such treasures here there be,
Yet guards it what is dearer far to me.

But wouldst thou know what treasures thus are dear,
And over costliest things in worth prevail,—
Some pebbles quaint, some broken toys appear,
Some feathers from the peacock's starry tail,

Some books, of those that children love, are here,
An earthen lamp, whose light has long grown pale,
With gifts a kinsman from the Indian shore
Brought o'er the sea, these make up all the store.

But when that loved one left us on life's way,
Whose that they were doth make these trifles aught,
Things sacred they became, which still, as they
Met our sad quest, or came to us unsought,
Or as the other children in their play
Found, and with awed and solemn aspect brought,
We gathered one by one and laid aside—
Dearer to us than golden treasures wide!

But time brings balm; intense and crushing sorrow is not ceaseless and utterly unhealing.

And what though now we from this grief express
But little save its bitter, yet be sure
In this its mere unmingled bitterness
It shall not, cannot evermore endure.

But comforts shall arise, like fountains sweet
Fresh springing in a salt and dreary main,
Fountains of sweetest wave, which shipmen meet
In the waste ocean, an unlooked for gain.

And as when some fair temple is o'erthrown
By earthquake, or by hostile hand laid waste,
At first it lies, stone rudely rent from stone,
A confused ruinous heap, and all defaced.

Yet visit that fall'n ruin by and by,
And what a hand of healing has been there!
How sweetly do the placid sunbeams lie
On the green sward which all the place doth wear!

And what rich odours from the flowers are borne,
From flowers and flowering weeds, which even within
The rents and fissures of those walls forlorn
Have made their home, yea thence their sustenance win!

So Time no less has gentle skill to heal:
When our fair hopes have fall'n, our earth-built towers,
How busy, wreck and ruin to conceal,
With a new overgrowth of leaves and flowers!

ART. VII.—*A Voyage of Discovery towards the North Pole, Performed in his Majesty's Ships Dorothea and Trent, under the Command of Captain Buchan, R.N.*, 1818. By Captain F. W. BEECHEY, R.N. Bentley.

THE narrative of this voyage is "Published by authority of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty." But having been performed so long back as 1818, being a companion to the first expedition under Captain Ross,—that officer endeavouring to arrive at the Pacific by the more westerly direction of Baffin's Bay, whilst Captain Buchan was to steer towards the Pole direct from Spitzbergen,—one cannot but consider the delay of the appearance of the volume to be somewhat strange, now that the intense curiosity that at one time was excited with regard to our arctic voyagers has greatly subsided. Reasons, however, are assigned for the lateness of publication, Captain Buchan not conceiving that his journal "possessed sufficient interest to engage the attention of the general reader."

Captain Beechey, who served in the second vessel as one of the lieutenants under Franklin, has at length executed the task; and although the long delay must rob the narrative of much of the freshness that would have attached to it, had it been published on the return of the expedition, yet it is worthy of notice, that the book is one of the best of its class, and must hereafter maintain a high character both as a literary composition and on account of its intrinsic value. Its style is plain, manly, and forcible. It presents many incidents of an interesting nature. It abounds with sensible suggestion and pertinent reflection, being thoroughly winnowed of the trivial and the dry. The volume too affords some novelty even at this late period; for the design of the voyage was to steer through the open sea direct to the Pole, and thence to make the passage to the Pacific. The narrative consequently gives the strugglings with floating ice, rather than the monotony of long detention in *fields*. True, a voyage in an arctic region must ever offer many circumstances that will have much of the same character in the case of all vessels navigating these seas. But the immense icebergs, their fantastic shapes, and strange vagaries, with a vast number and variety of other sights peculiar to those inhospitable climes, must ever in a skilfully written account have stirring novelty for the general reader, and the excitement which frightful and sudden danger, with as sudden escapes, always affords. The voyage, as we have already indicated, was over a portion of the globe entirely new to the discoverers, and so totally different in its natural phenomena from those to which they had been accustomed either in their own country, or in parts of the earth nearer the equator, that they experienced at almost every step a deeper and a deeper interest. Even trifles invested the scenes and

the occasions with excitement. An extract will set this fact in a striking point of view.

Nothing made so deep an impression upon our senses as the change from alternate day and night, to which we had been habituated from our infancy, to the continued daylight to which we were subjected as soon as we crossed the Arctic circle. Where the ground is but little trodden, even trifles are interesting; and I do not, therefore, hesitate to describe the feelings with which we regarded this change. The novelty, it must be admitted, was very agreeable; and the advantage of constant daylight, in an unexplored and naturally boisterous sea, was too great to allow us even to wish for a return of the alternations above alluded to: but the reluctance we felt to quit the deck, when the sun was shining bright upon our sails, and to retire to our cabins to sleep, often deprived us of many hours of necessary rest; and when we returned to the deck to keep our night-watch, if it may be so called, and still found the sun gilding the sky, it seemed as if the day would never finish.

What, therefore, at first promised to be so gratifying, soon threatened to become extremely irksome; and would, indeed, have been a serious inconvenience, had we not followed the example of the feathery tribe, which we daily observed winging their way to roost, with a clock-work regularity, and retire to our cabin at a proper hour, where, shutting out the rays of the sun, we obtained that repose which the exercise of our duties required.

At first sight, it will, no doubt, appear to many persons that constant daylight must be a valuable acquisition in every country; but a little reflection will, I think, be sufficient to show that the reverse is really the case, and to satisfy a thinking mind, that we cannot overrate the blessing we derive from the wholesome alternation of labour and rest, which is in a manner forced upon us by the succession of day and night. It is impossible by removing to a high latitude, to witness the difficulty there is in the regulation of time, the proneness that is felt by the indefatigable and zealous to rivet themselves to their occupations, and by the indolent and procrastinating to postpone their duties, without being truly thankful for that all-wise and merciful provision with which Nature has endowed the more habitable portions of the globe.

An arctic view at midnight may be taken as a companion scene, with its equivalent of reflections.

The progress of a vessel through such a labyrinth of frozen masses is one of the most interesting sights that offer in the Arctic seas; and being at this time wholly new to us, many, even of those persons not naturally curious, were kept out of their beds until a late hour to partake of the enjoyment of the scene.

There was, besides, on this occasion, an additional motive for remaining up: very few of us had ever seen the sun at midnight; and this night happening to be particularly clear, his broad red disk curiously distorted by refraction, and sweeping majestically along the Northern horizon, was an object of imposing grandeur, which riveted to the deck some of our crew, who would perhaps have beheld with indifference the less imposing effect of

the icebergs. Or it might have been a combination of both these phenomena; for it cannot be denied that the novelty occasioned by the floating masses was materially heightened by the singular effect produced by the very low altitude at which the sun cast his fiery beams over the icy surface of the sea. The rays were too oblique to illuminate more than the inequalities of the floes; and, falling thus partially on the grotesque shapes either really assumed by the ice or distorted by the unequal refraction of the atmosphere, so betrayed the imagination, that it required no great exertion of fancy to trace, in various directions, architectural edifices, grottos, and caves here and there glittering as if with precious metals. So generally, indeed, was the deception admitted, that, in directing the route of the vessel from aloft, we for a while deviated from our nautical phraseology, and shaped our course for a church, a tower, a bridge, or some similar structure, instead of for lumps of ice, which were usually designated by less elegant appellations. Our attention was, however, soon called from the contemplation of this engaging scene of novelty and illusion, to matter of more immediate importance and reality, arising from the increasing difficulty of our situation.

The expedition sailed from the Thames on the 25th of April, 1818, and from Lerwick for Spitzbergen on the 10th of May. A leak which had been discovered in the Trent appeared formidable enough to deter the Shetland fishermen from joining the ships. Soon after getting in sight of Spitzbergen, they came upon that old barrier of ice which has hitherto set bounds to northern discovery, coasting along its margin to within a short distance of land, when they steered for Magdalena Bay, where they arrived on the 3d of June. Here they had been in possession of anchorage a few days only, when they were agreeably surprised at the appearance of a strange boat pulling towards them.

On a nearer approach we found that she belonged to some Russian adventurers who were engaged in the collection of peltry and morses' teeth. They appeared equally astonished at the sight of our vessels, but after scrutinizing us awhile, they took courage and went on board the *Dorothea*, where, by the well-known mode of signs, they had no difficulty in communicating their desire for some spirits; Captain Buchan gave them a kind reception, and supplied them with whatever they wanted; in return for which, they sent on board the following day a side of venison in excellent condition. Being desirous of gaining further information of these people, an officer of the *Dorothea* accompanied them to their abode at the head of a small cove, about four miles to the southward of Magdalena Bay. They had here a comfortable wooden hut, well lined with moss, divided into three compartments, in one of which there were three carcasses of fine venison, and many wild ducks. It was with extreme pleasure we noticed, in this retired spot, probably the most northern and most desolate habitation of our globe, a spirit of devotion rarely exercised in civilized countries. On landing from the boat, and approaching their residence, these people knelt upon its threshold, and offered up a prayer with fervour and evident sincerity. The exact

nature of the prayer we did not learn, but it was, no doubt, one of thanksgiving, and we concluded it was a custom which these recluses were in the habit of observing on their safe return to their habitation. It may, at all events, be regarded as an instance of the beneficial effect which seclusion from the busy world, and a contemplation of the works of Nature, almost invariably produce upon the hearts of even the most uneducated part of mankind. This is one of the few remaining establishments at Spitzbergen still upheld by the merchants of Archangel, who, during the last century, and under the auspices of the Russian government, formed a settlement in Bell Sound, upon this coast, and who still send annually a small vessel to bring home the peltry and sea-horse teeth that have been collected by their servants during the year.

After leaving the anchorage they again sailed along the edge of the barrier, and till they came to a channel that seemed to offer a course to an open sea. They soon found themselves not only undeceived by the solid ice, but that the channel closed behind them, forbidding a retreat. It was about this period that an officer of the Dorothea obtained permission to proceed with a few seamen over the *field* to the shore, which was distant three or four miles from the ships,—a journey that did not, in the fine state of the weather, appear to be dangerous. The adventure, however, was one of great risk and attended with frightful danger; for a fog arose that admonished the more prudent portion of the party to make towards the vessels, and soon after caused the others to desist from proceeding farther.

The fog approached quicker than was expected, and soon obscured every distant object; so that the party, having failed in every other mode of preserving the direction of the ships, attempted, as a last resource, to retrace their foot-marks in the snow; but this was found to be equally impracticable, in consequence of the pieces of ice over which they had passed having changed their position, and of the occurrence of other tracts, such as those of bears and seals, which at distances were mistaken for their own. Thus circumstanced, they felt the full extent of the danger to which they had thoughtlessly exposed themselves—a danger of no trifling magnitude, as it threatened to involve the lives of the whole remaining party. Still, endeavouring to preserve the direction in which the ships had last been seen, they wandered about, making a very circuitous course, which was rendered still more indirect than it might otherwise have been by the difficulty of getting from one piece of ice to the other, and the necessity of searching for the most convenient paces for that purpose. To travel over ragged pieces of ice, upon whichthere were two feet of snow, and often more, springing from one slippery piece to the other, or, when the channels between them were too wide for this purpose, ferrying themselves across upon detached fragments, was a work which it required no ordinary exertion to execute. Indeed, the getting from one piece to the other was, throughout, by no means the least hazadous part of their journey; the difficulties too were much increased, and many accidents occurred, through that hurry and

anxiety to overcome them speedily, which occasioned the neglect of many precautions, that leisure had before enabled them to observe, in order to ensure their safety. Some fell into the water, and were with difficulty preserved from drowning by their companions; while others, afraid to make any hazardous attempt whatever, were left upon pieces of ice, and drifted about at the mercy of the winds and tides. Foreseeing the probability of a separation, they took the first opportunity of dividing, in equal shares, the small quantity of provision which they had remaining, as also their stock of powder and ammunition. They also took it in turns to fire muskets, in the hope of being heard from the ships, which they knew would return the fire, and that they would thus at least learn in what direction to proceed, even though it might be impracticable to derive assistance from them. These discharges were distinctly heard on board; but it is a remarkable fact that, although they were answered by volleys of musketry, and even by cannon, not one report was heard by the party, who, consequently, concluded themselves at a much greater distance from the ships than they really were. Our adventurers continued to travel in the supposed direction of the ships, keeping within view of each other, and rendering one another all the assistance possible, until a breeze sprung up, and set the pieces of ice in rapid motion. Unable to contend with this new difficulty, and overcome with wet, cold, and sixteen hours of fatigue, they sat down in a state of despondency, upon a piece of ice, determined to submit their fate to Providence. It is difficult to imagine a more distressing situation than that of the party at this moment; almost perishing with cold and fatigue, with the bare snow for their only resting place, their supply of provision exhausted, and themselves drifting about in a thick fog, they knew not whither, perhaps far away from their ships, and with the prospect of being carried out to sea, where death would have been inevitable. The muskets we had heard on board the ship had, of course, made us extremely anxious to afford relief to our suffering companions; but, for many hours, no person dared venture over the ice, on account of the fog, and the difficulty of getting back to the ship; but when, by the report of the muskets becoming more audible, we found that the party were drifting towards us, the anxiety to rescue them was so great that the Greenland master and mate of the Trent ventured out, with poles and lines, and had the good fortune to fall in with the party, who, by this time, were drifted nearly within sight of the vessels. They found them seated upon a piece of ice, already described, cold, wet, and so overcome that in a few hours more, the greater part of them must have perished. Their joy at unexpectedly beholding their companions come to their relief, and still more at finding themselves so near their ship, may readily be imagined, and inspired them with fresh vigour, which enabled them, with the assistance of their shipmates, to effect the remainder of their journey. After eighteen hours' absence, they all got safely on board, fully determined, in future, to rest satisfied with the view of the shore which was afforded them from the ship, and without the slightest desire to attempt to approach it again by means of the ice.

We need not attempt to enumerate the detentions in the ice, or the scenes which took place upon its surface and among its separated

masses. Take one stirring species of pursuit as an example, when a combat was waged with herds of walrusses.

The first herd which was selected disappointed the sportsmen, but another was so intent upon its gambols, that, notwithstanding the extreme vigilance I have noticed, several of the crew managed to effect a landing upon the ice without any alarm being given to the animals; but immediately on the first musket being fired the affrighted group made such a desperate rush towards the edge of the ice, that they nearly overturned the whole of our party, purposely stationed there to intercept them. The seamen finding this charge more formidable than they expected, were obliged to separate, to allow their opponents to pass through their ranks, and being thus, in their turn, taken by surprise, they suffered them, almost unmolested, to perform their summersets towards the sea. What with their uncertain movements, the extreme toughness of their skin, and the respectful distance at which the men were obliged to keep, to avoid the lashing of the head and tusks of the animals, it was, indeed, no easy task to inflict any serious injury upon them. One, however, was desperately wounded in the head with a ball; and the mate of the brig, being determined, if possible, to secure his prey, resolutely struck his tomahawk into his skull, but the enraged animal, with a twist of its head, sent the weapon whirling in the air, and then lashing his neck, as though he would destroy with his immense tusks everything that came in his way, effected his escape to the water. The seamen followed, and pushed off in their boats; but the walrusses finding themselves more at home now than on the ice, in their turn became the assailants, and the affair began to assume a serious aspect. They rose in great numbers about the boats, snorting with rage, and rushing at the boats, and it was with the utmost difficulty they were prevented upsetting or staving them by placing their tusks upon the gunwales, or by striking at them with their heads. It was the opinion of our people, that in this assault the walrusses were led on by one animal in particular, a much larger and more formidable beast than any of the others; and they directed their efforts more particularly towards him, but he withstood all the blows of their tomahawks without flinching, and his tough hide resisted the entry of the whale lances, which were unfortunately not very sharp, and soon bent double. The herd was so numerous, and their attacks so incessant, that there was not time to load a musket, which, indeed, was the only effectual mode of seriously injuring them. The purser, fortunately, had his gun loaded, and the whole now being nearly exhausted with chopping and sticking at their assailants, he snatched it up, and thrusting the muzzle down the throat of the leader, fired into his bowels. The wound proved mortal, and the animal fell back amongst his companions, who immediately desisted from the attack, assembled round him, and in a moment quitted the boat, swimming away as hard as they could with their leader, whom they actually bore up with their tusks, and assiduously preserved from sinking. Whether this singular and compassionate conduct, which in all probability was done to prevent suffocation, arose from the sagacity of the animals, it is difficult to say, but there is every probability of it, and the fact must form an interesting trait in the history of the habits of the species. After the discharge of the purser's gun, there remained of all the herd only one little

assailant, which the seamen, out of compassion, were unwilling to molest. This young animal had been observed fighting by the side of the leader, and from the protection which was afforded it by its courageous patron, was imagined to be one of its young. The little animal had no tusks, but it swam violently against the boat, and struck her with its head, and indeed would have stove her, had it not been kept off by whale-lances, some of which made deep incisions in its young sides; these, however, had not any immediate effect: the attack was continued, and the enraged little animal, though disfigured with wounds, even crawled upon the ice in pursuit of the seamen, who had relanded there, until one of them out of compassion, put an end to its sufferings.

Various are the pictures, both by pencil and pen, which we have in these pages of the majestic floating icebergs, of their fearful grandeur in a tempestuous sea, of the lockings in *fields*, of the enormous pressures occasioned by wind and tide driving the masses against the comparatively fragile ships, of the terrific murmurings, when portions of the frozen element are upheaved or ground to powder. One morning a hard gale blew from the south-west, and such a heavy sea rolled in upon the pack, that although the ships were nine miles from the margin of the surf, it was distinctly heard like distant thunder.

The pressure of the ice around the ships now became very great; every pool of water was closed, and the enormous force acting upon the floes was occasionally apparent by large pieces of ice being forced upon those with which they were in contact. In anticipation of an occurrence of this nature, we had taken the precaution of placing the vessels in small bays, formed in the field to which they were secured, and were thus, in a great measure, protected by the points of ice on either side of us. But, notwithstanding this advantage, it was evident, by the grinding noise against their sides, that they sustained considerable pressure throughout the gale. At one time, when the *Trent* appeared to be so closely wedged up that it did not seem possible for her to be moved, she was suddenly lifted four feet by an enormous mass of ice getting under her keel; at another, the fragments of the crumbling floe were piled up under the bows, to the great danger of the bowsprit. The *Dorothea* was in no less imminent danger, especially from the point of a floe, which came in contact with her side, where it remained a short time, and then glanced off, and became checked by the field to which she was moored. The enormous pressure to which the ship had been subjected was now apparent, by the field being rent, and its point broken into fragments, which were speedily heaped up in a pyramid, thirty-five feet in height, upon the very summit of which there appeared a huge mass, bearing the impression of the planks and bolts of the vessel's bottom! It is remarkable that, although we had indisputable evidence that it was blowing a gale of wind at sea,—by the enormous pressure upon the ice, the roaring of the sea upon the edge of the pack, and the aspect of the sky—the ships were so perfectly becalmed that the vane at the mast-head was scarcely agitated. There was also a most marked difference in the state of the atmosphere over the packed ice

and that over the sea. Over the ice the sky was perfectly cloudless, whilst the sea was overcast with stormy-looking clouds, which passed heavily along with the gale, until they reached a line nearly perpendicular to the edge of the packed ice. At this point, or line of demarcation of the two hemispheres, it was curious to mark the rapid motion of the clouds to the right or left, and how immediately they became condensed, or were dispersed on arriving at it; and although masses of clouds were continually borne towards the spot, by the impetuosity of the tempest, the line of termination did not encroach upon that of the serene atmosphere overhanging the pack. This contrast between the two atmospheres, so remarkable in cloudy weather especially, is termed the "ice blink," and enables the experienced mariner to judge of the nature and position of the ice, even at a distance. The effect of a south-west gale upon the ice, especially when it is of long continuance, is first to pack it so closely as to exclude every pool of water, and then to propel the whole body to the northward. But, as soon as the wind ceases, the floes separate with an apparent elasticity; the prevailing current, which has been pressed up by the gale, resumes its course, the ice opens in every direction, and may be seen travelling at a rate scarcely credible. Thus, on the 23rd, we found the field to which we were fast, setting to the southward at the rate of three miles an hour, and the pack beginning to open in every direction.

Nothing made of wood can withstand these pressures; so that if a vessel be caught in them, she must either be crushed, or rise and allow the ice to advance until it meets an opponent as unyielding as itself.

After a time and numerous dangers as well as struggles, Captain Buchan resolved to proceed westward, and follow the margin of the barrier-ice towards Greenland. Without accompanying him we may mention that his efforts did not succeed, because the success of the voyage was impossible. The utmost advance the expedition was able to accomplish, was to 80 degrees 34 minutes, and only a little further than Hudson penetrated in 1607, with a small vessel and a crew of some ten men. The Dorothea, particularly, had at length sustained such injury, that it is hardly possible to imagine how she was preserved from immediately foundering. The return homewards was therefore determined upon, the coast of Spitzbergen being surveyed while the vessels were there detained in order to repair the damage done to them. The descriptions connected with the island form an interesting feature of the volume. But although Captain Buchan was prevented from penetrating so far as Parry did, for the barrier is not fixed, but encroaches more in one year than another, while new and different openings often occur in the ice, our author throws out a hint in his closing remarks with regard to the success that would probably attend the employment of a steam-vessel, with the screw-propeller, in a Polar voyage. He thus expresses himself:

The openings in the ice are generally of short duration, perhaps for eight or twelve hours only; during which time, an ordinary sailing-vessel, thread-

ing the many tortuous channels, does not advance above ten or twenty miles in a direct line, before the closing of the fields puts a stop to her progress; whereas a steamer, regardless of wind—and it is mostly in calm weather that the ice opens—would be able to accomplish three or four times the advance in the same period, and perhaps to come to some land in the North, which, if reached, would materially improve her prospect of success. In the event of the ice closing, the propeller could be instantly drawn up into the body of the vessel, and when wanted could be as expeditiously replaced, especially as smooth water generally prevails between the floes of ice. In cases of frost the screw is wholly under water and entirely free from that accumulation of ice which would take place about the paddle-floats and boxes of an ordinary steam-vessel, to the great detriment if not the entire destruction of the wheel. Should the vessel be caught and compelled to winter, a steam-apparatus for warming the vessel throughout could be fitted with little trouble. And as the propeller is only intended to be used as an auxiliary power, a small high-pressure engine would be all that would be required, and consequently it would take up but little of the stowage of the vessel.

He goes on to observe, that it seems as if the invention of the screw-propeller about the present period, had taken place to stimulate to further exertion towards discovery in the *far* North. He says that the auspicious return of Captain James Ross from the Antarctic seas, with officers and seamen already accustomed to the ice, and with two vessels strengthened, to which propellers could be applied at a moderate expense, appears to indicate that the time has arrived at which Arctic research might be most advantageously resumed; and that, in connexion with this attempt, that most interesting and important question, of the compression of the earth at the Poles, might undergo an investigation, by a direct measurement of an extensive arc of the meridian at Spitzbergen. Among his intelligent suggestions on the present subject, we also find the following, relative to other interesting branches of science.

Much requires to be done in magnetism. The correct determination of the position of the magnetic poles; the present Dip and Magnetic intensity, as compared with results obtained twenty years ago, during which period the needle has begun to retrograde, would be particularly desirable. And amidst other natural phenomena, the stupendous ice formations, which have recently excited much attention, are not unworthy of investigation: whether they really have a progressive motion, tearing their icy bases from the firmly-frozen earth beneath, or whether they remain immovably fixed, and are thus icy monuments of at least four thousand years' antiquity, are inquiries full of interest, although they sink into insignificance compared with the magnitude of the propositions above mentioned. It has been shown that the highest latitude has been reached in the vicinity of Spitzbergen, and, consequently, that is the point from which any expedition sent upon this service should start. And as the sea here does not become clear of ice until the summer is well advanced, the ships would have ample time to land, and to settle the

party engaged in the measurement of the arc of the meridian, and to push other useful inquiries, before they would be required to start on their grand enterprise. If they should chance to arrive at an auspicious moment during one of these favourable openings in the ice, and if any land should be discovered in, or near the situation marked in an old Dutch chart, and its coast should stretch to the northward, and be approachable, there is but little doubt that the expedition would be able to advance along its western side, owing to the prevailing motion of the ice, and perhaps attain a very near approach to the Pole. In any case we shall have acquired knowledge, and a positive benefit to science, by a more accurate determination of the figure of the earth than we have hitherto possessed.

ART. VIII.—*The Life of Sir David Wilkie; with his Journals, Tours, and Critical Remarks on Works of Art;— and a Selection from his Correspondence.* By ALLAN CUNNINGHAM. 3 vols. Murray.

THE faults of these three volumes are bad arrangement and injudicious selection. The sudden death of the biographer may in some measure account for the character of the book; but yet no ordinary revision would have removed its blemishes of repetition, or those many details that are now needless with regard to the career of the artist. No doubt there is abundance of materials in the work as well as in Sir David's history, for a biographer to work with and pithily set forth. But still neither was the painter's life so crowded with strange events, nor is there shown such a discriminating and sifting criticism of his later history as to warrant the bulky publication.

Wilkie was the son of a respectable Presbyterian minister of a small parish in the county of Fife, whose family was large and his stipend very limited. The father, however, managed to afford the boy a decent education in art, who "could draw before he could read, and paint before he could spell." Both grandfather and father originally designed the lad for the church, but his love of the pencil was too strong to be thwarted or to cease in endeavouring to master the difficulties of the profession. He even took likenesses in the church, to the scandal of well-meaning people, and at length, through the interest of the Earl of Leven, was admitted, but not without scruples on the part of the secretary, to the Trustees' Academy in Edinburgh, where he remained four years studying hard both from the antique and from nature in the fields and streets. He exhibited some other traits of character in his early years, such as quietness, quaintness, and kindly disposition, preferring standing and looking at his companions to joining them at play. He was, at the same time, fond of mechanical pursuits, and is said to have had a taste for some of the more humble arts, such as constructing useful implements,

wielding the blacksmith's fore-hammer, trying his hand at the loom, or making use of the shoemaker's awl.

When his fellow-students followed him into his two-pair-of-stairs study in Nicholson Street, they found all in keeping, they said, with his demeanour in the Academy. The Bible and The Gentle Shepherd, a sketch or two on the wall, a table and a few chairs, with a fiddle whose strings, when he grew tired with drawing, he touched to a favourite air, were the chief articles; neither lay-figures covered with silk, nor easels of polished mahogany were there; a few brushes and a few colours, and a palette made by his own hands, may be added. The fiddle was to him then and long after an useful instrument; its music, he said, not only soothed himself, but put his live models, who sat for his shepherds and husbandmen, into the sort of humour which he desired; nay, he often pleased so much, that one of them, an old rough mendicant—

Whose wallets before and behind did hang,

to whom he had played a welcome air, refused the pence when offered, and strode down the stair, saying, "Hout! put up your pennies, man; I was e'en as glad o' the spring as ye were!" He sometimes, too, in a land where living models of any other part save the head or hand are difficult to obtain for either love or money, made himself into his own model; and with a bared foot, a bared ancle, or a bared knee, would sit at the looking-glass till he confessed that he was almost benumbed by exposure. Nor did he desist when a friend knocked; he would say, "Come in," nor move from his posture, but deliberately explain his object, and continue to draw till he had made the sketch.

He was the most industrious in his artistic studies, and at length felt that his progress was so great and his reliance upon himself so strong, that he removed to London, believing that he might maintain himself in the metropolis. He took this step in 1805, when he was twenty years of age, having by his limited practice in Scotland as a portrait-painter, earned some *fifty pounds*, which he brought to London:—

Something of his Edinburgh fame had come before him; Jackson, at that time a student, seems to have seen as well as heard of him, for he wrote to Haydon, then young and ardent, to hasten from Devonshire, for that a tall, pale, thin Scotsman had just come to study at the Academy, who had done something from Macbeth, of which report spoke highly. "Touched with this," said Haydon, "I came at once to London and went to the Academy; Wilkie, the most punctual of mankind, was there before me. We sat and drew in silence for some time: at length Wilkie rose, came and looked over my shoulder, said nothing, and resumed his seat. I rose, went and looked over his shoulder, said nothing, and resumed my seat. We saw enough to satisfy us of each other's skill, and when the class broke up we went and dined together. Wilkie was, as Jackson had described him, tall, pale, and thin, with blue and uncommon bright eyes, a nose rather short, and a mouth full of humour of the quietest and richest kind.

His first year in the capital was his year of trial; his genius and his success soon rendering him an exception to the generality of artists. His first step was to enter the Royal Academy, where, as he had hitherto done, he laboured indefatigably, although several times reduced within the bounds of the last half guinea. "However, I have still as yet," he writes to the minister of Cults, "cleared my way and kept out of the pawnbroker's." He soon expressed himself to the same fond and anxious friend with increased confidence, hoping that Scotland might one day become "proud to boast of David Wilkie." He declared that he liked London better than Auld Reekie. Among other commissions he obtained one from Lord Mansfield for the "Village Politicians," which was exhibited at the Academy in 1806, astounding Mr. Angerstein and others by its excellence. The noble purchaser of the picture, however, endeavoured in a way not the most generous to obtain it for fifteen guineas, but subsequently paid for it twice the amount. We quote a letter that will substantiate the remark which we prefix to the nobleman's chaffering on the subject:—

Portland Place, May 9, 1806.

Sir,—I this morning received your letter informing me that you had been offered thirty guineas for your picture of The Village Politicians. I beg leave to remind you that that picture was painted for me, expressly at my desire; that while it was yet unfinished you informed me that the price was fifteen guineas, frame excluded; and that in answer I mentioned that I did not object to the price, but advised you to consult Mr. Smith, or other artists of eminence, as to the charges which you ought to make; conceiving, as I then told you, that the only chance a young artist has is to affix a very moderate price to his pictures till he is well known; and this, from the absurd fashion which prevails of paying large sums for very indifferent portraits, instead of purchasing superior pictures of another description at a fair rate. I therefore conceive that the picture is mine, and at *the price of fifteen guineas;* and upon this I am the more tempted to insist, from the conviction that it will be advantageous to you to have it in your power to say, that notwithstanding the success of your picture, and the offers which were made to you, you adhered to your original engagement. I hope you will see this subject in a proper point of view, and in so doing you will (believe me) consult your *present* as well as future advantage.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient humble Servant,
MANSFIELD.

Wilkie, however, continued to find greater and greater favour for wonder-working London, as is shown by one of his accounts at a period when he was in the habit of getting his dinner and daily lessons in foreign languages at a French eating-house in Poland Street, for the small charge of thirteen pence.

Here, if you have money, you may do anything; and nobody will make the least inquiry, or trouble their heads about what you are doing. I have

acquired a good stock of impudence, which I find is of great advantage, for if we can't speak for ourselves nobody else will. I have now had an opportunity of seeing the English ladies, who, I find, differ materially from the Scotch: unless we walk arm in arm in the street, and show them all complacency and keep continually talking, we are considered as insignificant sort of fellows. However, I have got quite up to all this, and can manage extremely well. You may tell George Veitch that I am grown so much the man of gallantry, that the ladies I meet on the way at night often fall in love with me, and very often entreat me to walk home with them, although I never saw them before. You may also tell him, that I frequently get into the theatres of Drury Lane and Covent Garden for the small sum of a sixpence, which, if he will please to recollect, is much cheaper than he and I used to go to the theatre in Edinburgh. I am at present in hopes of getting into some employment in the portrait line; at any rate, I will try and make all the shifts I can to keep myself here, for it is too soon to return to Scotland yet.

But the young artist neither forgot his Scotch nationality, his father's homely fireside, nor failed to follow the peculiar bent of his native genius. These features are pleasantly shown by the presents he sent to the manse of Cults, and by the particularities of a letter he wrote to his sister in 1814, relative to his widowed mother's removal to London, when among other cherished household goods he mentions "the old brass pan for making jelly," which he would fain have brought along with her. We must now introduce a few widely scattered and miscellaneous notices indicative of the career of the popular artist, and the personages with whom he came in contact. This of Lady Hamilton:

I there met for the first time the too celebrated Lady Hamilton; she had with her a girl supposed to be the daughter of Lord Nelson, a creature of great sweetness; Lady Hamilton, knowing me by name, called me and said that her daughter had the finest taste imaginable, and that she excelled in graceful attitudes. She then made her stand in the middle of the room with a piece of drapery, and throw herself into a number of those elegant postures for which her ladyship in her prime was so distinguished. She afterwards told me of all else her daughter could do, and concluded by asking me if I did not think her very like her father. I said I had never seen that eminent person. Lady Hamilton is lusty, and tall, and of fascinating manners, but her features are bold and masculine. Her daughter's name is Horatio Hamilton.

Behold Wilkie and his amiable friend Sir George Beaumont:—

Sir George Beaumont, with a delicacy of which only fine minds are capable, a day or two after the opening of the academy, and the presence of the painter's genius was missed, wrote to him, saying,—"My dear Wilkie, I have long felt deeply in your debt, but your delicacy has always stood in the way of its discharge. I thought of deferring it to another opportunity; but

it may be so long before that occurs, that I am, for various reasons, induced to send you the enclosed—let this be a secret between us." The high and still rising fame of the painter had, indeed, increased so much the value of The Blind Fiddler, that he might safely intimate, which he did, that he regarded himself as still in his debt; yet there can be no doubt, that Sir George, in his delicate way, desired to sustain the sensitive mind of Wilkie, which he was afraid might require such support; neither, perhaps, was it out of his thoughts that the sale of his pictures, by which he lived, might be injured. That Sir George Beaumont addressed a spirit akin to his own, may be gathered from the following reply:

To Sir George Beaumont, Bart.

[No date.]

Dear Sir George,—The letter which I had the honour to receive from you this morning, enclosing a cheque for fifty pounds, took me so much by surprise, that some time was necessary for reflection. But the more I weigh the matter in my mind, the more inexcusable should I think myself were I to harbour a thought of receiving any further consideration for what I have already been so much overpaid. In order to show that I am not actuated by mere feelings of diffidence, I beg leave to state, that for the permission you have so kindly given me to have The Blind Fiddler engraved, which, by-the-bye, I had no right to expect, and could not ask for from every person that has got my pictures, I am to receive fifty guineas. This, in addition to what I considered on a former occasion to be a fair and liberal price, would make it an absolute act of injustice in me not to refuse what you have sent me. I therefore, with the highest sense of your generosity, beg of you to receive the cheque again, and take the liberty of enclosing it.

D. W.

The painter and the great duke:—

Called at Apsley House. Mr. Long there; and after waiting a considerable time, the Duke of Wellington came from a review in the Park. He showed Mr. Long the two sketches of the Chelsea Pensioners; stating what he liked and disliked, and observing that out of the two a picture might be made that would do. He preferred the one with the young figures; but as Mr. Long remonstrated against the old fellows being taken out, the Duke agreed that the man reading should be a pensioner, besides some others in the picture. He wished that the piper might be put in, also the old man with the wooden leg; but he objected to the man with the opthalmia. Mr. Long preferred the composition of the first sketch in the grouping on the right hand.

I then asked the Duke if I might now begin the picture; and he said immediately if I pleased. I brought the sketches home with me.

The Captain of the age critical:—

Had the honour of a call from the Duke of Wellington, to see the picture. He seemed highly pleased with it: took notice of the Black's head and old Doggy, and of the black dog which followed the Blues in Spain: observed that it was more finished than any I had done: was interested with what I

told him of the people, and where they had served; and seemed pleased with the young man at the table, and with the circumstance that old Doggy had been at the siege of Gibraltar.

The Duke of Wellington called with a lady and gentleman. His Grace wished to see the engravings from my pictures: I accordingly showed those in the parlour; with which they all seemed much interested. The Duke said to his friends that the "Rent Day" was the first that he had ever seen of my works, and that he was much struck with it.

George the Fourth and the "Reading of the Will:"

Sir Thomas told me he had a request to make on behalf of his Majesty, respecting my picture now in the exhibition; which is, whether he might have the picture, and whether a *duplicate* might not be sent of it to Bavaria.

I told Sir Thomas, that my first desire was to comply with his Majesty's request, in as far as my time and labour were concerned; but that the difficulty would be with my first employer; but before giving an answer, I said I must consult with the Marquis of Stafford.

I accordingly went to the Marquis, and told him; but he said he did not wish to interfere, and that the Baron Pfeffil was the most proper person to speak to. I then went to the Baron; and, with great acuteness, he put the case in this way—that either the picture was mine, or that it belongs to the King of Bavaria. If mine, I may dispose of it as I please; but if it was the King of Bavaria's, then the matter could only be arranged by an application from the King of Great Britain to the King of Bavaria. I told him that if the picture was approved of by the King of Bavaria, and the money paid I had engaged to paint it for, that it was certainly the King of Bavaria's picture. The Baron recommended, if any application was to be made about it, that Sir Thomas Lawrence should write to Mr. Brook Taylor at his Court, who would settle it in a friendly way. Left the Baron, and went to a coffee-house, and wrote the substance of what the Baron had told me to Sir Thomas Lawrence.

Again:—

Had a call from the Baron Pfeffil, who told me he had received a letter from Baden, and that the King of Bavaria was most desirous to possess my picture, and desired that it might be sent immediately to Munich, and that the banker of the Bavarian Court in London should be ordered to pay to me the sum of £425; that is, £100 in addition to the sum I engaged to paint the picture for, and 25 for the frame.

Waited upon Sir Thomas Lawrence; who showed me a letter he had from Sir Brook Taylor, which stated that he had received Sir Thomas's communication from the King respecting my picture; but as the King of Bavaria had not been at Munich, he had not had any opportunity of mentioning it to his Majesty, as he thought it a very delicate subject; he could not trust it to be mentioned by any one else, consequently it might still be some days before he could have any opportunity, as his Majesty had not yet returned to Munich, &c.

Received a letter from Sir Thomas Lawrence, enclosing one for Sir Benjamin Bloomfield, stating that the King did not wish Mr. Taylor to urge

the relinquishment of the picture, unless the King of Bavaria should, upon an inspection of it, not see so much merit in the work as the description gave him reason to expect. After writing to Sir Thomas in answer, sent to the Baron Pfeffil to tell him that I now felt at full liberty to make over the picture to his Excellency, and would order a packing-case for it immediately.

Received from the Bavarian Minister the sum of 447*l.* 10*s.*, the price of the picture of the "Reading of the Will."

We return for a few seconds to Wilkie's childhood:—

Unostentatious simplicity in manses generally prevailed: the linen of ordinary households was spun from lint sown in a neighbouring farmer's grounds and bleached on the nearest burn-bank by the hands which spun it; the butter, the milk, and cheese, for the kitchen and the hall, came from the cows which were grazing within sight; the fowls which in feasting times smoked on the table were fattened at the nearest barn-door; the dove-cot was at hand to supply an unexpected visiter at the manse; the herbs which seasoned the national dishes grew in the kitchen garden; while over the whole system of in-door economy the mistress of the house considered it her duty to preside in a gown the fruit of her own thrift and skill.

It was well for the vigour and simplicity of the great painter's character that he was bred in such a school. David was a silent though stirring child, and loved, when scarce escaped from his mother's bosom, to draw such figures as struck his young fancy on the sand by the stream side, on the smooth stones of the field, on the floors of the manse; nor was it unobserved that most of these early scratchings had a leaning towards the humorous and the absurd. He has been heard, when his fame was high, to declare, that he could draw before he could read, and paint before he could spell; nor is it forgotten that he was seen, when a mere child, to sketch a female head with chalk upon the floor; and, on being questioned what he was doing, he answered, "Making bonnie Lady Gonnie;" and that the rude outline contained some of the lineaments of Lady Balgonie, whom he had but newly seen at his father's fireside.

Wilkie's love of home:—

It is still remembered as one of those dreams in which men of genius sometimes love to indulge, that Sir David, as his fame increased, talked of buying back, if possible, the family inheritance, some fifty or sixty acres; of building a mansion where the grey old gable of Ratho-Byres stood; and of adorning it with pictures from his own pencil, recording deeds and scenes of Scottish glory. The birthplace of his fathers was dear to his heart; he loved to speak of Gogarburn, a small trout stream, as poets speak of the Tweed and the Tay; and of the scenes of skirmishes nigh Ratho, between the Scots, the English, and the Danes, as actions which history had done wrong to neglect, and which painting, had such art then existed, would have done well to record. He used to relate, with pleasure, that Ratho possessed the old Scots parliamentary Bible of the Regent Morton, a folio, of a clear, and for the times, a beautiful type, embellished with rude cuts, on which he had looked with interest; nor did he fail in these reminiscences to remember

that, in 1745, a female relation, whom a fear of Prince Charles and his highlandmen had driven from Edinburgh to Ratho-Byres, prepared and presented to his grandfather the first cup of tea ever drank in the house of Wilkie, or indeed in the district.

The gradations of appreciation in Scotland:—

The Wilkie who sought for fame and bread among the towns and straths of Fife, and who was regarded with cloudy brows by the pious of Cults, for presuming to trace their faces as they slumbered in their pews at church, and the Wilkie whom high earls were proud to employ, and whom the first-born of the realm courted to come to their country seats, seemed different persons. He was first spoken of in the north as an ingenious young man; for the Scotch are slow in saying all they think: then the mercury of their praise rose a few degrees, and he was a very clever painter of humble subjects; and, finally, he became, without excelling far his first productions, our distinguished countryman, and our own immortal Wilkie.

The artist's studies for the "Chelsea Pensioners:"

The Waterloo Gazette was like a spell on Wilkie during the whole of the year 1821, and as far into the succeeding year as the month of April, when it went to the exhibition: those who were curious in such things might have met him, after measuring the ground, as it were, where the scene of his picture is laid, watching the shadows of the houses and trees, eyeing every picturesque pensioner who passed, and taking heed of jutting houses, projecting signs, and odd gates, in the old rabblement of houses which, in days before the cholera and amended taste, formed the leading street, or rather road, of Chelsea. Nor had he seen without emotion, as I have heard him say, the married soldiers when they returned from the dreadful wars; sometimes two legs, as he observed, to three men, accompanied by women, most of whom had seen and some had shared in the perils and hardships of the Spanish campaigns, or had witnessed the more dreadful Waterloo, and soothed or ministered to the wounded as they were borne from the field—

"When from each anguish-laden vein
The blood-drops laid the dust like rain."

With these, Chelsea mingled veterans who had been at Bunker's Hill and Saratoga; others were blinded with the hot sands of India or Egypt, or carried the scars of the Duke of York's campaign in the outbreak of the great war of the French Revolution. He brooded over all these matters. Every time he visited Chelsea, and saw groups of soldiers paid and disbanded, and observed their convivialities, the more was he confirmed that the choice of the picture was excellent, and that even the desire of the Duke to mingle the soldiers of his own great battles with the hoary veterans of the American war had its advantages.

One passage more: it is from the journal:—

To church; where I heard Sydney Smith preach a sermon, which for its eloquence and power of reasoning, exceeded anything I had ever heard.

The subject was the conversion of St. Paul; of which he proved the authenticity, in opposition to all the objections and doubts of infidelity. Called on Mrs. Baillie, and left my card. Called at the Admiralty, and was sorry to find that Miss Phipps was no better. *Mem.* The delicacy which is the offspring of power is always superior to the softness of a mind which cannot rise above the petty and the delicate. Painted from ten till four, and put into my little picture the small ship on the chair, and finished the floor and the small pieces of wood upon it. Called on Liston and Bannister; who proposed to me for a subject, "The Opening of a Will;" which I consider an excellent idea, and I am obliged to them for suggesting it.

Wilkie's painstaking finish, minute and elaborate study, in his earlier and more characteristic style, were often exemplified by remarkable instances. Mrs. Thomson reports that while he was employed on the "Chelsea Pensioners," she lived on his road from Kensington to Chelsea College, and that his toilsome walks to Jew's Row,—a low Teniers-like region "of extremely mean public-houses, lodging-houses, rag-shops, and huckster-shops, on the right hand as you approach Chelsea college,"—were frequent, in order to sketch an old projecting house, under the shadow of which some of his groups were placed. It was his habit too, on calling as he returned, to take out of his portfolio bits of tinted paper to "show us his progress,—a very slow progress indeed. Such a small portion of the scene was visible on the paper, that I used to say to him, 'Mr. Wilkie, I fear you will never finish your picture.' His customary answer was, 'Indeed I am awkward and slow at anything like landscape, but when that is settled, I have all the rest here,' pointing to his forehead."

It would be easy to cull from his journal, begun in 1808, a long and striking list of minute entries, illustrative of his truthful and almost mechanical finish. He records, for instance, that he has "got a good way on with the carpet in 'The Sick Lady.'" He puts a bird-cage "into the corner" of the same picture, "with a cloth over it, as if to prevent the bird from disturbing her with its song." He relates similarly of "the small chips on the chair in 'The Cut Finger,'" and so on; giving multitudes of curious instances illustrative of his character, as well as precious in an artistic sense.

We have had no design to trace Wilkie's career, either as a man, a painter, or as a writer and critic, with any degree of regularity or attention to sequences. The events in his personal history, apart from his success as an artist, as has been already remarked, were not extraordinary. It may be mentioned that he was elected Academician in 1811; that the good minister of Cults lived to see this honour conferred on his son; that his mother and sister joined him in 1813, when he established himself at Kensington; that his fame from that period was so great and universal, that while the rich, the noble, and the royal vied with one another to own his pictures, the poor dearly

loved them. He was not without his losses and crosses amid all his triumphs and earnings of patronage. Ill health, in part from extreme exertion, more than once overtook him. In 1825, family troubles and immoderate labour brought on a nervous complaint that incapacitated him either for continuous reading, writing, or painting; when it was deemed absolutely necessary that he should travel. He remained on the Continent for three years, visiting Italy, Germany, and Spain. He returned to England in 1828, and his forty-third year, with enlarged views of art, but also unfortunately smitten with a taste for a now to him ungenial style of subject, composition, and execution. His journals, remarks, and correspondence, abound with highly valuable and interesting notices of the specimens and collections which he examined during his foreign tour; forming an equivalent to the history of the stages by which he attained to his own peculiar and national excellence. We need not further allude to his career, either as a portrait or historical painter, from the period of his coming back from Spain,—the whole being familiar to the world,—further than to say, that in accordance with a mistaken theory, he repaired to the East, and thus hastened the termination of his days. It needeth not to visit Scripture scenes and localities in order to be imbued with the ideal of their sublimities, even supposing the artist to be endowed with a genius for these sacred themes.

By the bye there has just appeared a volume of lithographic facsimiles of a selection from the sketches made by Sir David during his tour in the East, which are interesting, not merely on account of these sketches being among the latest productions of his pencil, but because they exhibit the Scottish national painter on a new field for the exercise of his genius, and on which he entered with a deep religious feeling. The sketches, of course, were intended as studies for a series of paintings from Sacred History, the artist being of the mind that the most renowned pieces of the old masters laboured under a serious disadvantage, in not representing their subjects with literal truth, so as almost exactly to give the physiognomy, the costume, the architectures and the scenery of the people of the East. We have already slightly alluded to this mistake,—quite natural to the matter-of-fact mind of Wilkie,—confounding the ideal with the actual. Many of the specimens turn us back to the best and first style of the painter, and are in his characteristically high-finished manner. This, however, is an encomium belonging rather to the sketches as portraits, or as groups adapted to his dramatic power of representing common life, than to great historical pictures; and practically rendering his theory more manifestly unsound, when he imagined that national and local peculiarities, closely adhered to, are essential to the production of profound sentiment and impressive grandeur, in the representation of sublime subjects.

Wilkie's history as an artist presents two phases; the one when he followed the impulses of his own original but sober mind, working upon the ordinary events and appearances of life, for the most part as witnessed among the humbler walks. Here his eye was ever ready to catch the picturesque in costume, and the dramatic in thought as well as in action; so that every one of his figures and pictures told their own energetic story as distinctly as if it had been set down in a plain and forcible narrative by the pen. The keen and eager genius which he displays in his search for the perfect types of his subjects; the power and delicacy of his delineation and grouping; and the perseverance with which he worked up and developed his perfect conceptions of character, place him on an unrivalled eminence in modern art, and entitle him to the honour of having created a perfectly new walk and era in its history. It is only necessary to recal to mind the "Blind Fiddler," the "Rent Day," the "Village Alehouse," "Blind Man's Buff," "Distressing for Rent," "Chelsea Pensioners," "Reading the Will," to understand the natnre of his mastery and the style of his excellence. His great fame arises and will be for ever sustained by the achievements which mark the first phasis of his labours.

The second character in which he came out, exhibited a change both in the nature and matter of his subjects, and the manner of execution. The great works which he studied during his continental tour and sojourn, must needs now be his models,—the historical, the religious, and the heroic he attempts; and all these too with a rapidity of composition and a slightness of execution, which, however illustrative of his disposition to elevate his contemplations and to enlarge the sphere of his conceptions, proved a failure, strangely perplexing his chief admirers. A greater number of pictures annually and larger pecuniary profits followed; but the sure foundations of his lasting celebrity were laid when his mind was quite independent, and when he worked like a man unpoetically prudent, and with a sort of untiring mechanism.

It consists well enough with the variation in the history of the painter, that a change should take place in the character of the man. Of course we speak of him in his more public capacity; for in his private life he appears ever to have been one of the most steadfast, honourable, and prudent of the human race. With respect, however, to his bearing to the world, we find him, during the earlier phasis of his career, as independent and manly in feeling as it is possible for an artist to be, who is poor, uncertain of success, and whose dealings must often take place with persons who look upon themselves in the light of patrons. But after Wilkie had the ear and unlimited admiration of the great ones of the earth, he aped in some measure the airs of a man of fashion and courtier; adopting a sort of cringing tone and appearing to be afflicted with a continual sense of the

condescension of magnates. No man stood less in need of kingly patronage, and no man's elevation was less indebted to it for immortal fame. Upon no man could any thing of a meretricious nature sit more awkwardly; and no one profited less by the countenance of transitory pomp and pride.

One word more ere we dismiss these portly volumes: within their boards the distinguished subject of them affords materials and evidences sufficient to enable the reader to arrive at a clear conception of his character and genius, and also to comprehend satisfactorily the progress of his development both as an artist and a man. The style and substance of his letters and writings are of themselves sufficient to lend a complete insight into his progress,—a progress which led to a consummation of the most enviable and enduring description that can attend human worth and unaided personal efforts. We close with two passages, extracted from the painter's remarks on departments of art that, we hope, will one day find the most popular as well as the highest and most learned patronage in this country. The first paragraph relates to fresco, and is remarkable not merely for its suggestiveness and anticipating results, which at his death would have been deemed visionary, but as containing in *little*, and in plain and unpretending language, the substance of the subject.

The wonders accomplished here in fresco suggest the question whether it should not be tried in England? Damp climate is objected, but Italy is damp too; and the difficulty of the work is stated, but this vanishes when we see the artists here doing it with perfect facility. Several Germans, namely, Overbeck, Fight, (*Veit*) Schadow, and Schnorr, have painted two palazzos, in the early German manner, imitating not Raphael, but Raphael's masters, and with great cleverness and research. But they have not hit the mark: their style, wanting so much of modern embellishment, cannot now be popular, and can neither be admired nor followed, as Pietro Perugino and Ghirlandajo were in that early day. This has given occasion to the wags to say, that Overbeck had overreached himself, that Fight is shy and timid, that Schadow has neither depth nor softness, and that Schnorr is without repose! With all this, however, in our country of novelty and experiment, why do those whose aim in the higher walks is so cramped and confined by a measured canvass and a limited commission, not try at once to revive the art of fresco?

Again, and with relation to young German art:—

One object of interest in Rome is the school of art it presents to the whole of Europe. Sculpture has of late years been in the ascendant; but Canova is gone, and Thorwaldsen is now a sort of Roman dictator in his stead. Sculpture is believed to have gained by the severity these have introduced, having suffered ever since the fifteenth century by imitating painting, which since the revival of art, has of the two stood the highest. In our day we have seen this partly reversed; the painting of the French being an imitation of the qualities of sculpture—a homage the one art can only pay to the

other at a severe cost. Our own countrymen here, have by their studies, done us credit; and though some arrived unprepared for study, and ignorant of what to study, others have acquired what may hereafter be useful at home, if they can resist the prevailing taste and tendency of our exhibition. But the German artists appear to form a class both new and distinct—are more of a sect than a school. They have abjured all the blandishments of modern art, and have gone back to the apostolic age of painting: have begun where Raphael began, by studying Raphael's master, in hopes the same schooling may a second time produce an equally successful scholar. They affect the dress of that early period, and in their pictures imitate the dry simplicity of its improved taste; and such is their devotedness, that two of them have changed their religion from Lutheran to Catholic, to feel with more intensity the subjects of the Italian master, making their art a religious profession rather than a wordly occupation.

These are samples of his valuable criticisms; common sense and a matter-of-fact mind displaying a deep current of enthusia m quietly expressed.

ART. IX.—*Letters from Madras, during the Years* 1835—1839. By a Lady. Murray.

THESE Letters profess to describe the manners and society in India, as noted down during a three years' sojourn in various parts of the presidency of Madras; the lady's experience, during her residence, having been to a considerable extent confined to parts where Europeans are but few, and where consequently their modes and principles can have made but a comparatively slight impression.

The lady accompanied, when she was still but young, her husband to the East, who ere long was appointed a District Judge; his station being on the banks of the Godavery. At length he obtained promotion, it becoming necessary, however, for her, on account of the state of her children's health, to return with them to England. But it happened that she was able and willing to make the best of her time and opportunities, both while on the outward passage, and when at the Presidency, as an observer, and also as a correspondent with her family.

During her brief Indian experience she not merely directed a keen eye to every thing around, but exerted her influence with an activity and a zeal rarely to be met with among Europeans, when similarly situated. She studied the language, assisted by native teachers. Along with her husband she took a deep interest in the religious condition of the people; and even superintended a school, preparing also books for the instruction of the scholars.

Her inclinations and exertions brought the lady into frequent contact with the Indians. The occasions that were consequently offered

and created,—the scenes, the incidents, and the characters for observation,—were made the subjects of letter-writing, displaying uncommon aptitude and perseverance. And then such are her natural vivacity and smartness,—such the feminine but fresh and vivid touches of her colouring,—that her sketches are as entertaining as they are graphic. Produced by one so frank and intelligent; so polished and susceptible; so competent to do justice to her own feelings; and, if not to calculate or penetrate deeply, at least to catch with rapidity semblances and outward signs,—the book is one of the liveliest and pleasing.

Our hint with regard even to the habit of reflection and the ability to go beyond the surface, may be less than fair; for time was often not at command to take complete soundings; while to the young traveller and quick decipherer any thing that was strikingly odd or new left sudden impressions, and seems instantly to have become the subject of a sketch for the eyes of sympathetic friends in old England. Still, if not a taste and a talent for caricature, the authoress manifests not only youthfulness and haste, but the habit of snatching whatever is racy and that will *tell*, rather than of studying the whole with all its due concomitants and causes. The result is, that while one smiles at her clever pictures and smart hits, he feels that the *entire* is not before him,—that skill in the art of satire has been somewhat mercilessly and unjustly practised.

Illustrations of what we have said, both for and against the letters, readily offer themselves on opening the book; less, however, of course, when the writer describes natural scenes and objects, than manners and character, whether the latter belong to Indian or Anglo-Indian life. In the instances last referred to, she measures her strictures according to an English and home-loving standard; so that, while we have no doubt of her desire to become thoroughly acquainted with the social feelings, the domestic usages, as well as the religious tenets and capabilities of the Indians, we are equally sure that no effort on her part would be wanting to fashion every thing upon her preconceived model, without much regard to consistency, to right or wrong, in the given circumstances.

According to our lady, the Hindoos, if they have associated much with Europeans, are mostly half-heathen, half-deist. Some of the instances of their modes of reasoning certainly put us in mind of the very *rational* discourse to be gathered from the lips of sceptics nearer home. She thus introduces and characterises her Bramin teacher:

> I do not work very hard, and no Moonshee has any idea of teaching, but I just pick his brains a little by way of amusement. He is a Bramin, and, like all of them, very fond of questioning and discoursing. He has now read my prayer-book straight through from beginning to end, and with great admiration; but he says the finest words in the book are, "Maker of all things visible and invisible;" those, he says, are "very great words indeed."

Now he is reading the Bible. He told me that a learned Bramin came to pay him a visit and to look over his new Bible. The Bramin said that all the words against graven images were "good and very true words," and that it was certainly a "senseless custom" for a man to bow down to a stone; but that still it was necessary to keep images for the Sudras (low-caste people), for fear they should not believe in any God at all. That is their constant argument. They never defend their idols, nor own that they worship them, any more than Roman Catholics will allow that they worship the saints.

The treatment of the natives by the Anglo-Indians, if fairly indicated, according to its general mode, in the following passages, cannot tend to elevate the character of the subservient, or to consolidate and extend the British sway.

We have had a great many visits from natives to welcome A——— back again, or, as they say, "to see the light of master's countenance and bless God for the honour!" One—a gentleman, in his black way—called at six in the morning: he left his carriage at the gate, and his slippers under a tree; and then finding we were going out riding, he walked barefoot in the dust by the side of our horses, till "our honours" were pleased to dismiss him. Another met us, got out of his carriage, kicked off his shoes, and stood bowing in the dirt while we passed; then drove on to the house, and waited humbly under the verandah for an hour and a half, till we were pleased to finish our ride. * * *

These natives are a cringing set, and behave to us English as if they were the dirt under our feet; and indeed we give them reason to suppose that we consider them as such. Their servility is disagreeable; but the rudeness and contempt with which the English treat them are quite painful to witness. Civility to servants especially seems a complete characteristic of *griffinage*. One day I said to my ayah, (a very elegant lady in white muslin,) "Ayah, bring me a glass of toast-and-water, if you please." She crept to the door, and then came back again, looking extremely perplexed, and whined out, "What mistress tell? I don't know." "I told you to bring me some toast-and-water." "Toast-water I know very well, but mistress tell *if you please*; I don't know *if you please*." I believe the phrase had never before been addressed to her.

"These natives are a cringing set," and so forth. But what is to be expected, taking the Asiatic character, according to the native habits of thought and style of expression, even in an unsubdued state, when they are suing at the feet of European masters, and petitioning for posts and favours?

It would appear from the letters that a residence in India not only tends to produce a very striking change on the Anglo-Indians, whichever be the sex, but that there are class-peculiarities among the fair, if those of the civil service be contrasted with the civilian order. But we copy out a sketch that takes a wider range of character and manners, said to be exemplified at Madras, when a grand Anglo-Indian dinner-scene is celebrated.

We have been to one or two large dinner parties; rather grand, dull, and silent. The company are generally tired out with the heat and the office-work all day before they assemble at seven o'clock; and the houses are greatly infested by mosquitoes, which are in themselves enough to lower one's spirit and stop conversation. People talk a little in a very low voice to those next to them; but one scarcely ever hears any topic of general interest started, except steam-navigation. To be sure, "few changes can be rung on few bells;" but these good folks do ring on "the changes in the service," till I cannot help sometimes wishing all their appointments were permanent. At an Indian dinner all the guests bring their own servants to wait upon them, so there is a turban'd sultan-like creature behind every chair. A great fan is going over our heads the whole time, and every window and door open; so that, notwithstanding the number of people in the room, it is in reality cooler than an English dining-room. What would grandmamma say to the wastefulness of an Indian dinner? Every body dines at luncheon, or, as it is here called, tiffin-time; so that there is next to nothing eaten, but about four times as much food put upon the table as would serve for an English party. Geese and turkies and joints of mutton for side-dishes, and every thing else in proportion. All the fruit in India is not worth one visit to your strawberry-beds. The ingenious French at Pondicherry have contrived to cultivate vines; but the English say nothing will grow, and they remain content to waste their substance and their stomach-aches on spongy shaddocks and sour oranges, unless they send to Pondicherry for grapes, which the French are so obliging as to sell at a rupee a bunch. After dinner, the company all sit round in the middle of the great gallery-like rooms, talk in whispers, and scratch their mosquito-bites. Sometimes there is a little music, as languid as every thing else. Concerning the company themselves, the ladies are all young and wizen, and the gentlemen are all old and wizen. Somebody says France is the paradise of married women, and England of girls; I am sure India is the paradise of middle-aged gentlemen. While they are young they are thought nothing of—just supposed to be making or marring their fortunes, as the case may be; but at about forty, when they are "high in the service," rather yellow, and somewhat grey, they begin to be taken notice of, and called "young men." These respectable persons do all the flirtation too, in a solemn sort of way, while the young ones sit by, looking on, and listening to the elderly gentlefolks discussing their livers instead of their hearts.

If the reader feels disposed to learn how the fair letter-writer can reduce and disparage, he cannot do better than cast his eye to the passage with which we conclude.

The passengers we took in at the Cape were chiefly officers in the Indian army; who went out as cadets, before they had learned much, and since that time had pretty well forgotten the little they knew. They might have been divided into two classes—those who knew their declensions, and those who did not. They were particularly fond of grammatical discussions, and quite eager about them; such as whether any English words were really derived from the Latin; whether regiment is to be considered as a word of three

syllables or two; whether lunatic comes from the French, because "loon" is French for moon, &c. They used also to extend their acquirements by the study of navigation. After breakfast, the captain and officers always took an observation of the sun, technically called "taking a sight." Then the passengers all began doing the same, privately called "taking a look." They were a capital set, poor things, in their attitudes, with their glasses, all peering up into the sky *à la chasse* for the sun and moon. However, they were all very civil, and inoffensive, and unobjectionable; and I hope they are all as happy on shore as we are.

ART. X.—*China, in a Series of Views, displaying the Scenery, Architecture, Social Habits, &c., of this Ancient and Exclusive Empire.* Fisher.

MR. FISHER has never published a more splendid work than this, nor one so opportune and anxiously required. It has been remarked with unquestionable justice, that China is the most wonderful country, and the Chinese the most wonderful people in the world. Yet how little has hitherto been accurately ascertained with regard to either! True, amazing stories have long been circulated and monotonously repeated relative to the country, the inhabitants, and the empire. Judging, however, by the lights which have recently burst upon us,—and nowhere in book and picture so luminously as in the publication now before us, a tithe of the marvels have not been told, and far fewer appreciated. Till now, scanty and imperfect in the extreme were the authentic details concerning either the customs, arts, manufactures, religious ceremonies, political institutions, or the dress and outward bearing of the Celestials. Even the scenery of the country was misapprehended to an extent that was exceedingly disparaging. How needed and desirable then must be such a work as the present, which promises, and actually affords, an insight into each and all of the branches mentioned; these being in a pre-eminent degree the objects of generous curiosity and profitable study!

It is not alone that we obtain views—close and lifelike—of an empire extending over ten millions of square miles, which sustains one-third of the whole population on the face of the earth, that "China Illustrated" recommends itself; but that the nation has possessed a perpetuity of political existence for upwards of four thousand years. It is not alone that, owing to a most anomalous mechanism of government, an utter repudiation of intercourse with strangers, and an exclusiveness in every sense, obstinate to a by-word, the nation has remained stationary from periods which are lost in antiquity; but the astounding fact is, that it offers the spectacle of the highest attainment in many industrial and social regula-

tions, which were as perfect, tens of centuries ago, as they are at this day; and which at this day bear their original stamp, their pristine freshness and coherence. The ingenuity of the people is proved by mighty inventions, among which rank pre-eminently those of printing, gunpowder, and the mariner's compass,—the honour of priority belonging to them. How much is there for unexampled contemplation in this antiquity, in this perpetuity, in this unchangeableness, and in this generative, or originating capacity!

Other considerations need only to be glanced at to guide any mind to the highest climax in relation to things temporal, even in things eternal. Through the instrumentality of England, China has been opened to the mighty influence of commerce with the most enlightened and powerful nations; and unprecedented, in all probability, will be the results, political and social, that are destined to follow the great achievement. But the people of the "flowery kingdom" have been, with characteristic obstinacy of adherence, idolaters, or utter strangers to divine truth, from the earliest ages down to the present hour. What a field then is here disclosed for the diffusion and the triumphs of the Gospel! How vast as well as striking is the interest which the word "China" now evokes! How fitted the field for those illustrations which the pen and pencil, when harmoniously wedded, can furnish; and which are so attractive to the prevalent taste of the age! How well and unexpectedly do the portions of the publication before us proclaim and exemplify the rich variety and extraordinary novelty of their limitless subject! The work appears in monthly parts, each containing four remarkable and picturesque views, beautifully executed, after the highly-prized pencil of Mr. Allom. Eight pages of letter-press, from the pen of the Rev. G. N. Wright, give the descriptive notices in elegant and appropriate style. There is nothing tame or commonplace about the work; on the contrary, it satisfies, as far as such a channel can do, the expectation which it excites; proving that more romantic scenes, more delightful contrasts and combinations nowhere abound than in the territory of John Chinaman, varying from the soft to the rugged, the pretty to the magnificent.

Mr. Fisher has been singularly happy in his selection of countries and classes of subjects for the purpose of pictorial illustration and popular description. The very names of the states, islands, shores, rivers, and mountains, which many of his publications embrace and traverse, call up a host of associations towards which the ministry of the artist is extremely fitting and acceptable. The Shores and Islands of the Mediterranean, Italy and Switzerland, Greece, the Rhine, the Himalaya Mountains, the Lake Scenery of Cumberland, &c. &c., are titles which it only requires skill, judgment, and taste to bring before the eye of the untravelled and home-abiding with a fidelity that no history or merely written picturing can ever reach. Much,

however, does depend upon the knowledge and enthusiasm of those who undertake to accompany the pencil with the pen. Literary composition of this sort seems to call for fancy and experience in some respect peculiar; or at least there has grown up with the prevailing liking for illustrated books, a species of style that accords well with the purpose and attractiveness of the pictorial department, —sketching and catching the picturesque features; not crowded with flowers or imagery, adducing apt notices, historic or biographic, pertinent anecdote or tradition, and whatever may serve both as a fastening and a beam of light to the romance of the theme. We think that Mr. Wright, whose assistance has been largely lent to the enterprising publisher of the works we have at present more immediately in view, is particularly expert in his department, being well-read, brilliant, and animated; so that it is hardly with less interest that we turn to his story, to gather lights and information, than we scan the beautiful and finished engravings that he may happen to take for his companions and coadjutors. Still, the plates must ever constitute the principal feature in pictorial books; and therefore the modern use and prevalence of such decorative illustrations deserve a marked notice and a hearty gratulation.

Whether the art of engraving be considered with relation to its utility and the pleasure it affords, or the difficulties with which it contends, we cannot but be convinced that on every account it deserves a distinguished rank amongst the fine arts. It is nearly four centuries since it was discovered, and a steady improvement may be observed in it from that time to the present day, particularly if we regard the range it takes, the means and modes of its execution, and the multiplicity of the works it produces. The nineteenth century is pre-eminently rich in these respects; for from every civilized land volumes are annually poured forth, illustrated and embellished in a manner which makes antiquity appear rude. Men of genius are devoting themselves to the practice of engraving, deeming it an enviable as well as a most ingenious art; for by its means the works of the great masters are no longer the exclusive property of a few individuals, or confined to certain celebrated spots. The cabinets of the curious may now be adorned with the portraits of the greatest men of all nations and of all ages; and by the same means the young of every degree may in this age be inspired by groups and dramatic expression, representing grand achievements, or calculated to awaken the purest and deepest sentiment. In short engravings are now given to the world, literally published for the benefit of society, and are sent abroad into every land to delight the taste and to inspire the genius of all nations.

It is unnecessary to go with any particularity into the different ways in which engraving is done. These are increasing every year, and through agencies that our forefathers never dreamt of. For

example, there is the late discovery of voltaic engraving, the chief merits and objects of which are to raise upon an unengraved plate of copper a design in relief; to copy with perfect accuracy engraved plates, medals, ornaments, &c.; and to obtain any number of such copies. But Mr. Palmer, of Newgate-street, has taken out a patent on account of what promises to be a further improvement, and one that may probably effect quite a revolution in the process of obtaining electrotype duplicates of copperplates; so that it is now no longer necessary that the original plates should be *engraved*. The design may be *painted* on the plate with a peculiar composition prepared for the purpose. The paint used leaves a surface in relief, which, when placed in a solution of sulphate of copper, produces an electrotype plate with corresponding impressions, which may be worked as a plate engraved in the usual manner.

But in pursuance of our present object we need not go beyond the ordinary methods of engraving upon metal, whether copper or steel. With regard to plates, copper till lately was held to have some peculiar advantages. Experiments and novelties, however, became necessary to prevent the forging of bank-notes, while great expense was incurred when any superior engraving was introduced for rendering imitation difficult; and this suggested the idea of employing a harder substance than copper to engrave upon. Steel-plate was tried, and found capable of affording from twenty to thirty times the number of impressions that could be obtained from a plate of copper, while it was not much more difficult to engrave upon. This discovery was first made known in England in 1818, by the inquiry respecting the prevention of forgery, instituted by the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, when a specimen of engraving on soft steel was presented to the Society by the late Mr. Charles Warren. It appeared, however, that notes with ornamental borders, printed from steel plates, were then in use in America. We may mention that, besides engraving on copper, a mechanical process has been introduced for increasing the number of impressions, by transferring the engraving from steel to steel in a spring press; so that an inconceivable number of prints may be obtained, when this is the chief object, rather than the reproduction of fine works of art.

But however numerous or wonderful may be the improvements which in our day have been witnessed in the art of engraving and multiplying prints, it would be preposterous to say that it is in other than a state of progress. The power, elasticity, and delicacy of the art seem to be yearly increased; so that while this is the case, it would be wrong to speak of it as we would of painting, sculpture, or any other art which appears to have reached the fulness of perfection.

How wonderful is the success by which the management of lines on hard substances can convey even the idea of colour! The writer

of an article in the Encyclopædia Britannica, from which we have borrowed such ideas and terms as suited our purpose, speaks to the following effect:—When we reflect that the engraver, besides the beauties of poetical composition and the artful ordinance of design, has to express, merely by the means of light and shade, all the various tints of colour; that he has to give a relief to each figure, and a truth to each object; that he has to represent a sky serene and bright, and then one loaded with dark cloud; that he has to give out the character of man strongly marked in his countenance, and then the nicest ornament of his dress; in a word, that he has to represent all, even the most minute and complicated objects in existence, we cannot but admire the vast resources, compass, and pliability of the art.

It has been remarked that engraving is the translation of painting; but this answer has been returned:—painting needs no translation, being an universal language itself, and that therefore the analogy is not complete. Again, as respects the power of multiplication, engraving, it is said, bears the same relation to painting that printing does to the manuscript. Here also the similitude fails in some important points; for the printer has nothing to do with copying the forms of the manuscript, being guided by words and sounds.

The relation between the two arts has been figuratively expressed, by calling the engraver the herald of the painter. But without troubling ourselves with analogies to a nicety, let it be held sufficient to speak in this manner:—In one solitary spot of the wide world stands the inspired work, the master-piece of art, but the hand that traced its magical lines has long been cold in death, and the spirit that designed it returned ages ago to God who gave it. This miracle of art, preserved perhaps in the inner sanctuary of some royal gallery, enshrined within its costly temple, and valued beyond price, more precious from the consideration that its beauty and glory are solitary, unrivalled, and never to be replaced if lost,—can be gazed on but by a few favoured mortals. It is a holy oracle of art, and many who would consult it must go a long and weary pilgrimage before they can reach the shrine. But the voice of inspiration has gone forth, and there are prophets to catch the sounds and herald them abroad over the wide world. To this high office the engraver is devoted,—he is the herald of the painter. He speaks in language less gorgeous, less imposing, than the great original; and he only speaks more intelligibly, inasmuch as his language requires a smaller reach of intellect and taste to comprehend it. But it is his province to address the whole world; and in every land is seen his name, proudly honoured in being inscribed by the side of his great master's beneath, his works.

Whoever wishes to learn what the art of engraving performs as the handmaid of instruction and delight, when picturing the gor-

geous temple of nature with all its ten thousand relics of ancient times, need only look into Mr. Fisher's illustrated publications.

Much might be spoken relative to engraving, its origin and progress, when viewed in connection with the social agencies which preside over the fine arts. It might likewise be shown that the progress of books is also the progress of engraving which embellishes them. But we conclude with the mere observation, that the merchant, the farmer, and the soldier have become students like the priest; nay, that still more recently there has been an irruption of the day-labourer into the still and retired chambers, and that hence we owe the genius, the skill, the progressive beauty, and the widening influence of the art.

ART. XI.—*A Journal of the Disasters in Affghanistan*, 1841—2. By Lady Sale. Murray.

IT requireth few words to introduce this volume to the "universal public:" the name, the name,—*that* sufficeth! the heroine, we had almost said, the hero,—*that* is enough! who asketh for more than this,—is the book by the very Lady Sale herself? Let the high-souled woman be heard in reply:—

I have not only daily noted down events as they occurred, but often have done so hourly. I have also given the reports of the day, the only information we possessed; also such news as was telegraphed from the Bala Hissar, or sent in by the King or by Capt. Conolly to the Envoy; and many other reports brought by Affghan gentlemen of Capt. Sturt's acquaintance, and by others of lower degree, who having had dealings with him in the engineer department and public works, and having received kindness from him, gave him such intelligence and warning as was in their power: all of which he communicated (to his superior officers) at different times; but the warnings were not attended to; and as when he gave his advice it was seldom adhered to, he became disgusted, and contented himself with zealously performing his duties and making himself generally useful, acting the part of an artillery officer as well as that of an engineer. Had poor Sturt's life been spared, it was his intention to have worked up my Rough Notes, and to have added much valuable information: he was too much over-worked to afford leisure to give me assistance at the time. His plans, drawings, &c., with his public and private papers, were lost, except a note or two that were, just a few days before we left Cabul, put with my journal. I believe several people kept an account of these proceedings, but all except myself lost all they had written; and had recourse to memory afterwards. I lost everything except the clothes I wore; and, therefore, it may appear strange that I should have saved these papers. The mystery is, however, easily solved. After everything was packed, on the night before we left Cabul, I sat up to add a few lines to the events of the day,

and the next morning I put them in a small bag and tied them round my waist.

Lady Sale, without a touch of affected modesty, also confesses that "a much better narrative of past events might have been written, even by myself; but I have preferred keeping my journal as originally written, when events were fresh, and men's minds were biassed by the reports of the day, and even hour." She has, we doubt not, judged rightly in so doing; for even as regards the spirit of the notes, they have, as they stand all the tension of thoughts expressed on the spur of the moment, and when the feelings were incapable of an utterance that was unreal or unfaithful to the speaker's thoughts; whereas retouchings would, in a literary sense, have smoothed down and shadowed away the living points; and any degree of fine writing would have wrought perversions. More particularly in the case of a woman's recordings and sentiments, and still more especially when that woman is the personage whose celebrated letter drew praise from the great captain of the age—the best judge too of military literature,—would revisings and dressings have been injurious both to her own vigorous style, and to the vast interests she has so much at heart. We therefore proceed to make as much room for extracts from the Journal as we possibly can; merely observing in general terms, that Lady Sale necessarily goes over much the same ground which Lieutenant Eyre's Journal comprised; and that not only their facts but their views agree strikingly. Having mentioned this coincidence, it remains only to dip here and there into the pages before us, and take what may almost at random come at hand; assured that nothing can be snatched from the absorbing depths of disaster that will not redound to the honour of the undaunted writer, and prove serviceable to her country.

Lady Sale admits that it is easy to argue on the wisdom or folly of conduct after the event. But, conscious of her own sagacity and determination, and indignantly sensible of the incapacity and imbecility of those who were in command, she, without circumlocution, goes to work, as a vigilant and severe looker-on. Regarding the chiefs, she thus expresseth herself with a prefatory generality:—

The Envoy has deeply paid for his attempt to out-diplomatize the Affghans. Gen. Elphinstone, conscious that his powers of mind had become enfeebled with those of his body, finding there was no hope of Gen. Nott's arrival to assume the command, called in another officer to his aid, who had but one object in view (to get back, at all hazards, to Hindostan). He averred that a retreat to the Bala Hissar was impossible, as we should have to fight our way (for one mile and a half)! If we could not accomplish that, how were we to get through a week's march to Jellalabad? Once in the Bala Hissar, which would have been easily defended by one thousand men, we should have had plenty of troops for foraging purposes; and the

village of Ben-i-shehr, just under the Bala Hissar, would have given us a twelvemonth's provisions if we had only made the demonstration of a night march, to have the appearance of taking them by force. Sallies from thence might also have been made into the town, where there was always a party, particularly the Kuzzilbashes, who would have covertly assisted us, until our returning fortunes permitted them to do so openly. Independent of ——'s determination to return to India, he often refused to give any opinion when asked for it by the General, a cautious measure whereby he probably hoped to escape the obloquy that he expected would attach to the council of war, composed of Gen. Elphinstone, Brig. Shelton, Brig. Anquetil, and Col. Chambers. I might say nominally composed; numerically it was much more extended. Capt. Grant, with cold caution, obstructed every enterprise, and threw all possible difficulties in the way; Capt. Bellew was full of doubts and suggestions, all tending to hamper and retard operations; and numbers of young men gave much gratuitous advice; in fact, the greater part of the night was spent in confusing the General's ideas, instead of allowing a sick man time by rest to invigorate his powers. Brig. Shelton was in the habit of taking his rezai with him, and lying on the floor during these discussions, when sleep, whether real or feigned, was a resource against replying to disagreeable questions. Major Thain, a sincere friend and good adviser of the General's, withdrew in disgust from the council: and Sturt, who was ever ready to do anything or give his opinion when asked, from the same feeling, no longer proffered it.

The Journal extends over twelve months; commencing in September, 1841, and closing in the same month of the following year. The pen was taken up at a distinctly marked period; for threatening rumours were beginning to be circulated, and councils were conflicting. Sale's brigade had departed; and everything was in a state of uncertainty and indecision. It was on the 26th of September that the Journalist thus writes:—

There being a report that all was peaceably settled at Tézeen, I became very anxious for intelligence. Two letters were brought to me, but alas! neither of them were to my address, one being from Capt. Havelock to Gen. Elphinstone, the other from Capt. Paton to Major Thain. After giving them a reasonable time to ruminate over their news, I wrote to Major Thain, requesting him to give me any information in his power; and informing him that I had no letter; I got the provoking reply that the Sahib was gone out. Some time afterwards Major Thain called: he owned he was puzzled as to what was going on, but hoped that affairs would remain quiet until we got out of the country. * * Capt. Havelock mentions that all is settled and hostages given, but remarks that, since the pacification, the camels have been fired on, as also our outposts, but says, the one may be attributable to the arrival of a chief, who was in ignorance of the treaty, and the other, to their people not being well in hand, a pretty sounding phrase; but are we to understand that our men are so well in hand as not to resent it? Capt. Paton writes mysteriously, that he has much to communicate, "better spoken than written," and says the enemy have consented

regarding the obnoxious chief (some person who they did not wish should participate in the benefits of the treaty). He adds that a force to be of any use in that country, must not be hampered with camels, tents, or baggage, and that the ammunition should be carried only on mules or yaboos. * * Last year, when Sir Willoughby Cotton commanded, and during the disturbances in the Kohistan, every despatch from Sale, who commanded the troops there, was promulgated in orders, and the present system of keeping information close is disgusting; there can be no secrets regarding what passes in action in the field. The general impression is, that the Envoy is trying to deceive himself into an assurance that the country is in a quiescent state. He has a difficult part to play, without sufficient moral courage to stem the current singly. About two months since Sir William wrote to Lord Auckland, explaining to him the present state of Affghanistan, and requesting that five additional regiments should be sent to this country, two of them to be European. To these statements a written war succeeded between the Envoy and the Supreme Government of Bengal. Letter after letter came calling for retrenchment. Sir William had been appointed from home, Governor of Bombay, and was particularly chosen for the office from his being a moderator and a man unlikely to push any violent measures; he had hoped affairs might take a turn for the better, and was evidently anxious to leave Cabul and assume his new appointment. In an evil hour he acceded to the entreaties of Sir Alexander Burnes (who appears to have been blinded on the subject) and wrote to Lord Auckland to nullify his former request for troops, and to say that part of those now in the country might be withdrawn.

Reports still more alarming, indecision and contradictions still more perplexing, distracted the British. Attacks were made upon them; and Lady Sale's son-in-law, Captain Sturt, was severely wounded. This was on the first day of the open revolt. The record thus runs:

I cannot describe how shocked I felt when I saw poor Sturt; for Lawrence, fearing to alarm us, had said he was only slightly wounded. He had been stabbed deeply in the shoulder and side, and on the face (the latter wound striking on the bone just missed the temple): he was covered with blood issuing from his mouth, and was unable to articulate. From the wounds in the face and shoulder, the nerves were affected; the mouth would not open, the tongue was swollen and paralysed, and he was ghastly and faint from loss of blood. He could not lie down, from the blood choaking him; and had to sit up in the palkee as best he might, without a pillow to lean against.

Yet within eight days, the entry in the Journal says,

Sturt's recovery and energy appear little short of miraculous; he nearly possesses the power of ubiquity. He cannot yet mount his own tall horses, and must astonish my little Cape horse, for he gallops him the whole day from bastion to gate, and gate to bastion, laying guns, and off like a shot; his aim being to show the enemy that all our batteries and gates had guns in position, which we could fire nearly simultaneously,—for they know how weak we are in artillery officers.

But not to run so fast, and to learn a little more of the progress of the insurrection: the following is after the butchery of Burnes and the perpetration of other outrages:—

The state of supineness and fancied security of those in power in cantonments is the result of deference to the opinions of Lord Auckland, whose sovereign will and pleasure it is that tranquillity do reign in Affghanistan; in fact, it is reported at Government House, Calcutta, that the lawless Affghans are as peaceable as London citizens; and this being decided by the powers that be, why should we be on the alert? Most dutifully do we appear to shut our eyes on our probable fate. The Shah is, however, to be protected, whatever may be the fate of the English in the city; and Brig. Shelton is sent with the Shah's 6th, some of the 44th Queen's, and three horse-artillery guns under Capt. Nicholl, to the Bala Hissar. The King, as he well may be, is in great consternation. At about 9 A.M. Capt. Sturt arrived at Siah Sung from the cantonments, bearing orders from Major-gen. Elphinstone for the 54th N.I., Capt. Nicholl's three horse-artillery guns, and a company of the 44th, accompanied by the Shah's 6th regiment, to hold themselves in readiness to march at a moment's notice to the Bala Hissar. As they had all been on the *qui vive* since daybreak, they were ready in an instant, and eagerly expecting orders to march, when a note came from Capt. Lawrence (the Envoy's military and private secretary) dated Bala Hissar, 10 A.M., telling them, "Stay where you are,—all is quiet; you need not come." This caused great surprise, as the firing was brisk in the city. After waiting another hour under arms, the Brigadier ordered Sturt to go in and see what was going on: this he gladly did, and, accompanied by eight suwars of the Shah's 2nd cavalry, went to the Bala Hissar. In half an hour a suwar returned, saying he had been badly wounded entering the palace gates, and bearing an order for an immediate advance of the troops. "Forward," was the word; and, anticipating an attack on the city, the troops gladly set out, and arrived unopposed in presence of the King, when, to their sorrow, instead of receiving *hookm* to enter the city, Shah almost rudely inquired why they had come!

Lady Sale declares that no military steps were taken to suppress the insurrection, "not even to protect our only means of subsistence (the store-houses,) in the event of a siege." "That the insurrection could have been easily crushed at its commencement is evident from the circumstance that on the 2nd of November a considerable number of chiefs went to Captain Trevor's house, to lend him assistance." "It is further worthy of remark, that Taj Mahommed Khan went to Sir A. Burnes the very day before the insurrection broke out, and told him what was going on. Burnes, incredulous, heaped abuse on this gentleman's head." It was at this juncture that the fate of the expedition appears to have been sealed. And yet, it is thought, that even at a somewhat later period, had energy been exhibited, and those steps taken which the exigencies of the army naturally suggested, viz., to retire into the Bala Hissar, the greatest of the disasters might have been averted: and that instead of utter defeat and

extermination, a period or retaliation would soon have arrived, and when our troops might have covered themselves with glory. But we again quote, and from the entry on the 8th of November:—

At daybreak, finding Sturt's servant still in the verandah, and knowing that his master was to have been up at half-past four, I went to the door to inquire, and found that the General, or rather his advisers, had decided that nothing was to be done. The enemy are using our guns against us, throwing shot into cantonments from Mahmood Khan's fort. Our men are so overworked that it is intended to give them rest to-day. Sturt went out early this morning, and found the garden next the Commissariat fort unoccupied; he immediately took the sappers under Lieut. Laing, with fifty of the Juzailchees under Mackenzie to cover them, and sent for two companies of Sipahees as a covering party whilst they pulled down the wall, which was quickly accomplished. There is a report that we are to be attacked in cantonments to-night. Sturt went to Gen. Elphinstone and Brig. Anquetil, who both gave him *carte blanche*, and desired that all his instructions should be obeyed. He has accordingly placed 15 guns in position.

It is added,—"Sturt is gone to lie down to recruit his strength, knowing that I never dose now till daylight, but sit up to watch passing events, and give the alarm if need be; I have kept my nightly watch ever since the insurrection commenced."

Folly goes before disgrace, madness before ruin. The supineness of the British generals grew with the audacity of the enemy, and despair with the nearer approach of danger.

On the 22nd of November we meet with this in the Journal:—

Grand dissensions in military councils. High and very plain language has been this day used by Brig. Shelton to Gen. Elphinstone, and people do not hesitate to say that our chief should be set aside—a mode of proceeding recommended a fortnight ago by Mr. Baness, the merchant. The poor General's mind is distracted by the diversity of opinions offered; and the great bodily ailments he sustains are daily enfeebling the powers of his mind. He has lost two of his best advisers in Paton and Thain; the former confined by his wound, the latter declining to offer advice, from disgust at its being generally overruled by the counsel of the last speaker being acted on. There is much reprehensible croaking going on; talk of retreat, and consequent desertion of our Mussulman troops, and the confusion likely to take place consequent thereon. All this makes a bad impression on the men. Our soldiery like to see the officers bear their part in privation; it makes them more cheerful; but in going the rounds at night officers are seldom found with the men. There are those that always stay at their posts on the ramparts, and the men appreciate them as they deserve. To particularize them would be too openly marking the rest; but their names will, I trust, be remembered to their honour and advantage hereafter. Amongst these, Capt. Bygrave, the Paymaster-General, was conspicuous; he never slept away from his post (the battery near his house) for a single night, and took his full share of fatigue, without adverting to his staff

appointment. Col. Oliver is one of the great croakers. On being told by some men of his corps, with great *jee*, that a certain quantity of grain had been brought in, he replied, "It was needless, for they would never live to eat it." Whatever we think ourselves, it is best to put a good face on the business.

Lady Sale was in the habit of viewing with painful interest from a position on the house-top the skirmishes and battle-scenes that were enacted in the immediate neighbourhood. In that position, "I had a fine view of the field of action, and whence, by keeping behind the chimneys, I escaped the bullets that continually whizzed past me." How must her heart have sunk, or how must her resolute and courageous nature have been aroused, on witnessing the dastardly rout when the attempt was made on Beymaroo, and when our men ran like sheep before the fanatic Ghazeeas:—

When they fairly appeared above-ground, it was very evident that our men were not inclined to meet them. Every field-glass was now pointed to the hill with intense anxiety by us in cantonments, and we saw the officers urging their men to advance on the enemy. Most conspicuous were Mackintosh, Laing, Troup, Mackenzie, and Layton; who, to encourage the men, pelted the Ghazeeas with stones as they climbed the hill; and, to do the fanatics justice, they returned the assault with the same weapons. Nothing would do,—our men would not advance, though this party did not appear to be 150 in number. At length one of the Ghazeeas rushed forward, waving his sword over his head: a Sipahee of the 37th darted forth and met him with his bayonet; but instead of a straight charge, he gave him a kind of side stroke with it, and they both fell, and both rose again. Both were killed eventually; the Ghazeea was shot by another man. It was very like the scenes depicted in the battles of the crusaders. The enemy rushed on; drove our men before them very like a flock of sheep with a wolf at their heels. They captured our gun. The artillerymen fought like heroes: two were killed at the gun; Sergeant Mulhall received three wounds; poor Laing was shot whilst waving his sword over the gun and cheering the men. It was an anxious sight and made our hearts beat: it lasted but for a few minutes.

The journalist had but rarely an opportunity to record the occurrence of a *beautiful sight;* but, to her heroic thinking there was at least one vision of the sort:—

Capt. Hay was this day sent with a message of consequence to the king, attended by an escort of fifty horse. He went out of cantonments at a brisk trot and forded the river. The enemy kept an excellent look-out; they were immediately in pursuit, but our party got safe into the Bala Hissar. It was a beautiful sight to see Hay with his cap pulled down on his brows, his teeth set, neither looking right nor left, but leading his men with the air of a man ready and expecting to encounter the worst, and fully determined to do his *devoir*. We were all very anxious about him, and were delighted to hear that he had got back safe, for they were fired on in returning, and ten horses without riders were the heralds of their return.

There is no puling in the Journal; nothing in the very tender and touching strain. There is passion; but it is of the nature of indignation or of scorn, rather than of tearful sorrow or wringing despair. An Amazon writes; nor can you form a better image of her than to fancy the heroine with feet planted "in a small crack in the rampart near Sale's bastion," to obtain a *fine view* of what is going on below, and whence she may pronounce her sentence of shame or approval, as the case may merit. How soldier-like her praise, such as "commendable steadiness and great alacrity!"

We stop not to attend to the negotiations that were secretly carried on, with the view of forming a treaty with the enemy, but rather notice the significance of the circumstances recorded in the following passage:—

This day Sturt was fortunate in purchasing a bag of otta (flour) sent in to him by Taj Mahommed, whose man brought another which our servants were purchasing. In a moment there was a cry of otta! and the garden was filled with camp followers and Sipahees. I never saw such a scene: the joy of those who got a handful for a rupee, the sorrow evinced by those who were unsuccessful, and the struggles of all to get close to the man! The gentlemen had to stand with thick sticks to keep the people off. There was no weighing; at first the man gave two handsful for a rupee, but the quantity soon diminished in consequence of the great demand for it. To prove our good faith and belief in that of the chiefs, we are to-day placed entirely in their power. They know that we are starving; that our horses and cattle have neither grain, bhoosa, nor grass. They have pretty well eaten up the bark of the trees and tender branches; the horses gnaw the tent pegs. I was gravely told that the artillery horses had eaten the trunnion of a gun! This is difficult of belief; but I have seen my own riding-horse gnaw voraciously at a cart-wheel. Nothing is *satisfied* with food except the Pariah dogs, who are gorged with eating dead camels and horses.

The catastrophe is at hand; forts, ammunition, &c., are given up; and the journalist, with her family, receive these tidings:—

Taj Mahommed Khan came again to see Sturt; and through his servants we got some new cheese. He told us that Shamsuddeen's brother died last night. Taj Mahommed assures us of the intended treachery of Akbar; and says the force will be annihilated, and is most anxious that we should accept such protection as he is willing to afford us somewhere in the hills until the return of the English;—for that a strong force will be sent to retake Cabul, and avenge the meditated destruction of our army, is a general opinion amongst the thinking Affghans, several of whom, as well as Taj Mahommed Khan, obtained written testimonials of their friendship towards the English, that they may hereafter produce them for their advantage. We can only thank him for his good intentions. It is difficult to make these people understand our ideas on military subjects; and how a proceeding, which was only intended to save a man's life, conjointly with that

of his wife and mother, can in any way affect his honour. Certain it is that we have very little hope of saving our lives.

We cite a few paragraphs on account of their personal interest. The first night of the retreat:—

There were no tents, save two or three small palls that arrived. All scraped away the snow as best they might, to make a place to lie down on. The evening and night were intensely cold: no food for man or beast procurable except a few handfuls of bhoosa, for which we paid from five to ten rupees. Capt. Johnson, in our great distress, kindly pitched a small pall over us; but it was dark, and we had few pegs; the wind blew in under the sides, and I felt myself gradually stiffening. I left the bedding, which was occupied by Mrs. Sturt and her husband, and doubled up my legs in a straw chair of Johnson's, covering myself with my poshteen.

. . Previous to leaving cantonments, as we must abandon most of our property, Sturt was anxious to save a few of his most valuable books, and to try the experiment of sending them to a friend in the city. Whilst he selected these, I found amongst the ones thrown aside, Campbell's Poems, which opened at Hohenlinden; and, strange to say, one verse actually haunted me day and night:—

> "Few, few shall part where many meet,
> The snow shall be their winding sheet;
> And every turf beneath their feet
> Shall be a soldier's sepulchre."

I am far from being a believer in presentiments, but this verse is never absent from my thoughts.

Next day:

Sturt, my daughter, Mr. Mein, and I, got up to the advance; and Mr. Mein was pointing out to us the spots where the 1st brigade was attacked, and where he, Sale, &c., were wounded. We had not proceeded half a mile when we were heavily fired upon. Chiefs rode with the advance, and desired us to keep close to them. They certainly desired their followers to shout to the people on the height not to fire: they did so, but quite ineffectually. These chiefs certainly ran the same risk we did; but I verily believe many of these persons would individually sacrifice themselves to rid their country of us. After passing through some very sharp firing, we came upon Major Thain's horse, which had been shot through the loins. When we were supposed to be in comparative safety, poor Sturt rode back (to see after Thain I believe): his horse was shot under him, and before he could rise from the ground, he received a severe wound in the abdomen. It was with great difficulty he was held upon a pony by two people, and brought into camp at Khoord Cabul. The pony Mrs. Sturt rode was wounded in the ear and neck. I had fortunately only *one* ball *in* my arm; three others passed through my poshteen near the shoulder without doing me any injury. The party that fired on us were not above fifty yards from us, and we owed our escape to urging our horses on as fast as they could go over a road where, at any other time, we should have walked our horses very carefully. * * *

The 37th continued slowly moving on without firing a shot, being paralysed with cold to such a degree, that no persuasion of their officers could induce them to make any effort to dislodge the enemy, who took from some of them not only their firelocks, but even the clothes from their persons.

Lady Sale and her companions:—

The ladies were mostly travelling in kajavas, and were mixed up with the baggage and column in the pass: here they were heavily fired on. Many camels were killed. On one camel were, in one kajava, Mrs. Boyd and her youngest boy Hugh; and on the other Mrs. Mainwaring and her infant, scarcely three months old, and Mrs. Anderson's eldest child. This camel was shot. Mrs. Boyd got a horse to ride, and her child was put on another behind a man, who being shortly after unfortunately killed, the child was carried off by the Affghans. Mrs. Mainwaring, less fortunate, took her own baby in her arms. Mary Anderson was carried off in the confusion. Meeting with a pony laden with treasure, Mrs. M. endeavoured to mount and sit on the boxes, but they upset; and in the hurry, pony and treasure were left behind, and the unfortunate lady pursued her way on foot, until after a time an Affghan asked her if she was wounded, and told her to mount behind him. This apparently kind offer she declined, being fearful of treachery, alleging as an excuse that she could not sit behind him on account of the difficulty of holding her child when so mounted. The man shortly after snatched her shawl off her shoulders, and left her to her fate. Mrs. M.'s sufferings were very great; and she deserves much credit for having preserved her child through these dreadful scenes. She not only had to walk a considerable distance with her child in her arms through the deep snow, but had also to pick her way over the bodies of the dead, dying, and wounded, both men and cattle, and constantly to cross the streams of water, wet up to the knees, pushed and shoved about by men and animals, the enemy keeping up a sharp fire, and several persons being killed close to her. She, however, got safe to the camp with her child, but had no opportunity to change her clothes; and I know from experience that it was many days ere my wet habit became thawed, and can fully appreciate her discomforts.

Night accommodation:—

Poor Sturt was laid on the side of a bank, with his wife and myself beside him. It began snowing heavily: Johnson and Bygrave got some xummuls (coarse blankets) thrown over us. Dr. Bryce, H.A., came and examined Sturt's wound: he dressed it; but I saw by the expression of his countenance that there was no hope. He afterwards kindly cut the ball out of my wrist, and dressed both my wounds. Half of a Sipahee's pall had been pitched, in which the ladies and their husbands took refuge. We had no one to scrape the snow off the ground in it. Capt. Johnson and Mr. Mein first assisted poor Sturt over to it, and then carried Mrs. Sturt and myself through the deep snow. Mrs. Sturt's bedding (saved by the ayah riding on it, whom we kept up close with ourselves) was now a comfort for my poor wounded son. He suffered dreadful agony all night, and intolerable thirst; and most grateful did we feel to Mr. Mein for going out constantly to the

stream to procure water: we had only a small vessel to fetch it in, which contained but a few mouthfuls. To sleep in such anxiety of mind and intense cold was impossible. There were nearly thirty of us packed together without room to turn. The Sipahees and camp followers, half frozen, tried to force their way, not only into the tent, but actually into our beds, if such resting-places can be so called—a poshteen (or pelisse of sheep skin) half spread on the snow, and the other half wrapped over me. Many poor wretches died round the tent in the night.

Married men and their families are placed under the protection of Akbar Khan, and marched off; and this is the brief sketch of part of an unparalleled journey:—

It would be impossible for me to describe the feelings with which we pursued our way through the dreadful scenes that awaited us. The road covered with awfully mangled bodies, all naked: fifty-eight Europeans were counted in the Tunghee and dip of the Nullah; the natives innumerable. Numbers of camp followers, still alive, frost-bitten and starving; some perfectly out of their senses and idiotic. Major Ewart, 54th, and Major Scott, 44th, were recognised as we passed them; with some others. The sight was dreadful; the smell of the blood sickening; and the corpses lay so thick it was impossible to look from them, as it required care to guide my horse so as not to tread upon the bodies.

Three gleanings more: the heroine and the heading of the troops:

Nothing can exceed the folly I have seen in the papers regarding my wonderful self,—how I headed the troops, &c., &c. It puts me in mind of Goldsmith's verses on Mrs. Blaze, in which he remarks, that the "king himself has followed her, when she has gone before;" and certainly I have thus headed the troops, for the chiefs told me to come on with them for safety sake; and thus I certainly did go far in advance of the column, but it was no proof of valour, though one of prudence. . . . Whilst I sat for hours on my horse in the cold, I felt very grateful for a tumbler of sherry, which at any other time would have made me very unlady-like, but now merely warmed me, and appeared to have no more strength in it than water. Cups full of sherry were given to young children three and four years old without in the least affecting their heads.

Narrow escape:—

Capt. Mackenzie held his (the King's Commissariat) fort until his ammunition was entirely expended, and then cut his way through the town, but in so doing was wounded in three places. Strange to say, this officer owed his life to beating a woman! He told his people to abandon their property and save their lives. A woman put down her child to save her pots and pans; and expostulation being of little effect, and time most precious, Mackenzie drew his sword to strike her with the flat of it, by which means he had it in his hand when he was attacked immediately afterwards.

The meeting:—

We had proceeded but a short way on our journey, when a horseman arrived with a note informing us that Sale was close at hand with a brigade. I had had fever hanging about me for some days; and being scarce able to sit on my horse, had taken my place in a kajava, the horrid motion of which had made me feel ten times worse than before I entered it. But this news renovated my strength. I shook off fever and all ills, and anxiously awaited his arrival, of which a cloud of dust was the forerunner. Gen. Nott was near Urghundee, and consequently close to us; and Gen. Pollock requested he would send a brigade to our assistance. This he refused, much to the disgust of his officers, alleging that his troops were fatigued. On this, Gen. Pollock sent Sale with a brigade at a few hours' notice. He left Siah Sung two miles east of Cabul, and made a forced march on the 19th (his sixtieth birthday) to Urghundee: he halted there that night, and on the following morning left his camp standing, and marched to meet us. At the pass near Kote Ashruffe he left his infantry to hold the position, and proceeded at the head of the 3rd dragoons. A party of Sultan Jan's men were in this neighbourhood, and some Kokhes in the immediate vicinity were driven off by the Juzailchees. Had we not received assistance, our recapture was certain; but as it was, they dared not attack the force they saw. It is impossible to express our feelings on Sale's approach. To my daughter and myself happiness so long delayed, as to be almost unexpected, was actually painful, and accompanied by a choking sensation, which could not obtain the relief of tears. When we arrived where the infantry were posted, they cheered all the captives as they passed them; and the men of the 13th pressed forward to welcome us individually. Most of the men had a little word of hearty congratulation to offer, each in his own style, on the restoration of his colonel's wife and daughter: and then my highly-wrought feelings found the desired relief, and I could scarcely speak to thank the soldiers for their sympathy, whilst the long-withheld tears now found their course.

ART. XII.—*On the Educational Clauses in the Bill now before the House of Commons, "for Regulating the Employment of Children and Young Persons in Factories, and for the Better Education of Children in Factory Districts."* By W. G. Fox.

MR. FOX in this very able pamphlet starts with a summary of the proposed enactments of the Bill recently introduced by Sir James Graham, and now under the consideration of the Legislature, relative to Education.

That all children under thirteen years of age, employed in factories, shall produce every week a certificate of their regular attendance at school during the week preceding. That, with certain exceptions, to be noticed presently, these certificates shall only be granted by the masters of schools constituted according to the provisions of the Act. That schools so constituted shall be supported from the poor's rate, by fees deducted from the children's wages, and by voluntary donations or payments for instruction,

aided, under certain conditions, by loans of public money. That the management of these schools shall be vested in trustees, the clergyman of the parish (or one of the clergymen of the parishes, selected by the bishop, if a plurality of parishes be included in the school district) being ex-officio trustee, and chairman of the trustees, with a double vote in cases of equal division; the two churchwardens (or, if there be more churchwardens within the district, two selected by the clerical trustee) being also trustees; and four others being chosen annually by the justices of the peace for the district. That the trustees shall have the appointment of the master and his paid assistants (subject to the approval of the bishop of the diocese, as respects their competency to give religious instruction), and the control and direction of the school, its discipline, hours, books, &c., with the exception of the specifically religious instruction, which is under the sole authority of the clerical trustee. That the masters shall daily read and "teach the holy Scriptures" to all the children, and repeat the Lord's Prayer; but that any child whose parent shall notify that he has a "religious objection" to the Catechism and Liturgy, shall not be punished or molested for not being present when they are they taught, but shall "at such periods be instructed in some other branch of knowledge taught in the school." That a school-inspector, appointed under the Act, shall annually audit the accounts of the school, and report on its efficiency (with the exception of the religious instruction) to the committee of council on education.

Mr. Fox considers these proposed enactments in reference to the persons whom they effect, the principles involved in them, and the probable balance of good or evil to be produced by their practical application. The *parents* of the children are the persons who first present themselves. These, the author argues, are deprived of the authority of choice usually exercised by parents. But for what reason? It cannot be because factory-children are worked more severely than thousands of other children. The selection therefore is invidious, and in the present temper of the working classes it is injudicious. Besides, the compulsory principle is a new thing to the people of this country. If the government is determined to grapple with national prejudice, for the sake of a great good, why select the poor in the experiment? In Prussia the compulsion is universal. But this would be impracticable in England, and it can only be done with the poor, because they are helpless.

But even the compulsion of the Bill is not directly that of education; for a child may attend school for a long time, and yet profit little. It is notorious that such is the fact in the case of multitudes at the prefent hour; whereas, similarly to what takes place in Prusia, the thing to be ascertained authoritatively should be this,—has the child profited by his schooling?—this being the only question in which society has an interest. But Sir James's Bill compels everything *about* education, but does not compel education *itself*, having all the odiousness of the Prussian compulsion, without its impartiality and without its security for the actual result. No doubt the Govern-

ment inspector must report that the school is "efficiently conducted." But Mr. Fox sets very little value upon this security.

The *children* and their interests next claim attention. But a small proportion of those in factory districts are connected with the Established Church; but they can only exempt their children from attendance on the catechetical and liturgical instruction, by a notification of their desire to the master or trustees, "on the ground of religious objection." But who is to decide whether an objection be *religion*? This is not stated in the Bill. The objection of heretical and even of nonconforming people may be deemed irreligious instead of religious; so that the system may become, not that of compulsory education, but of compulsory proselytism; while, should the child be refused admission, not only is instruction refused, but the means of subsistence also; for by the Bill, *no factory-master can legally give that child employment.* "Indeed, the dependence of the poor upon the clergy in things temporal, is yet more complete than this startling fact would indicate. A single trustee may, in the absence of the others, refuse the admission of a child, or order his expulsion. And at any factory the law is—no school-certificate, no employment. Poor families are not to be allowed to earn their bread but by clerical sufference."

Doubtless, continues Mr. Fox, the notifications "on the ground of religious objection," will bear a small proportion to the real objections, because parents will be averse to expose themselves by committing an act that will be construed by the powerful and wealthy to be an offence, who, for the most part, are churchmen, and will be in office. Hence will come hypocrisy, which the acuteness of children must soon detect and imitate. But suppose the notification made, and the child admitted,—what then?

The Bill declares, that "it shall not be lawful for any person to compel such child to be present" at the periods of liturgical instruction, "nor to punish, or otherwise molest, such child for not being present." Gracious words; but where and what is the definition or the penalty of molestation? The school may be easily made too hot to hold the child, without any tangible violation of the law. And is there not plenty of molestation according to the law? It is a molestation that his religion is formally proscribed and prohibited. The master's comments or exposition, when he reads the Holy Scriptures to all the children every day, may be a molestation. There may be plenty of hitting at him, and his parents, and his creed, and his scruples, and his sect, which all will perceive, and he will feel. The very selection of chapters, were they read without comment, might, by a zealous master, be made a molestation. The boy may be pelted with texts; and texts pelt as hard as paving-stones. The school-books may be full of molestation. Bigotry and intolerance may be evinced in teaching how to spell or to count. Elementary works have been, and perhaps still are, used in "national schools," by which this assertion is fully sustained. The daily division of the school, by the test of conformity, is a molestation. The

clerical trustee, or his deputy, comes in like a little deity to judgment; and the young sheep are placed at his right, the juvenile goats sent to the left about, and every infant amongst them made to feel, not only the bitterness of sectarian separation, but the dignity of conformity, and the degradation of dissent.

What will be the moral of all this? It will manufacture churchmen's children into "very pert little factory Pharisees." As they pass, will they not be taking a sight spiritually at their forlorn and discountenanced associates?

The following, regarding the TEACHERS, is remarkably good:—

A strong interest attaches to the inquiry, how any legal measure will affect the social position, character, and influence of *teachers*. How to raise the educator, both in himself and in public estimation, is the great educational problem of the day. The art of teaching the young is much rarer than that of instructing adults, or than the faculty of acquiring knowledge. Very little of it is frequently possessed by the most learned. The good schoolmaster has a lively sympathy with the young; he enters with ease into the operations of their minds; he comprehends their difficulties, often so very different from our difficulties; he is at home in their mental world —even their sports have enjoyment for him; a child's heart beats in his bosom; his business is no sordid occupation, it is his delight, his mission, his reward; and for this he bears with the thwartings of parental ignorance or prejudice, with the privations of most penurious remuneration, and with the low rank assigned to his important labours in the regards of society.

Whenever such persons can be found, they should be made much of. They are nature's good gifts to the world for the improvement of its successive generations. Every facility should be afforded for the completion of their attainments. The statesman, the divine, and all who by science, literature, or station, act upon public opinion, should delight to hold them in honour. When found and located, they should be trusted in their work. Only by results should they be judged. A confidence is due to them which no trustees can rightly claim, whether lay or clerical. The best school-method is ever the best school-master. Children are fashioned by men, and not by methods; not by rules and laws, but by the living spirit of love and wisdom.

Now, what is the first thing that the Bill does? Why, it subjects the teacher to a test-act; for all qualifications go for nothing unless he be a "Church-of-Englandist." By clause 55, every master, and also all his "paid assistants shall, in all cases, be subject to the approval of the bishop of the diocese in which the school is situated, as respects the competency of such master and his assistants to give the religious instruction required by the provisions of this Act." Now, according to this enactment, "Dr. Watts, whose logic was the text-book at Oxford," and Milton as well as Locke, would have been disqualified even as ushers. For factory-schools the Test-act then is re-enacted.

Again, the master is put entirely under the control of the trustees, in all that relates to the appointment of assistants, admission or expulsion of pupils, school-hours, books, &c. The clerical trustee has the absolute direction in the religious branch of the education. What competent teacher is there who will submit to this?

Mr. Fox sees objections to the proposed enactments, in that they confer upon the Committee of Council, consisting, as it must do, of party leaders, changing with every administration, absolute power over the entire system. In many factories schools have been established by the masters, and have been satisfactorily constituted. But should the Bill pass into law, the founder of any of these schools cannot, without the sanction of the Committee, certificate the children instructed by means of his own beneficence; and should he happen to be a dissenter, his certification is of no avail in the case of a child who is a member of the Church of England, unless it be taught the catechism and the liturgy; so that in the case of his own work-people he has to contend with difficulties and conditions, to the obstruction of his good intentions, and in a way too that may lead to alienation between him and his operatives. Other existing schools will suffer from the compulsory levy to be made under the Bill for the establishment contemplated; for the present condition of the factory districts is not such as to afford voluntary contributions for schools which dissenters might wish to support and countenance.

This Bill is not founded on the claim of a people to possess, and the duty of a government to provide, a national education. It selects two classes from the population—the factory people and the clergy—to subject the one to compulsion, and invest the other with authority. It aims "a heavy blow and great discouragement" at all instruction not given in the closest connexion with Church-of-England theology. And it strikes this blow in the districts where the great majority of the parents, and of the present educators, are most adverse from Church-of-England theology. In those districts it will do much to supersede Dissenting schools; neither there, nor elsewhere, will it commence a National Education.

Again, and specially with regard to Roman Catholics.

The Bill denies education entirely to all Roman Catholic factory-children, should there not be a Roman Catholic school within two miles of the place of their employment, or should such school not be favourably reported by the Government-inspector. And as the refusal of education is the refusal of work also, these children have no alternative but that of proselytism or beggary. This is compulsive conversion with a vengeance. To the Dissenter's child, the daily use of the Protestant version of the Scriptures offers no stumbling-block; to the Roman Catholic child it is insuperable. He is put under a ban; both mentally and physically, from which he can only be relieved by conformity. What is this, if it be not persecution?

Mr. Fox charges the Bill with the sins of omission as well as of commission. One of the gravest deficiency is, that no provision is contemplated as respects securing qualified and competent teachers; and until this is remedied, all else may go for nothing, or at least for any thing but a good purpose.

But Mr. Fox not only scrutinizes the Bill closely, and blames its clauses roundly, but he has something to suggest. He thus expresses himself as a prompter:—

What *might* be done by a Government wise enough and strong enough to disregard the clamour of sectarianism, established or non-established, is tolerably plain. Institutions for instructing and maturing teachers, without any theological test, might be founded or encouraged. Candidates for the office of teaching might be licensed by a competent board, both the extent and degree of their qualifications being noted in the licence or diploma. The entire population might be taxed for the support of a sufficient number of schools for the whole rising generation. These schools might be devoted to instruction, elementary at first, but carried as far (within a specified time) as the abilities of the teacher and the desires of the parents would allow and require. Equal provision might be made for religious instruction, according to the several creeds of the parents, with as little offensiveness to others as the nature of the case allows. The amount of taxation might be lightened by such portion of the educational endowments as is justly applicable. The master's qualifications being secured by his licence or diploma, his election might safely be left to the rate-payers, or a committee of them, in each locality, however unfit they may be supposed for such a choice without that limitation. Every sect determined to be exclusive, might be allowed to form schools of its own, with pecuniary aid proportioned to the number of scholars who were trained efficiently in secular instruction. And the practical working of the system might be enforced by stated examinations of the children in parishes or districts, thus ascertaining the fact, not of attendance merely, but of actual instruction; the parents being, as is now proposed, subject to penalties if the children were not educated. In all this, no right would be violated, no invidious distinction made, no qualified teacher excluded from his vocation, no persecution authorised, and no dissatisfaction excited, save amongst those who wish to turn schools to account for other purposes than those of instruction, and at other people's expense.

It is asked, can the evil in Sir James Graham's Bill be separated from the good? Mr. Fox offers the following suggestions as wholesome alterations for embodiment, deeming them calculated to do something in the way of amendment:—

First, for the trustees proposed by the Bill, to substitute trustees elected by the rate-payers; and to limit their control over the master, in the teaching and management of the school, to the enforcement of regulations sanctioned by the Committee of Council on Education.

Secondly, to reserve a certain portion of the school-time for direct religious instruction, to be given by such religious teachers as are approved by the parents.

Thirdly, to allow the privileges of schools constituted under the Act to any existing schools which are efficiently conducted, and will allow equal opportunities of religious instruction to all the pupils, of whatever denomination.

Fourthly, to make the certificate required by the child's employer, a certificate of attainment, and not of attendance; the attainment being graduated according to the child's age; *e. g.* reading fluently in the Gospels, at nine years of age; reading and writing at ten; knowledge of the first four rules of arithmetic at eleven, &c.

We have now given the substance, and also a very considerable portion of the pamphlet in the shape of extract. We think it will not be easy to combat the reasoning and the conclusions which it presents; or, as the Bill at present stands, to reconcile its educational clauses with the principles of impartial justice and perfect religious liberty. At the same time we perceive matter for congratulation both in the measure and in the temper in which it was received by the leaders on both sides of the House of Commons, however much there may be to object to in the details.

It would be too much to expect in "practical" England, where the term carries so great a charm, that any very comprehensive scheme of national education should be speedily introduced and carried. But, to use Mr. Fox's words, "the strong necessity of the case, the self-defence of the higher classes, and the manifest peril of social order, tend to ripen the public mind rapidly to a sense of what is due to humanity, though in its lowliest form." Accordingly the subject of education has forced itself upon the attention of Government. Neither the old, nor any constitution, can much longer be safely entrusted to ignorance and immorality. Anything therefore that looks in the right direction should be welcomed and encouraged. And when, as on the introduction of Sir James Graham's Bill, we witness both parties in Parliament disposed to discuss the measure with more than ordinary calmness, there are grounds for hoping that some of the details may pass into a law.

Even although we should with some desponding spirits see nothing but obstruction to the early settlement of the educational cause in the Government measure, by stirring up the slumbering animosities to the Church, yet this very excitement, it is probable, will accelerate the question, and guide to a comprehensive and liberal plan, which no piece-and-piece legislation could accomplish. It is an important point to have all parties now agreeing upon the value of secular instruction; but it will take time, perseverance, and pressure to render every sect sensible, whether within or without the pale of the Establishment, that religious education should be left free of every tramel which the stronger might wish to impose upon the conscientious scruples of the weaker. In the meantime we are not inclined to regard the Bill under consideration as a measure to be

denounced as incapable of such amendment as would render it a valuable boon and concession.

It may be true that a Committee of the Privy Council is a body to which so much irresponsible and despotic authority as is contemplated should not be accorded; and that the public can have no security against the inactivity and mismanagement of such a board. On the other hand it ought to be borne in mind that it is a gain to have it yielded that education is a thing over which the Government does extend its eye. Besides, the Committee will be necessarily identified with the Administration for the time being; and the day has arrived, that no Ministry can stand that resists or violates the public sense, expressed as this can always be through the representatives of the people. The Committee too will come to be looked to as the board to which all educational questions are to be referred; and in course of time the country may grow familiarized with the machinery of the plan so as that it will work effectively.

The factory children form but a small proportion of the rising generation. But then could you safely make the experiment upon a much broader scale; and beginning as you must somewhere, was there any other section of the nation with which you could more hopefully start? Still, while there may be much in the principles of the Bill to be gratefully hailed by the friends of national education, it is right that a vigilant eye should be directed to its details, and especially to prevent it from becoming a legal engine of proselytism. Indeed the dissenters, and the liberals in the ranks of the Church, have timeously awoke to criticise the proposed enactments, although in not a few cases with a heat that threatens to render the work of pacification and adjustment one of increasing difficulty; whereas little good can be looked for unless the subject be treated without passion and party rancour.

It does not augur ill, we think, that Lord John Russell has taken the field with a string of resolutions; it having been the late Whig Ministry that took the first step in the direction of a system of national education. We copy out these resolutions, that our readers may have the better means of judging whether Sir James's Bill can be rendered acceptable to the Dissenting body, and thoroughly safe in respect of civil and religious liberty.

1. That in any Bill for the promotion of education in Great Britain, by which a Board shall be authorised to levy, or cause to be levied, parochial rates, for the erection and maintenance of schools, provision ought to be made for an adequate representation of the ratepayers of the parish in such Board.

2. That the Chairman of such Board ought to be elected by the Board itself.

3. That the Holy Scriptures in the authorised version should be taught in all schools established by any such Board.

4. That special provision should be made for cases in which Roman Catholic parents may object to the instruction of their children in the Holy Scriptures in such schools.

5. That no other books of religious instruction should be used in such schools, unless with the sanction of the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and the concurrence of the Committe of Privy Council for Education.

6. That in order to prevent the disqualification of competent schoolmasters on religious grounds, the books of religious instruction other than the Holy Bible, introduced into the schools, should be taught apart by the clergyman of the parish, or some person appointed by him, to the children of parents who belong to the Established Church, or who may be desirous that their children should be so instructed.

7. That all children taught in such schools should have free liberty to reso t to any Sunday school, or any place of religious worship which their parents may approve.

8. That any school connected with the National School Society, or the British and Foreign School Society, any Protestant Dissenters' school, and any Roman Catholic school which shall be found upon inspection to be efficiently conducted, should be entitled by licence from the Privy Council to grant certificates of school attendance, for the purpose of employment in factories of children and young persons.

9. That, in the opinion of this House, the Committee of Privy Council for Education ought to be furnished with means to enable them to establish and maintain a sufficient number of training and model schools in Great Britain.

10. That the said Committee ought likewise to be enabled to grant gratuities to deserving schoolmasters, and to afford such aid to schools established by voluntary contribution, as may tend to the more complete instruction of the people in religious and secular knowledge, while at the same time the rights of conscience may be respected.

Now, we do not see why the most jealous Churchman should be alarmed at Lord John's amendments, or that the Factory Bill might not be made to receive them with cordiality, so as to meet the views of the friends of religious freedom. Everything for the present, however, will be hazarded, we fear, by intemperate demands on both sides; and in that case even the small experiment in the manufacturing districts may prove utterly abortive or positively injurious. But better is it that the measure should be abandoned altogether, and to an indefinite period, than that it should violate the clear principles of liberty, or tend to narrow their foundations.

Art. XIII.

1. *Judas; a Tragic Mystery.* By Digby P. Starkey, A.M. Longman.
2. *The Banished Lord. A Tragedy in Five Acts.* Mitchell.

Mr. Starkey stands up manfully for sacred poems thrown into that shape which he has given to his Judas,—and he also appears to think that they will yet supersede the epic and the drama. In this there is, it seems to us, a visionary hope rather than any distinct perception of tokens to the effect expected, or even of any principle that would render such a poetical revolution a positive gain. Religious subjects do not appear to be destined, in any poetic shape, to constitute a large and predominating class of literature; not that the *serious* would be unpopular, but because of the extreme difficulty of coming up to the standard required, or even to the elevation which every one's religious sentiments reach, whenever he retires within himself to hold converse with the Deity, or to meditate upon death, judgment, and eternity. Above all, the obstacles to success are next to insurmountable when the poet introduces Scriptural personages; not merely because they have the character of inspiration, but because the poet can hardly step out of, or beyond, the record familiar to us from infancy, without doing violence to our knowledge and our sense of what is becoming and seasonable. It is difficult also to create a thorough sympathy in the persons who figure in the Bible, so remote is the era in which they lived, as well as so feebly perceived the nature of the society in which they moved.

With reference to the "Tragic Mystery" before us, and especially to the representation of Judas, there appears to be more to try the genius of the poet than in most of the scriptural characters; for baseness attaches with unremoveable weight to his name, and how can you allow him the elevation of a tragic hero, if you keep at all within the record? To be sure Mr. Starkey does by no means confine himself so strictly; but his greatest innovation offends one's feelings as something loathsome, coarse, vulgar, and common-place: for he finds a concubine for the betrayer, whose greed and extravagance tempt to theft and to selling of innocent blood. Even the other principal characters fail to touch our sympathies, and this partly from want of individuality and distinctive characteristics of humanity. The language they utter has fluency and a sort of sacred pomp; but it is rhetorical rather thau poetic, both the speakers and the speeches being abstractions. The subordinates, whether of persons or sentiments, are better, because they are more accessible and imaginable.

"Judas," as a dramatic poem, though labouring under all these necessary and actual conditions, is a composition of power, and far greater than average merit. Mr. Starkey is a scholar, a man of

deep thought, and imbrued with a poetic temperament. There is boldness in his fancies, and he also possesses a rich font of philosophic pensiveness and gentle emotions. He is very successful, we think, even when he attempts to delineate Christ, whom he wisely avoids introducing personally. The plot too is contrived so as to keep up a considerable degree of interest, and many of the incidents are happily conceived. The following gives us a description of the Saviour, and the miracle of the lame beggar:—

> His eye
> Gleamed with a joy that seemed to scare himself,
> So wild it was and bright, His shrunken limbs
> Strung with new muscle, bore him lightly on,
> He scarce felt whither; and the pride, fresh-born,
> Which spurned the cripples's last emolument,
> (For, as he passed, he flung some mites away,)
> All marked the man: and near his vacant seat
> His bed and crutches lay. This man, call'd Christ,—
> Thou'st seen him?
>
> SALATHIEL.
>
> Never; but I've heard there's much
> Speaks in his face and mien.
>
> JACOB.
>
> Nay, 'tis not that:
> Nor can I rightly answer to my heart,
> What in his presence awes me; for his look
> Is meek as a meek infant's, mournful somewhat,
> A smile o'ershadowed. But a nameless power
> Enwraps his reverend brow, and, like a crown,
> Shines o'er the tresses of his nut-brown hair,
> Which sweeps his shoulders. Once, within the court
> That rounds the Temple, I drew near to him,
> And heard him speak,—a voice, Salathiel,
> On which the ear hangs, drinking sweetness in
> As the bee sucks the flower, yet low and calm,
> And sparing of much words: but when they come,
> There's more of wisdom for their modesty,
> And weight because they're few. In converse gentle,
> In-teaching patient, awful in reproof,
> He shakes the heart he hurts not, like the roll
> Of distant thunder.

The next specimen belongs to the "agony" scene:

> For three whole nights he hath not slumbered once:
> I watch him close to minister relief—
> But 'tis in vain. Hearken—when, all forespent,
> Our custom is at eve to cast us down

Loose on the earth, the parting blessing given,
Our sacred master doth not go to rest.
No—not e'en then, though more o'erspent than all,
Languid and weak, those fainting limbs do claim
A respite of repose. The other night
I heard him groan, and, starting up, beheld
His wasted figure, dark against the sky,
Pass out before me. I arose in haste,
And followed him aloof. Unto the grove
We haunt for prayer, he dragged his feeble steps,
And, entering, cast him down. I heard him sob
And watched the agony of his wrung hands,
And the clear whiteness of his hallowed brow
Marbled against the sky. I hid me there,
An humble watcher of the sacred prayer,
Thinking to see him gradual faint to sleep,
The death of sorrow. Never, friend, did close
All night that anguished eye. Not once were stretched
Those limbs in rest. Incessant poured the prayer
In fervent agony from his pale lips.
My spirits must have failed, but that my eyes
Were held by fascination on his form,
Bent in the moonbeam, till I fancied shapes
Of superhuman loveliness hung round,
Clustering to catch the accents as they fell,
And bear them up to heaven. When the morn
First glimmered in the East, he sighed, and rose,
And turned him to depart. I drew aside
To let him pass; but from his eye, thou knowest
No man can hide; he fixed it on me, passing,
And murmuring "peace," returned the way he came.

One sample more: it is Satan's description to Judas of what is hell.

I tell thee what is hell: thy mind—thy mind,
No more by clouds of prejudice obscured,
But opened to discern the real truth
Of all that thou hast never learned before.
The majesty of virtue, and the rank
Of Him from whom it flows, the Almighty source
Of it and happiness—the power of love—
The privilege of prayer—the bliss of praise—
The vastness of creation, and the scope
Of God's all-seeing eye, which shines among
His beings, as the sun upon the flowers,
Source of their being and their beauty too;
And by that knowledge doomed itself to know
Alone unlighted by the all-gladdening ray.
—I'll tell thee what is hell: thy secret soul,

Immortal, conscious, vigilant, intense,
Quivering with life, and impotent to stand
Inactive in a fervent universe,
Wherein undying labour is the meed
Conditioned unto all; and to observe
That soul, by the still-conscious mind informed,
Slow drifting on the eternal course of things
Down that dark stream o'er which the arch of death
Bends and obliterates the face of God.
—I'll tell thee what is hell: to own, and teach,
As I do now, great truths, when nought
Instruction, or confusion, but to add
Honours to the Omnipotent and write
With conscious hand the sentence of our crime
Above the portal of our punishment;
And thus be wrung by that tremendous Power
That bends all being to His sovereign will,
To swell heaven's anthem, and repeat His praise
In deep responses to the Cherubim;
And for the hated homage yet be paid
With deeper bale, as they with brighter bliss.
—I'll tell thee what is hell: thy memory,
Still mountained up with records of the past,
Heap over heap, all accents, and all forms,
Telling the tale of joy and innocence,
And hope, and peace, and love; recording, too,
With stern fidelity, the thousand wrongs
Worked upon weakness and defencelessness:
The blest occasions trifled o'er, or spurned;
All that hath been, that ought not to have been,
That might have been so different, that now
Cannot but be, irrevocably past!
—I'll tell thee what is hell: thy grangrened heart,
Stripped of its self-worn mask, and spread at last
Bare in its horrible anatomy
Before thine own excruciated gaze!

The author of "The Banished Lord" declares that "it is not a dramatic poem," but "a transcript of life,—a *domestic* tragedy." He has striven to avoid all merely melodramatic effects, but while writing for the stage has endeavoured to give "the inner life,—the concealed passion that works its way through characterisation, revealing its intent, and sounding the human heart as it winds along." The intention however has been better than the result, the effort greater than the ability to sustain it. The tragedy would not be effective, we think, in representation. The story is improbable, at least the plot is not consistently worked out, nor by the directest and most vigorous march; uncalled-for characters, dull dialogues, and feeble or undignified colloquialisms are frequently obtruded. It is a

heavy charge against the piece that it occasions no tears,—no great distress is felt; we took hardly any interest in any one of the characters. Some of them talk a great deal, but frequently as few would express themselves in similar circumstances.

Still, with all the blemishes that may mar the Banished Lord, obstruct the interest of the reader, or unfit it for the stage, it yet contains many beautiful passages, at times evidences of tragical power, and not a few bursts of deep-seated passion. The author is manifestly but little experienced as a dramatic writer. At the same time there are abundent evidences of talent and powers to produce a superior dramatic work, unless indeed, self conceit, of which the preface affords some tokens, stand between him and that success which would attend earnest and hard-trained effort.

We do not trouble ourselves with going into the story of the piece, or outlining the plot. Suffice it to say that the time is that of a Douglas and Percy; that the Banished Lord has become unpopular at court and keeps to his castle in the North of England; that there is a Shylock in the piece, who is as rich as Lord de Mortimer is haughty, as mean by birth as the Banished is aristocratic. There is large money-lending; embarrasment on one side, merciless exaction on the other. But to embroil matters, and yield the proper amount of love and love-crossings, his lordship's daughter, Agnes, is in love with Charles Galbraith, the wealthy villain's son; that a private marriage is contracted between them; that Galbraith's great ambition is to have the union brought about with the avowed consent of De Mortimer, whose mind is so far unseated from its throne, that he raves and acts in maddest fashion. The rest of the story, its windings and incidents, must be sought for in the book.

Having alluded to the author's inexperience, the indications of genius in the piece, and the passages of passion and power, the best thing that we can do for him, is to allow a considerable space to samples,—it being proper and pleasant on all occasions to herald merit.

The old but still stalwart lord is in his armoury, and discourseth of his swords.

DE MORTIMER.

This scouring of old iron more sorts with me
Than music with the moon.

ADAM.

'Tis a sweet sound.

DE MORTIMER.

See, sirrah! That morion stands awry.
This little armoury is like a nest
Where Fate hath brooding sat. How many souls
Those antique pikes have loosened from the earth!

Again—

(Takes up an old sword.).

My hand's at home here yet, tho'. Why—yes!
It was this very Douglas that is dead.
Faith! they were well-meant blows; this deepest one,—
Ay! this one 'twas that snapped his sword like glass.
How like a thing of yesterday it seems!
'Twas at the pine-hill foot, just as the Percy
Fell o'er the haunches of his wounded horse,
The red-haired Mordoch roaring for his cub,
Madder than boar that gnashes tusks of foam,—
A thick-skull'd race they were;—How wast!—No;
Yes—yes! it was;
I had him on his knee, and had upraised
My sword to pin him down; when this same Douglas,
Bellowing revenge, rushed in between us
With his bloody hoof.

De Mortimer holdeth forth *anent* ambition.

It is the climber's fate: each step's advance,
But brings us the reversion of a fall.
Ambition's goal is planted in the grave,—
And what's the gain? a mouldy epitaph.
Ah fools—poor fools! We lie in glory's dream,
Mounting th' Elysium of our golden hope;
And even when we think to clutch the prize,
Making ourselves immortally secure,—
Truth draws aside the curtain and looks in;
Creation feigns to muster up a tear,
And we, like the very puppets of an hour,
As if in mockery of the former pomp,
That fawned upon our pinnacles of pride,
Are thrust off-hand into a gorgeous shroud,
And couched beside the beggar;—that's all the sum
Of all the thousand pageantries of earth.
The very serpents that now lick my dust up,
Will grudge my bones a coffin,—and that's ambition!
To be chewed up by Time's enormous maw,
And spat out like a morsel of disgust,
For common worms to—(*Shudders.*)—Adam!

Enter Adam. De Mortimer *gives him the sword.*

Adam.

Shall I hang it in the hall, my Lord! beside the old
French armour?

De Mortimer.

Why there?

ADAM.

Your favorite sword, my Lord! a noble blade it has been.

DE MORTIMER.

Ay—has been. Wherever England's banner flew,
That sword was in the van; yet now—
It is as rusty as a butcher's knife.

Charles describes to his friend Harry his marriage scene with Agnes.

We stood before the shattered altar-stone,
Her hand on mine; but nothing could I hear.
Nor nothing saw I, but the lovely face
That gazed upon the earth: and thus we stood,
Scarce conscious of the trance that bound us there,
Until her eyes upturning upon mine,
With such a dawn of blushing eloquence,
That our lips drew together, as if to seal
The extacy we shared; and then—we parted:
She, to her home, and I—

HARRY.

Come, come—shake melancholy off; You've now
No right to sigh, and grumble at the stars;—
You've won the game; she's yours,—your wedded wife—
Flesh of your flesh.—

CHARLES.

That such a blessing should contain a curse!
She is my wife,—should pillow on my heart;
Yet, when her angel footsteps would meet mine,
She must *steal* forth, like some unhallowed hag
That wanders out to conjure with the moon.

Agnes and her friend Ellen have also a talk about the cares of matrimony.

ELLEN.

Ha, ha, ha! Poor Ag! The cares of matrimony have already shaded her brow: her eye kisses the earth, as if in love with a docken root; her breath comes in gushes, like the water of a broken-hearted pump; and to see her pretty feet tripping out of tune, one would swear that she had been taking lessons from a wounded robin. Ha, ha, ha! dear Ag! one may be married without imitating Lot's wife. Well! I will keep thee in countenance,—here we shall stand like two pillars of sugared salt, with no more thoughts of laughter than a pepper-box.

AGNES.

Dear Nell! If laughter were the only sign
Of the full height of joy, how I would laugh!
My soul springs in my breast, as if it would
Make wing to skyey realms; yet something keeps
It prisoned here in bondage of delight;
Like water-lily floating in a cup
That all but tides the brim. Methinks the flower
Aye saddest looks when flies its humming bee!
And how should I no drooping aspect wear,
Who have a husband found, yet lack the words
That gratulate the ear?

ELLEN.

A few hours more,
And at your feet, upon the daisied plain,
That husband shall his whispers breathe again.

AGNES

Then sorrow like a midnight ghost shall flee,
And sunshine flood the earth.

A longer extract than we have yet offered shall be our last. It presents, to our thinking, a fine dramatic passage; poetry, sentiment, and passion, being happily blended and adequately sustained. Lady de Mortimer and her lord are the *dramatis personæ*, and the scene of deep domestic import.

LADY.

No—husband! let me stay?

DE MORTIMER.

To pry into my heart, and rub my sores
(I'll have no more of it—madam: No more of it!)
With your compassion for my enemies.

LADY.

No. Shame on them. They are the rudest men—

DE MORTIMER.

The rudest men!
As one would say, "It is a foggy day!"
Or name a thing of no material point,
With unattending ear,—"oh, 'tis the saddest thing!"
Madam—guilt's nothing! Villiany's a joke!
Vile deeds are merely garments out of date,
And he who wears them—"he's the rudest man."
Good Heavens and earth—he is the rudest man!
How little know we of a horrid truth,

Till tempests hurl the waters from its head ;—
My very hearth-stone rises with the world
To pelt me into misery !—Amen.
Must I then force you off. (*Takes hold of her.*)

LADY (*weeping.*)

Husband—husband !

DE MORTIMER.

I am not, Madam, to be smeared with words ;
And lying looks are not a mesh to him
Who knows their worth. What's to be done, I'll do :
I'll follow hate into its furthest nook :
And if there need be blood,—as blood hath flowed
To cicatrise the wound on honour's breast,
And tear false bondage from the turmoiled heart,—
I wear a dagger, too.—Meantime—to your chamber.
(*He pushes her out, then sinks bewilderedly in a chair.*)
What's that I said ?—My wife ! That opens all !—(*Rises.*)
My grandsire's old infirmity of mind !
My wasted memory like a parched scroll,—
Those horrid throbs that creep about my brain,—
I'm touched with the hereditary taint.
(*Stopping before a portrait.*)
He has my very features, too !
Wife ! wife ! (*Calling—walks in agitation.*)
The tree of life has tossed me to the storm ;
And I hang by its roots.—Wife—wife ! (*Calling.*)
The baffled heart that struggles with its fear,
Has harder work apportioned to its task,
Than ever daunted Hercules. Yet I—
There have been men who grappling disease,
Have beat down madness as it staggered by,
And laughed upon the very brow of death !
Like them I'll wrench disaster from its aim,
Thrust woe aside,—Why have I drawn my sword ?
Madness could never feel so calm,—and yet
This prowling dizziness that lures me on
With whispered satisfaction of repose,—
But let me reason. If I kill myself,—
A heart immortal is destruction proof !
But, granting it were done—if I should kill myself—
'Tis strange that I should like a huckster stand
And stutter in a doubt ! I'll—let me see—
That—tut. (*Sheaths his sword.*)
The madness lies in thinking myself mad.

Enter LADY DE MORTIMER.

DE MORTIMER (*going to her.*)

Let us sit down. (*They sit.*)

Look at me, wife. What did I say just now?

LADY.

Nothing—nothing.

DE MORTIMER (*aside.*)

Her cheek is wet.

LADY.

Ah, me! Pale—pale again. Husband!
How fixed his eye is! Husband, are you well?

DE MORTIMER.

I cannot recollect what 'twas I said;
But 'twas a tune I know that sounded harsh.

LADY.

The instrument we love is never harsh,
Let sound what tune it will.

DE MORTIMER.

Thou best of wives!
Forgiveness is a music on thy tongue,
As native as the honey to the bee.
You see, I—I am checkered from myself:—
Tell me what 'twas I said?

LADY.

You lack repose:
An o'ertasked strength will bend down iron nerves.

DE MORTIMER.

Oh, if myself alone could suffer all,
I'd throw surmise to sicken on the sea;
But, when I feel that thou, in the same bark,
Must bear each billow that is heaved at me,—

LADY.

They make me cling the closer to thy side.
Why do you look at me so steadfastly?

DE MORTIMER.

My eye turns back to twenty years ago:
The loveliest lady, where loveliness is rife,
Rejects a prince's hand,—her hand clasps mine,
With lofty hopes to my poor fortune bowed;
She leaves the Court with me; gives me such love
As never yet sprung up by sorrow's side,—

LADY.

And had it all repaid. and paid again,

DE MORTIMER.

I can read my whole life in that one smile.

NOTICES.

ART. XIV.—*Scientific Wanderings.*—By the Rev. R. FRAZER.

THE "Wanderings" are the "results of observation and experiment; being an attempt to illustrate the elements of physics, by an appeal to natural and experimental phenomena." The travels, therefore, are fictitious in so far as the frame-work is concerned. However, there is no romance in the scientific matter of the little volume, the author following natural operations in the selection of his examples, instead of artificial experiment; conceiving that such is the best method in order to create a taste for physics, and for furnishing an introduction to this branch of study. *Air* is the subject of the book, and the ascent of the Peak of Tenriffe givesrise at the starting to a discourse on the necessity of air to breathing and hearing. Dr. Woodbroke and two youths are the voyagers and travellers; and wherever they go they find occasion for studying and conversing about *air*. By means of incident and description introduced with probable effect, the book is rendered entertaining as well as instructive. Numerous wood-cuts enhance the value of the work.

ART. XV.—*The Reminiscences of an Old Traveller throughout different parts of Europe.*—By THOMAS BROWN, Esq. 4th Edition.

THESE Reminiscences include "Historical Details of the Russian Empire, and anecdotes of the Court," the present edition being "greatly enlarged." Mr. Brown has an eye to practical matters, and delights in anecdotes and harmless gossip. His style becomes the man, being plain and unaffected. Fourth Edition! What more need be said?

ART. XVI.—*The Christian contemplated, in a Course of Lectures delivered in Argyll Chapel, Bath.* By WILLIAM JAY.

THERE is not one of the volumes in the "collected and revised" edition of Mr. Jay's works that does not strike us in several ways. Warm piety, practical teaching, enlarged philanthropy, sound knowledge, and a mind alive to the sterling in literature, are seen in every page. There is a plain force in all that he says, an unaffected simplicity that is often deeply affect-

ing, were it but from its affectionateness, that must have greatly contributed to his celebrity. There is true dignity too in his thoughts, to which his style shapes itself with a Scriptural sort of fitness and kinship. How serenely cheerful, how manfully intelligent, how unassumingly paternal, how devoutly pure is his wisdom! We should think that a better model both as a preacher and a man to all classes, whether learned or unlearned, polished or unhewn, can no where be met with either among dissenters or in the Establishment. The preface to the present volume is of itself a valuable treatise, in which he enters upon the question of *pulpit style.* It touches the heart while it fills the head.

ART. XVI.—*The Emigrant's Hand-book of Facts.* By SAMUEL BUTLER, Esq.

A GOOD compilation, the colonies particularly described being Canada, New Zealand, Australia, Cape of Good Hope, and the Falkland Islands. There is a large map of Canada, and a smaller one of New Zealand and Port Nicholson. These maps are laid down with special reference to the emigrant. This little cheap book is quite sufficient for its purpose, which is merely to detail facts, leaving it to the intending emigrant to use his own discretion in his choice.

ART. XVII.—*A Course of Lectures to Young Men, on Science, Literature, and Religion.* Second series; second thousand.

THESE Lectures were delivered in Glasgow, by Ministers of various denominations. They are able and earnest discourses, exceedingly well adapted to the purpose indicated by the title. It is saying much in their behalf, that those which treat of the secular branches are not less rich in instruction and suggestion than the discourses that have a more professional character, and that fall within the range of the preacher's weekly ministrations.

THE

MONTHLY REVIEW.

JUNE, 1843.

ART. I.—*Reports of the Committee of the Home and Colonial Infant School Society, for the Years* 1841 *and* 1842. [*Other Publications which have emanated from the Society to be noticed in the course of the article.*]

THERE are some subjects so affluent of fact and suggestion, that one is perplexed how to enter upon them. What to reject and what to select are the questions that create the main difficulty. But should the subject happen to have been the occasion of keen controversy,—still more, should it labour under the misfortune of being the theme of present and contemporary conflict, then its exactions become severer and more formidable; so that a journalist who is desirous to avoid party warfare, may well feel doubly alarmed, when he finds himself called upon to discuss it. *Education* at this moment may be instanced as one not only of the most pressing topics of the day, but that which is bringing into hostile array troops of ardent and able combatants, gathered from all quarters of the land. True, there are grounds for hope and gratulation in this state of matters; for better it is to be astir than dormant, regarding such a paramount affair,—the presumption being that light and life will arise out of the commotion, and that at length a right direction will be taken towards the full development of social order and individual worth as well as intelligence throughout the nation.

To us, in the meanwhile, however, it is matter of thankfulness that the immediate subject of the present paper cannot in any sound and candid mind remain a question of serious doubt and contention, the moment after it is fairly explained or its scope illustrated. This it will be our pleasurable duty to attempt, as guided by documents before us, and other evidence; although we cannot pretend to execute the task with anything like the fulness and closeness which the subject demands, and of which it is so richly susceptible.

The institution under review, which was established in 1836, not only professes and undertakes to train and to instruct children from a

very tender age up to their eighth or ninth year, but to present the most perfect system that has yet been devised and brought into practical operation, for conducting infant schools,—not only to cherish and gently develope the opening faculties and feelings of the little ones, until they are able of themselves to regulate their own exercises with some degree of tension and profit, but to furnish a Model Infant School for the training and instructing of Infant School Teachers.

But before entering upon the character, functions, proceedings, and actual results of the "Home and Infant School Society," whose establishment is now fixed in the neighbourhood of King's Cross, London, we have to admit that objections have been taken to institutions of the name,—nay, that errors of such a serious nature have attached to them, as to warrant opposition as well as suspicion. Let us notice the sententious *dicta* of that great literary talker, Coleridge, upon the subject of Infant Schools, and reported to have been uttered by him on July 24, 1832.

In "Specimens of the Table-Talk" he thus expresses himself:—"I have no faith in act of Parliament reform. All the great—the permanently great—things that have been achieved in the world, have been achieved by individuals working from the instinct of genius or of goodness. The rage now-a-days is all the other way; the individual is supposed capable of nothing; there must be organization, classification, machinery, &c., as if the capital of national morality could be increased by making a joint stock of it. Hence you see these infant schools so patronized by the bishops and others, who think them a grand invention. Is it found that an infant school child, who has been bawling all day a column of the multiplication table, or a verse from the Bible, grows up a more dutiful son or daughter to its parents? Are domestic charities on the increase amongst families under this system? In a great town, in our present state of society, perhaps such schools may be a justifiable expedient and choice of the lesser evil; but as for driving these establishments into the country villages, and the breaking up the cottage-home education, I think it one of the most miserable mistakes which the well-intentioned people of the day have yet made."

It is for the bishops and others who patronize infant schools in which bawling all day a column of the multiplication-table, or a verse from the Bible takes place, to reply to him whose great forte, it has been said, was monologue rather than dialogue. Had he, however, lived to hold converse with persons actually acquainted with the "Home and Colonial Infant School Society;" or had he but for an hour or two visited in person the institution in Gray's Inn Road itself, he would not have run riot into any sneering generality, neither imaged to himself bawling children, nor aught of the mere parrot-practice kind.

We might object to the term *driving* made use of by the "old man eloquent," as quite inapplicable to the system adopted by the institution more immediately under notice. But we hasten to remark upon the idea of "breaking up the cottage-home education," —a thing so beautiful to the imagination, and so susceptible of being garnished with poetical sentiment; yet alas! in the present day, so often unrealised, so grievously opposed to fact.

The objection is to the supposed confinement and restraint interfering with the healthy freedom of the homely cottage; to the artificial regulations supplanting the mother's fostering and natural care; to the cramming prematurely the tender mind with facts and ideas, instead of allowing it to enjoy the sweet method of development that has been ordained by an all-wise Providence. But how far must arguments of this description yield, when the objector visits an infant school, and becomes an eye-witness of the cheerfulness which there prevails among the young community; where, instead of imprisonment, he beholds the children placed in well-considered conditions for pleasurable training rather than of dull teaching; and where, in the place of quarrelling and bawling, or of rudeness and the indulgence of bad feelings, there is every symptom of kindly affection, mildness, and order, that the dreamers about infant innocency can readily imagine, coupled too with that activity, glee, and sportiveness so essential in the spring of life. It must be admitted, however, that such an attractive spectacle would not entirely reconcile us to an organised institution of the kind, were it to be compared to the Arcadian picture which many form for themselves when speaking of agricultural districts, of a thriving peasantry, or the sunshine days of England's rural history. But look at the *actual;* and then, even in the sequestered nooks of the country, instead of homely guardianship and comforts, of maternal tenderness and natural training, you shall find at this day in very many instances something much more closely resembling desolation and abandonment; for the mother whose bosom may be hourly yearning towards her child, is obliged to betake herself to field-labour from morning till eve, in order to add a pittance to the weekly earnings of her hard-worked husband; that the little one, if cared for and watched in any measure at all, has been given over for the time to the notice of a neighbour; perchance to one of her own offspring, who is only a step higher than the infant, and who has to forego the needful schooling for his years in order to perform most inadequately, nay, perniciously to both, the office of nurse and parental guardian; or at best, some old, fretful woman in the vicinity, when unfit for aught else, is supposed fit to keep an infant seminary, and to her the child is consigned for nearly the livelong day, to be huddled up with other victims of a like age, and to learn anything but what is healthy to mind, soul, or body.

How much farther then must the objection yield when these circumstances are taken into consideration, even as relates to rural districts! But must not the case of infancy appear more desolate and desperate still if you conduct your survey to manufacturing districts and towns, where mill-labour usurps the mother's hours, and all the evils combine which have of recent years been brought to light, by the investigations of philanthropists, statistical societies, and boards of parliamentary commissioners; where indoor squalor and street-vice pollute and encompass childhood with a fell and irremovable leprosy? Or should the London-abiding citizen desire to have his convictions confirmed on the side of humanity and truth, let him institute in person his inquiries into the condition and manners of thousands in the immediate vicinity of the Infant School which is planted in Gray's Inn Road, and next direct his steps to that establishment; and the most sanguine friends of the system there in active operation, need not for an instant tremble for the verdict of the honest and intelligent visitor.

The Home and Colonial Infant School Society, although presenting to the candid and competent inquirer, an institution and system of training and discipline, as well as of teaching and positive instruction, that cannot, we think, admit of controversy or opposition, and therefore stands out in beautiful relief from the establishments and theories that are at present agitating the community, is yet a subject so teeming with fact and suggestion, that we are at a loss how best, and in a very limited space, to describe its character and indicate its promise. Even its literature is growing to an extent, that we cannot well embrace the publications, so as to notice each with any degree of minuteness in a single paper; nor is it improbable, before we can return to the topic, the increase may be so great and rich, considering the health of the institution, the vigorous talent buttressing it, and the cheerful zeal which animates its patrons and office-bearers, that we shall experience an utter inability to keep pace with the progress by outline strides. Ere that period arrive, however, there are firm grounds for the confident hope that the seed-sowing shall have been so broadly cast, and the ripenings so golden, that all without explanation or pressure may read the facts as they run, and appreciate their value without book computation.

The institution under review, which has been honoured with the patronage of her Majesty, and that of many other persons distinguished by their rank or extensively known for their benevolence, has for its object both negative and positive good. Look at the preservative side of the subject. And here we quote certain observations in the Report of the year 1841, where the committee of the society enter at some length into what they consider should be the leading objects of early education, and into the manner in which it is attempted to carry out these objects of the Model School:

Is it a small gain that children are removed from the contagion of the streets? that the first sounds they are accustomed to hear, are not those of profaneness and indecency? that they ase, for a time at least, preserved from the effects of the capricious indulgence and harsh punishment of parents, who, in their ignorance, too often lavish the one without judgment, and inflict the other as a vent to their own ill temper. To show the need of such institutions as a preservative against physical evil, we have only to advert to a single statement taken from the public papers. It appears by the returns from the city and liberty of Westminster, and the city and eastern division of Middlesex, that during the last twelve months no less than 245 children have been burnt to death in those districts, chiefly owing to their parents leaving them alone in a room with a fire in it. The greater number were the offspring of the working and poor classes of society, whose business takes them from their homes.

The positive good is the setting forth the true principles of early education, "to supply lessons and materials for carrying out these principles, and to prepare teachers 'of known and decided piety' for the work." Such is a short index of the objects and extent of the Society. Its labours and fruits have already been of no mean character or amount; for it has not only an average attendance of above *two hundred* children, but,—and this is a prime feature of the institution which we are anxious constantly to present,—about *seven hundred* teachers have been here prepared, many of whom have established efficient schools either at home or in our colonies. Nursery governesses have also been trained at the Model School; while the system is making steady progress in the wide field of usefulness that is daily opening for its operation. And just as the field widens, experience improves, and plans mature.

The theory of Pestalozzi has been kept pretty closely in view by those who have planned and instituted the practices of the Home and Colonial Infant Schools. This enlightened philanthropist laid it down as a first principle that "Education has to deal with the mind, the affections, and the bodily organs, and should simultaneously, harmoniously, and progressively, develope all the various powers with which man is gifted." It is also a most important, an essential object of all training and teaching, that the affections of the young be influenced, beginning even with infancy. It is not enough that the principles of human nature be not allowed to remain dormant, but that the improvement of the disposition be from the first earnestly contemplated, although this latter idea has by the vulgar of all ranks been the thing least thought of. How much then must be undone in multitudes of cases when boys and girls are sent to parochial schools, before even a rightly conducted system of education for that period of age can effect a real improvement of moral principle and feeling, or be productive of permanent benefit! Hence the use of, and the necessity for, Infant Schools in the seats

of our dense and neglected population. We cite a passage in the first Report of the Committee of the Home and Colonial Infant School, bearing upon this necessity, and showing also that the Society from the first had just notions of its task and its capabilities:

> If persons who are now laboriously engaged in teaching adults could show the limited success which attends their most persevering efforts—if that active and faithful band of Christians who are toiling in Sunday-schools could state the difficulties they experience in communicating to children, not previously instructed, the most simple truths of the Bible—if the teachers of the National and British and Foreign Schools could set forth the time lost with children who are neglected until they are seven or eight years of age—if the Judges of the land could tell us how many young delinquents, trained from their cradles to every vicious practice, are brought to the bar of justice—above all, if the Ministers of the Gospel could tell to what an extent the duties of their office are impeded, because it is impossible to find language in which to convey their all-important message to minds allowed to remain without early instruction, even the most prejudiced would feel that Infant Schools are entitled to far more encouragement than they receive.
>
> Whilst then so many are laudably engaged in the education of the adult population, and of children of riper years, this Committee desire to begin at the beginning—to purify, as it were, the flowing stream at its source—to lay hold of the rising generation, and to provide them with an education, essentially moral and religious, up to the period of their entering into other schools or commencing a life of daily labour in our manufactories and fields. And in doing this the Committee are satisfied that they shall greatly shorten, and render more effectual, the work of all who have to do with the instruction of the poor during the subsequent period of their lives; and at the same time, provide for the wants of a large proportion of the population—especially of the manufacturing population—who, engaged as they are from morning until evening, cannot after the age of seven obtain anything like the semblance of education.

It is not the acquisition of words; it is not the tenacity of memory without the exertion of the powers of reasoning; it is not even the acuteness of intellect, to which education is to be limited. Neither is any visitor to a school to be a judge of its system and the proper progress of the scholars, from a troop of well-marshalled monitors and a complete apparatus in the character of working machinery; nor even from the admirable display of a few of the pupils. No signs can be more deceptive and delusive. The intellect of all must be gradually guided from that which is precisely known to the unknown; and the moral sense must be formed on the great standard that is the foundation and guide for all that is good in time and eternity.

But have infant schools, which professed so much a considerable number of years back, as tested by experience, fulfilled this mis-

sion? Have they realised in regard to disposition, discipline, judgment, and intelligence, what was promised by their patrons? Has the system of that period received gradual improvements, till it has reached a mature excellence, or has it degenerated and utterly failed? Let that high authority, the Rev. Dr. Mayo, give an answer, as we find it in one of the publications now before us, viz., "Practical Remarks on Infant Education." He there says, speaking of these establishments four years ago,—

These institutions held out the cheering promise of ameliorating the moral, as well as the intellectual condition of the working classes; and it was delightful to witness the lively intelligence, the cheerful good humour, the pure morality, the simple piety that prevailed, in many of these schools. Numerous were the instances, not only of children improved, but of parents reclaimed through their happy influence. But, alas! our expectations were found to be too sanguine, and the infant school system had scarcely been formed, when symptoms of degeneracy began to manifest themselves. The teachers, hastily, and, in consequence, superficially instructed, caught up a few forms, and failed to imbibe the spirit of the method. In some instances, it was made a mere *plaything*: to sing a few vulgar or trivial songs, to make certain ludicrous movements, and to talk over a few pictures, were thought to be the principal business of the school. In many more, it was made an *exhibition*; a few children more lively than the rest were continually paraded before visitors, and a great deal of wonder was excited by the repetition of words which were not understood, or the display of knowledge, which puffed up rather than edified. If the coarser exhibitions of brutal passion, which disgrace the infant population in our streets, were restrained, still it was most painful to see pride, vanity, and other works of the flesh nurtured where they should have been checked. Out of this very spirit of display, it arose that in a large proportion of the schools, the communicating information on a variety of ill-selected topics was made of more importance than training the children to habits of accurate observation and correct expression. Indeed, it was too generally the case, even in the schools enjoying the highest reputation, that the development of the mind was more sedulously pursued than the improvement of the temper and the formation of the moral character. And whence did this rapid degeneracy spring? Partly, as I hinted before, from the inadequate instruction which teachers received, but still more from forgetfulness of the great objects for which infant schools had been established. Inferior temporal considerations had occupied the place of superior and spiritual aims. We must then retrace our steps; we must supply our deficiencies. The infant school must be once more a *sacrifice to the Lord*; the humble and grateful offering of Christian charity and zeal to Him, who once lisped in the accents of childhood, and tottered in the weakness of infancy. Once more must be inscribed on the portals of our Infant Schools—"Holiness to the Lord." While all the sensibilities of infancy are waiting, as it were, for the first influence that shall call them forth, the precious but fleeting hours must be consecrated, not so much to a "knowledge" that "vanishes away," as to that knowledge which is "life eternal,"

the knowledge of God and of Jesus Christ, whom He hath sent. The school of infancy must be as the gate of heaven, and the scenes of early instruction be regarded as "holy ground."

Now, here the real and actual objections which have arisen to infant schools are plainly and honestly stated. But it is most natural that the person who clearly perceives error should suggest how it may be avoided; that he who discovers the seat of the disease should point out the remedies for its cure. No doubt dwells in any reflecting mind with regard to the fact of moral training being indispensable, together with intellectual teaching; but most fit it is that he who has made the two branches to unite with marked effect,—who has by selection and rejection of principles and means,—pioneered, it is true by a Pestalozzi,—should evolve a system that would simultaneously educate the whole man,—that would like a kindly handmaid acceptably assist to develope, invigorate, and at the same time to purify from obstructive coarseness every element and faculty of our being, whether material or spiritual, whether physical, moral, or intellectual.

Accordingly, we learn that Dr. Mayo had for a series of years been practically testing a scheme grafted on Pestalozzi's principles, but accommodated to English character and sentiment. This system he has carried out in his school at Cheam, which is now not uncelebrated as a private establishment. It remained, however, to introduce the plan modified and amended, so as to meet the necessities of poorer and larger numbers of scholars. This is what has been done in the Home and Colonial Infant School; and the results, we augur, will far outshine what have been witnessed in any academy limited to the sons of the rich, or order of schools that has ever yet been opened to the children of the middle classes.

Confessing our own inadequacy to treat of Infant Schools,—to describe what the teachers ought to be; what the manner and nature of the training and tuition, in order to a proper formation of character; what the results reasonably to be looked for from a right system sedulously carried out; or what have been the fruits already realised of the experiment so anxiously commenced and conducted in Gray's Inn Road,—we with alacrity and confidence refer to some of the contents of the publications before us, where we find ample and excellent substitutes for the business of explanation. In the "Practical Remarks on Infant Education," by Dr. Mayo and his sister Miss Mayo,—the latter standing in the foremost rank of philanthropists in respect of valuable efforts as well as of ardent zeal and sustained enthusiasm,—we find, for example, that lady thus expressing herself on the subject of religious instruction:

Before a teacher begins a Scripture lesson, he should endeavour to prepare the children's minds to take an interest in the subject of it; this may be done by exciting their curiosity, and finding some point in their own experience

analogous to the one it is wished to bring before them. Suppose you are going to give your first lesson on the creation of all things by Almighty power; you should prepare them to receive the truth and to be interested in it, by leading them to the consideration of what man can make—what he requires before he is able to make anything,—what he cannot make—who must have made the things that man could not have made; when their attention and interest are thus drawn to the point desired, then show from the Bible how God in the beginning created, or made out of nothing, the heavens and the earth.

Study to present the subject of every lesson in a simple, clear, and striking manner; the great fault in oral instruction in general is, that it is diffuse and rambling. When you get interested in the subject many ideas will suggest themselves, and you will be in danger of not observing whether the children keep pace with you; but remember the great point is, not how much *you* can *say*, but how much *they* can *receive* with advantage. Your endeavour in each lesson should be to imprint on their memories one simple fact, one important truth, or influential precept. Let the whole instruction more or less tend to the *one* point; and do not ingeniously endeavour to see how many different parts of Scripture you can hang on to the lesson, for by so doing you distract the children's attention from the main subject, and weaken its interest.

Again, do not treat children as mere recipients of knowledge, but bring their minds into activity by questions calling forth thought, and by so presenting truth to them that they will seek and grasp it for themselves; they then, in addition to the knowledge communicated, improve the *power* of thinking and acquiring habits of investigation. Endeavour to engage all the school to feel an interest in some part of the lesson, if they cannot understand the whole; and before closing, repeat the substance of it in condensed, simple language.

With regard to moral education, we have these suggestions and lessons:

One of the first impressions that a teacher should endeavour to make on children's minds, with a view to their moral education, is the conviction of their *responsibility to God*. They must be taught that they are not at liberty to sin,—that it is not a matter of indifference how they behave, so that they injure no one,—but that, on the contrary, they will be called to account for the omission of what is right, as well as the commission of what is wrong. With the knowledge of their responsibility, let the impression that the eye of the Lord is ever upon them be connected, that their habitual feeling may be, "Thou God seest me."

It is very important also to accustom them to consider their right position in society, and their consequent duties. Teach them that the different grades of rank are established by the Lord, and that each has its appointed work, as each member of our body has its peculiar office. By leading them to look to God as the disposer of their lot, and to themselves as unworthy recipients of his mercies, you will promote a spirit of cheerfulness and contentment, and a desire of rendering to all their due.

In order to correct that selfish principle which disposes us to view things through a false medium, considering more what others owe to us than what we owe to them, bring before them the claims of their companions—of their master—of their parents—of God. Teach them to consider their actions in reference to these claims, and see that they not only acknowledge the principle, but that they carry it out into practice; for it is essential, whilst awakening feelings and instilling principles, to cultivate moral habits; and habits are formed by the frequent repetition of an action. Call upon them in their intercourse with each other, to exercise *kindness and sympathy*. Your own conduct should awaken the feeling, and the *habit* will be formed if the children be stimulated to little acts of kindness and tenderness. *Self-denial* also may be called into action by encouraging a readiness to give up their own pleasures and privileges to administer to some less favoured companions; and in their daily intercourse, abundant opportunities will occur for the formation of a disposition to *forbear* and to *forgive*.

Intellectual culture obtains, among other excellent hints and directions for infant-school teachers, with regard to one great object to be sought,—viz., the exercise and improvement of the senses, the following observations:

To attain this end, lessons on objects should form a prominent feature in all infant schools; at first the selection might be miscellaneous, but in every lesson the teacher should have some definite aim. The children should examine the objects presented to them; and any simple experiment which renders their qualities obvious, should be performed in their sight: they should then be called upon to mention their qualities, parts, (if the object has any peculiar parts) and uses; to discover what qualities fit them for their particular uses—occasionally having their attention directed by a question, but never having a name given to them till they feel their need of it. The name will not communicate to a child the original idea, but the idea being formed by means of perception, a name fixes it upon the memory, and is the means of communication with others. Children derive little pleasure from words, whilst they are all activity when called to observe things; the reason is obvious; words are only the signs of ideas, and there must be a clear notion of the thing signified before the sign can be of use.

In commencing a course of lessons on objects, the first substance chosen should be one in which some quality exists in a striking degree! the cause, it may be of its usefulness,—as in glass, transparency; or in sugar, sweetness. Care should be taken, in the course of a few days, to present a different object, in which the same quality is obvious, that the abstract idea may be formed. In this way a series of objects should be brought before the children, for the purpose of making them acquainted with all the several qualities cognizable by their external senses. This plan has been adopted in the first series of "Lessons on Objects;" and might be carried out to a greater extent; but teachers should endeavour fully to understand the principle upon which these, or any other model lessons are formed, otherwise they will be continually making mistakes in the application of them, and be unable to carry them out with effect.

Lastly, physical training and exercises, but rather as an occasional relief and cheering variety than an exertion that will cause fatigue or angry rivalship, are recommended.

The great means by which the mental, moral, and physical powers are to be improved, is by *exercise;* this has been well set forth in a modern work on education, with an extract from which, and an earnest prayer for the Divine blessing on your labours, I shall close these remarks :—"The law of exercise is of universal application. It is a fundamental law of nature, that all the capacities of man are enlarged and strengthened by being used. From the energies of a muscle up to the highest faculty, intellectual or moral, repeated exercise of the function increases its intensity. Inseparable from the very idea of exercising the faculties, and of course from the practice of that exercise, is the requisition of exercising each faculty upon the objects which nature points out as related to it. Muscular strength is to be gained by familiarising the muscles with the resistance of external forces, and by the habit of conquering mechanical difficulties, varied to exercise all the muscles, which amount to several hundreds in the human frame. The senses are improved by long and particular training, applying each to its object:—sight, by habitual looking at distant or minute objects; hearing by accurate practice in the perception of sounds; taste, in the discriminating use of the palate. In the same manner, the observing faculties are rendered acute, and diversified by the constant practice of observation of details in existing objects, their qualities, and of passing events. The same law extends to the moral world. For the exercise of justice, the child must be made aware of his own and his neighbour's rights, and be habituated practically to respect them in all contingencies. For the exercise of benevolence, the habit of repressing the selfish feelings, and of actually doing good, kind, compassionate, and generous things, not by fits, but as a steady unvarying principle of action, will be found indispensable."

Miss Mayo has written largely and variously in behalf of establishments for the tenderest in years, her works being in high repute as practical guides. Some of them, such, for example, as her "Model Lessons for Infant School Teachers and Nursery Governesses," prepared for the institution immediately under notice, contain not merely suitable lessons for little children, but present models on which other books for a like purpose ought to be formed. We cite a specimen, the lessons ranging over a diversity of objects. On a Flint:

What is this? A flint. What is a flint? A sort of stone. Where do you find stones? In the earth. Look at this flint, and tell me how it looks? It is black. (Teacher holds up the flint.) What do you all say to the colour of the flint? It is black. Repeat together—the flint is black. How does it look besides? It shines. All of you repeat—the flint shines. Do you think a piece of flint would make a good window? No. Why not? We could not see through it. What then can you say of the flint? We cannot see through it. All repeat—we cannot see through flint. Tell me of

some other things which you cannot see through. The walls, the slates, &c. Now pass the flint about, and feel it. What can you tell me about it? It is hard; it is cold. Repeat together—the flint is *hard* and *cold*. What more do you observe? It is smooth. Repeat—the flint is *smooth*. Feel the edges? They are sharp. Repeat—the edges of the flint are *sharp*. (Teacher strikes a piece of flint and a piece of steel together) What am I doing? Striking the flint and steel together. What do you see? Sparks of fire. What caused the fire? Striking the flint and steel together. Repeat together—flint strikes fire with steel. Have you not seen this before? Yes; when mother lights her fire in the morning. What then is one use of flint? Flints are useful to strike fire. When have you seen flints together in heaps? By the road side. What were they put there for? To mend the roads with. Why are flints useful for mending roads? Because they are very hard. Tell me the second use of flints? For mending the roads. Repeat together the two uses of flints which you have just mentioned. Flints are used to *strike fire* and for *mending the roads*. Now repeat all that has been said about flint. Flint is *a stone*; it comes out of the *earth*; it is *black*; we cannot *see through it*; when we touch it we feel that it is *cold*, *hard*, *smooth*, and *sharp at the edges*; it is used to *strike fire*, and for *mending roads*, because it *is hard*.

"A Selection of Hymns and Poetry, for the use of Infant Schools and Nurseries," in five parts, is a judicious work, both as regards arrangement and adaptation, the purposes of instruction and impression; the different parts being intended for different stages of childhood. "Hymns, Songs, and Marching Pieces, for Infant Schools and Families," set to music by Mr. James Pyne, is a publication of more novelty than that we have just mentioned. There is much that is cheering, as well as sweet and touching in this collection. The "Marching Pieces" gladden while they disclose valuable truths; exercise the physical organs and powers while they exalt and refine the sentiments. "Lessons on Scripture Prints," by Miss Mayo, is a work which has also novelty as well as excellence to recommend it. But this little volume, together with the "Preceptive Illustrations of the Bible," and other pictorial works published by Mr. Varty, we purpose making the subject of a separate paper. "Useful Hints to Teachers" is a title which distinctly indicates its object. The *hints* are manifestly of the most useful kind; and that they are practicable is not less clearly declared, seeing that they are to a great and even minute extent the results of the interesting experiment we are considering.

It would be satisfactory to ourselves could we give in a few sentences a distinct intimation of the leading features of the Institution,—of not merely what it pretends to be, but of what it is, and what it has achieved. But to be brief, let it be distinctly borne in mind that the establishment in Gray's Inn Road is not merely intended to be the most improved school yet contrived for the training and tuition of children of the tenderest years,—from the moment they can lisp

their few, simple, and pure ideas, and *toddle about* in anxious research for curiosity-satisfaction, as well as for the reciprocal outpourings of affection, — but that it is a Model School for Infant School Teachers, where they obtain upon tempting conditions an opportunity of practising the improved system and of receiving valuable lessons for themselves; in short, of acquiring a knowledge and courting a generous enlightened enthusiasm in the noblest walk that can open to a philanthropist, whose ministrations regard time as but the portal to an immortality of transcendent intelligence and unquenchable love.

In lack of ability and familiarity to do the subject justice, we must recur to some of the Reports of the Committee, where there is such abundant internal evidence of truthfulness, earnestness, and also of moderation, as must go a great way in furtherance of the objects of the Society. In one of these reports we are told, relative to the points contemplated in regard to teachers, as follows:

The great object in-view, it will be remembered, is to exercise the teachers' minds upon subjects that will be useful to them in their schools—to instruct them how to improve their own faculties—to raise their standard of excellence in teaching—and to excite such a desire to attain this standard, as shall induce them to carry on the work of self-improvement when they leave the institution.

The Committee deeply regret that so large a portion of their time is necessarily devoted to the acquisition of the common branches of knowledge. As their principal object is to train teachers in the best methods of imparting instruction, and conducting the general business of education, especially the moral and religious training of youth, they would feel much better satisfied could they reverse the present arrangement, and allow the teachers to occupy only eight hours and a half weekly in the acquisition of knowledge, and devote the remaining twenty-nine hours to the principles and practice of education. The evil, however, cannot be remedied, as long as the time of training is so limited, and candidates come from a class whose education is in general so exceedingly deficient.

The remaining twenty hours of the week are spent in the schools or class rooms, in acquiring skill in the art of teaching, and in the discipline of small or large numbers of children; thus carrying out the views which have been given to them in their lessons. The course of practice through which every teacher having a full training must necessarily pass, may be arranged under the following heads:—

1. Probationary exercises;
2. Witnessing others give lessons;
3. Taking charge first of classes and afterwards of galleries of children;
4. Giving an opinion on, or criticising, the lessons of other teachers;
5. Giving lessons publicly;
6. Attending in the model school, under the direction of the master and mistress;
7. Having temporary charge of infant schools under inspection.

It is a great object with the Committee not only to see that difficulties in the mode of treating every subject, and in the manner of presenting it to children, are as much as possible simplified to the teachers; but also that both the course of study and practice shall begin at the simplest and most familiar points, and proceed steadily but gradually to what is more complex and abstract, and requiring more mental effort; of course, the time devoted to each of the above branches of practice varies according to the progress made by the teacher.

The fifth Report describes in part, in the passage we now transcribe, what is really done in the different branches of the Institution:

In the first preparatory school, the objects proposed are to gain order and obedience, preserving at the same time that tone of cheerful good humour fitting the joyous season of infancy; to exercise and strengthen the bodily organs, to awaken the mental perceptions on the most familiar objects, and to fix the first religious impressions. The subjects for each day's lesson have been carefully arranged, and after they have been tested by experience, will be published under the direction of the Committee.*

In the second school, the objects proposed are to exercise the conceptive as well as the perceptive faculties of the children; that is, to accustom them to re-produce and accurately express the ideas they have gained through their senses; to enlighten their consciences by bringing before them different moral qualities, to awaken a sense of their own responsibility, and to call out and exercise religious feelings, making use for this latter purpose of Scripture prints. The subjects of the lessons for this course are also arranged, and are in like manner undergoing the test of experience, with a view to publication.*

In both these schools, where the children on their admission are placed, and where the teachers first practise the art of teaching, great care has been taken to bring down the instruction to infantine capacities, and the teachers are directed to let their lessons assume as much as possible the character of familiar conversation. In order to form elementary exercises on form and colour, a box has been prepared, containing pieces of wood cut into various shapes, and also patterns of different colours; to these are added a sheet, on which are drawn all the different forms the box contains, and another sheet having on it the various colours. The manner in which these are used is, that the teacher holds up one of these sheets before the children, and pointing to a shape or colour on the sheet, a child is desired to select all the pieces of a similar shape or colour, the correctness of the selection being determined by an appeal to the whole gallery. The perceptions of the children are in this way exercised on two very obvious properties of matter, and an opportunity given of correcting their impressions. In a subsequent course, they are taught to affix the right appellation to the qualities they have discovered. This plan is philosophically correct, and its adoption has done much towards giving the teachers a clear comprehension of a fundamental principle in education, *viz.*:—That the child should first be exercised in forming clear

* These Lessons have now been published. See Model Lessons, Part II.

notions, and then be taught how to express them. A number of these boxes are prepared, and are sold at the Infant School depôt.

In the Model School, which forms the third step in the course, the instruction is somewhat more systematic and connected. The objects proposed, in addition to the exercising of the faculties of perception and conception, are to give the children a little simple information on subjects about which they have been previously interested, and to exercise their memories in storing up the knowledge they may gain; to make the moral instruction arise as much as possible out of the events of the day, habituating the children to try their dispositions and conduct by the standard of the Bible; to draw the religious lessons more directly from the word of God, and to form a regular course, developing in the children the power of preserving in their minds a chain of events. Much consideration has been given to the course of religious lessons, and it is hoped the publication of the skeletons of these lessons, to be filled up by the teachers themselves, will prove a valuable help in early education. In this school also an effort has been made clearly to develope the elementary ideas of geography. The children learn first to form correct notions of the information a map is intended to convey, as the position of places with respect to the cardinal points, their relative position, their distances measured by a scale, and the form of countries as marked by their boundaries. Having commenced with drawing a map of what is within their view, the idea is gradually expanded, and they learn to conceive what is beyond their actual experience. Thus, according to one of the leading ideas of Pestalozzi, "They proceed from the known to the unknown."

One great objection to gallery instruction has been, that the questions were generally answered by a few of the older or more intelligent children, while the younger remained uninterested, and acquired a habit of listlessness and inattention. To overcome this, the gallery of the Model School is divided on alternate days, when the younger class go over again the lessons of the preceding day, and the elder ones advance to a new subject. Another advantageous change has been the formation of a juvenile class. The object of this class is to enable the children to continue in the Infant School without detriment, a longer period than is usually allowed. This is important, as in many instances, particularly in the manufacturing districts, where the great majority go so early to work, other schools for their reception cannot be maintained. The children of the juvenile section become more independent of the master's instruction; they learn by heart and work out various lessons at home, and perform at school the office of monitors, teaching their younger companions what they have themselves acquired. They also practise linear drawing—a branch of instruction hitherto almost entirely neglected in England, and from the general introduction of which into our poor schools the committee anticipate the happiest results.

It is obvious that improvements will be constantly suggesting themselves,—were it merely to be in parallelism with the fluctuations of time,—in an institution of the sort. What we now cite in regard to regulations will exhibit some of these amendments and alterations, together with sundry important provisions contemplated from the first, in the history of the "Home and Colonial Infant School Society."

1. Experience having shown how inadequately the work of training teachers can be accomplished in fifteen weeks, they are now required to reside twenty weeks to secure a recommendation, the charge remaining as before—8*s.* a-week for board, lodging, &c.

2. All teachers coming into the Institution for a period less than twenty weeks, to pay 12*s.* a-week.

3. To prevent a frequent interruption in the regular course of instruction, teachers can only be received into the Institution on the first Tuesday in the month, except by a special order of the Committee.

4. The return of teachers to the Institution contributing greatly to their improvement, the Committee agree to allow all teachers who have been regularly trained there, to re-enter for one month at a charge of 1*l.* only, whether the money is paid by teachers or from school funds.

5. The last regulation to apply to any teachers who, having been recommended to schools from the Institution, leave them with a good character. This privilege being given, it is expected that all good teachers will avail themselves of it; patrons and others are requested not to engage teachers who represent that they have been trained by the Society, without first communicating with the Committee: this precaution is necessary to prevent the engagement of unqualified teachers.

6. The admission of teachers for short periods having been found very inconvenient to the arrangements of the Institution, and attended with comparatively little benefit, the Committee have determined not to receive teachers for less than a month, unless they have actually the care of schools, and are unable to remain for that time.

7. As the influence and care of a female are essential to the well-being of an infant school, unmarried men are not trained in the Institution.

8. In consequence of the numerous applications for teachers, and the state of the finances of the Institution, the Committee have "Resolved, That in supplying teachers, as well as in the admission of persons to be trained, a decided preference shall be in all cases given to the applications of subscribers of one guinea and upwards."

9. The institution is open to the public at the usual school-hours. Half-past Ten and Half-past Two—particularly the former hour—are recommended as the most desirable for visitors, and some individual connected with the establishment will attend at those hours to give any explanations that may be desired.

10. Nursery governesses, upper nursemaids, or teachers for superior schools, may attend for any period that may be wished, not less than one month, and are charged 5*s.* a-week for instruction.

Let it be distinctly understood that the system of the institution we are considering recognises, nay, regards as the grand foundation and confines of its principles, practice, and details, the doctrines, precepts, and promises contained in the Revealed Word of God. At the same time it is proper to state that, in entire agreement with the position and the largest usefulness of the school, the "Christian principles" there taught are those as "set forth and embodied in the doctrinal articles of the Church of England." Still this is not done or

obtruded with any narrow-mindedness or invidious spirit of distinction. For while the committee say in one of their earliest resolutions, that the only education which can prove a blessing to the country, must be based on a knowledge of the Holy Scriptures and on vital religion, and that they venerate and love the established church, believing that it is the channel through which it has pleased God to pour incalculable benefits upon the land, yet they are convinced "that in a Central Society for promoting Infant Education, all who hold the fundamental truths of the gospel, and love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, may cordially unite." Consequently "the Committee educate in the principles and practice of Infant Education, persons of decided piety of different religious denominations; considering it the province of the Local Committees of Infant Schools to select their own teachers." Whatever, therefore, may be objected to the exclusiveness of the educational clauses in Sir James Graham's Factory Bill, it cannot strike at the roots of the Home and Colonial Infant School.

Much that we have said has been drawn from the documents before us. But we have also had some means of forming a judgment of the conduct and efficacy of the Institution from occular and ear demonstration. The comfort and tidiness of the schools and school-grounds, the courtesy of the Honorary Secretary, J. S. Reynolds, Esq., the amenity of the teachers, the gladsomeness of the children, and a number of nameless indices, at once strike the visitor, reconcile him to humanity, and force the undiseased sentiments into such a channel, that its whispers are, "this is a beautiful world,"—"it is good for me to be here." And convinced we are that the longer the visitor pursues his observations in this sanctuary of cheerful love and rational activity, he will with the greater fervour ejaculate as he departeth from the threshold, "Let all who doubt *Come and see.*"

One of the most attractive objects we ever beheld was a native of Hindostan, about 13 years of age, who is an inmate of the Institution, under the patronage of the "Ladies' Society for Education in China and the East." We were informed that her progress and behaviour have been gratifying to the Committee, and that they have grounds of hope, that when she returns to her native land, she will be the instrument of much usefulness. What mattereth it,—clime or colour? A sweeter expression, a more amiable bearing, a truer contentment we never witnessed. Once more we exclaim, *Come and see.*

ART. II.—*Address delivered by Rev. Isaac Hitchen, at the opening of the Glasgow Collegiate School.* Glasgow, John Smith and Son.

"WE are, avowedly, an English school settled in Scotland," says Mr. Hitchen, the Master of the Glasgow Collegiate School. Again,

"We have heard the affirmation that our school is to be *Episcopalian.* If this only means that we purpose admitting the children of parents belonging to the Episcopalian community, it is quite correct; but then, you may just as well designate the school *Presbyterian,* for we assuredly purpose admitting the children of Presbyterian parents. By referring to the list of our General Committee, it will be found that a large majority of them are members of the Established Church of Scotland. The only test we have of a pupil's eligibility, is the willingness to submit to the known rules of the school. So to designate us, is an ungenerous misrepresentation, if it is intended thereby to insinuate, that we have a design to work, *even most remotely,* in opposition to the church established in this portion of her Majesty's dominions; it is ungenerous and untrue, if it is intended thereby to attribute to us the wish to proselytize. We repudiate the notion in its remotest spirit. We have not so learned Christ as to think we serve Him by insidiously stealing away members of a *true* church, not because of doctrinal differences, but because we esteem the peculiar church polity we have espoused to be the preferable form. We believe, from our hearts, that the sketch of ecclesiastical polity in the New Testament is not so perfectly distinct as that we should escape wide error in offending a whole nation, or a church which I love to consider a sister church, simply because she rejects one branch of administrative authority, for that she cannot see the clear signs for its recognition which we most *indubitably* do. I will allow other men besides myself to be honest in their profession of Christian conscientiousness."

Mr. H. goes on to intimate that those persons know little indeed of education, who imagine that the peculiarities of church government can legitimately come within its range, at least as contemplated by him; and that with the utmost cordiality he will admit the inspection (by courtesy, of course,) of the clergy of the Church of Scotland; for that, so far from working hostilely towards them, he prays, that in these days of severe trial, they may along with him "hold the faith, which is the *alone essential,* in unity of spirit, in the bond of peace, and in righteousness of life."

Mr. Hitchen's address was delivered on the 4th of February, 1842, and is highly deserving of notice; we may add, in our pages, and in the present number especially. First of all, we regard the occasion and sentiments of the "opening" in their opportune character. Again, the catholicism urged and illustrated makes these sentiments doubly precious. And again, in a supplementary sense, as to graduation and advancement in the theory and practice of organised education, we have here a fitting and striking outline of what *academically* may well succeed the training, discipline, and tuition of the improved infant-school system.

The parochial system of education in Scotland has been deservedly

much lauded. Its services have been vast towards the rearing of a virtuous, an intelligent, and a stout-hearted peasantry. No system could have worked better, or have been better adapted to a past state of things. The old routine, however, is now greatly defective, and in various points widely apart from the demands of the age. Multitudes, also, of the lower as well as of the more remotely situated children are not educated at all, even in the commonest manner, as regards reading, writing, and ciphering. But it is with the higher schools that we have chiefly to do at this time, whether these be in the shape of private or public academies.

Now, we believe it to be the fact, that, with some few celebrated exceptions, Scotland is wofully deficient in respect of the class of schools to which we immediately refer. Whence otherwise can it have occurred that year after year, numbers of boys are sent from the north of the Tweed to the southern side, at a great expense and inconvenience, in order to be educated in English schools?

The institution of the Collegiate School in the great western metropolis of Scotland, under the auspices of many of the most wealthy and intelligent inhabitants of that city, and under the guardianship of a gentleman who, while an Episcopalian clergyman, is still more, on the present occasion, to be regarded for his experience;—to quote his own words, "an experience of between three and four years' intimate connection with the management of a grammar school of the very highest standing in the neighbourhood of London," (that of Clapham, Surry, *now* the sole property of Rev. C. Pritchard, M.A., F.R.S.)

On the deliberate organisation and formal opening of the "Collegiate School," Mr. H. not merely expounded the great principles and branches of all education, which professes to be in accordance with the spirit and demands of the age, but as explicitly as could be done on an occasion of the kind, went into an explanation and description of what was intended in the institution over which his talent and zeal are to be exercised.

Without following Mr. H. into the details of his address, or attempting to comprise the leading features of his plan and principles in a few words, we say that, for the purposes of a high-toned general education, nothing has been presented to us more broadly, liberally, and wisely conceived. In that general education, after emphatically demanding *the one main motive* as the basis of the entire curriculum; and placing the Bible first, last, and continuously in the pre-eminent position, he proceeds to view education in its temporal bearings and secular capacity. In our opinion he gives, with a discreet circumspection, and various modifying remarks, a due rank to classical and mathematical studies. The latter study may be called the key or the text to scientific pursuits. But such pursuits are a scarecrow or an offence to many persons. The most common-place minds bandy

objections on this score,—objections which Mr. H. thus disposeth of:—

We would combat, in passing, two assertions by no means unfrequently made with respect to the cultivation of science: 1st, that the research with many cannot go deep, and "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing," that it is almost sure to minister to vanity: 2d, that among scientific men you find very bad men.

The *chief principle* which we have laid down for ourselves, at once answers both objections; but we will say a word or two more. Upon the first objection;—"All knowledge must be little before it can be great; and the man who can read and write when his neighbours have not made similar progress, may be as vain of his acquirements, and as absurd in the estimate of his talents, as the student who has dived into the mysteries of arithmetic, who can analyze a chemical combination, or demonstrate the Binonical theorem. The little learning which they have may have *inflated* their vanity, but their disposition was *naturally* vain; and if their intercourse with superior minds, and the opening out to their view of the various departments of knowledge yet to be explored, cannot render them docile, and modest, and humble, we must be contented to pass them by as incorrigible. Few men can pretend to place themselves on a level with Sir Isaac Newton; yet how low was his own estimate of his great acquirements. "I do not know," he said, what I may appear to the world, but, to myself, I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble, or a prettier shell than ordinary, while the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me."

Upon the second objection we at once affirm, that the *greatest* philosophers have been believers in the Bible; and that, in the case of others who have not been, "it was not *much* learning that occasioned the mischief; it was because they either did not care for Christianity, and made no inquiries about it, or prosecuted their inquiries in a way which could never lead them to a knowledge of the truth. The bias of their mind was the bias of the natural heart. The reproof given by Sir Isaac Newton to an eminent astronomer who, in his day, was accustomed to speak irreverently of Divine Revelation, is quite to our purpose; his words were to this effect:—"I am always glad to hear you when you talk about astronomy, for *that* you understand; but on sacred subjects you would do well to be silent; you have not studied them, and know nothing about them."

Hence we purpose so to arrange our course, as that a pupil, having gone through his full career with us, shall know something more than the bare names of the sciences. Owing to its great practical utility, we shall lay considerable stress upon the elements of chemistry; in fact we shall make it our chief subject of illustration. Independently of the endless mental gratification to be derived from the researches and experiments of this science, you know that its benefits are capable of peing extended to every grade in society. The agriculturist, the manufacturer, the merchant,—all are interested in the secrets which chemistry has to unfold.

Besides chemistry, we shall from time to time touch upon astronomy, and familiarize the mind with the motions and laws which govern the starry fir-

mament; trusting that the effect of contemplating this portion of God's universe will be the sublime feeling of David, when he exclaimed, "there is neither speech nor language; but their voices are heard among them: their sound is gone out into all lands, and their words unto the end of the world."

Something, too, I conceive, should be known by every intelligent man of the history of the earth we inhabit: "the wonders of geology" should be looked upon. And judging from the result upon myself, this subject will at once delight the mind and enlarge its views of the omnipresence and omnipotence of God.

Botany, again, has its wondrous and instructive tale to tell; and so with any other branches of useful knowledge,—our object being to produce general intelligence.

I hope, too, that our means will, ere long, enable us to mark for ourselves God's equal ordering of the infinitely vast and the infinitely small, as exhibited to us by the telescope and microscope.

Mr. H. would combine the *useful* with the *learned*, not merely on the ground of compatibility but of kinship; and the details of his plan are in accordance with his general professions. The sensible and practical nature of his views may be judged of from the following paragraphs, these being addressed to a community where business, bustle, speculation, and turmoil, are rife:—

I would entreat you, also, not to plunge your sons into the business of life at too early a stage. It is a most precious time their school time: would that it were more generally so esteemed. Because a boy of fifteen is now instructed in matters which a short time back engaged the youth of eighteen, it does *not* follow that a youth of fifteen now should incur the liability to part company with his studies, which overhung the maturer age. We do not find an earlier harvest, because improvements in agriculture produce a finer and fuller wheat-ear: the husbandman reaps more abundantly, but not sooner.

We ascribe much evil to the listless protraction of one or two subjects throughout a long day, which formerly was so prevalent in the educationary process. Quickness of thought, and act—the facility of turning at will to any line of reflection—pleasurable, because industrious, pursuit of knowledge, are no small matters to acquire; and experience tells me that such are the consequences of a course like that we are to act upon.

I equally set my face against the extreme modern practice of ultra cramming, and the olden methods of making a boy drudge through perfect oceans of the unintelligible, before he brings to bear that which he has acquired. We will, as we go along, at the same time pick up knowledge and apply it. I am sure, that after the absolutely necessary elements of grammar, for instance, the subsequent material of grammatical knowledge is best comprehended and retained, when called to the notice as necessity arises for it, in the actual course of reading. This principle, with modifications, extends through the whole range of study.

The principle which we put before us as to the method whereby to impart knowledge, is *not* to throw all the labour upon the pupil; neither is it to

give him nothing to do. We would work *with* the boy, and press truth on his mind so imperceptibly, that, in a manner, information shall seem to suggest itself. * * * *

With respect to the many branches of natural philosophy which it will be our object to introduce, the whole time which we require for the purpose is two hours in each week. We want not to force information "*usque ad nauseam*," but, carefully guarding as to the absolute usefulness of every thing introduced, to make the light and interesting matters of knowledge to operate as rewards and encouragements for the diligent cultivation of less attractive, but essentially useful matter.

To conclude,—is it nothing that a University-man of England should propound and urge the views which we have been considering? —that the Provost of Presbyterian, Covenanting Glasgow should preside on the occasion; and that Principal Macfarlane of the college of the mercantile city should respond with acclaim to the proposals and details of a more elevated and extended system of grammar-school tuition than had yet characterized Scotland?

ART. III.—*A Statement of the Condition and Circumstances of the Cathedral Church of Hereford, made by the* Very Reverend JOHN MEREWETHER, D.D., F.S.A., F.R.S., Dean; *on Jan. 4 and 21, at Diocesan and County Meetings at Hereford and Ludlow.* London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. 1842.

WHILST the eye of the contemplative observer ranges over the diversified tract of past ages, gathering together as the trophies of its inquiring labour, the widely-scattered records of intervening time, and weaving them into continuous and succinct relation with each other,—thereby developing a strong additional light amidst the obscure and mazy recesses of far antiquity,—it will trace no chain of human energies more remarkable in their influence, or deserving of its closer investigation, than the noble and persevering efforts of our ancestors, to perpetuate the deep impressions of religious faith received from preceding generations, as evidenced in those stately and enduring monuments of their piety and munificence—the remarkable cathedrals of the land. We may talk as much as we please of the "dark ages," and indulge in reflections on our own importance, at the expense of the wisdom and worth of our predecessors; but the voice of truth will whisper in the ear of the most unscrupulous debater, certain misgivings as to the strength of his reasoning, suggesting points of comparison between their acts and doings and our own, altogether unfavourable to his argument; and whereby it must palpably appear, that, "dark" as was their sphere of intellectual vision, they accomplished much that might make us ashamed of that

very light upon which we so unreflectingly pride ourselves. And in no point of view does their immeasurable superiority over ourselves more triumphantly disclose itself, than in the erection, from age to age, of those magnificent edifices and endowments devoted to the interests of religion, learning, and humanity, which exercise so sustained an impulse on the right current of human feeling, in each succeeding generation. Let us look at the cathedrals, colleges, schools, ecclesiastical benefices, alms-houses, (we say nothing of the monasteries, which are now but "parcel of the past",) and ask ourselves, "What have we done to show ourselves worthy descendants of their august and high-minded founders?" The answer must be, "Next to nothing!" We pocket, often ungratefully enough, the funds provided by them for our mental or physical behoof, and verily the first use we seem to make of our alleged improvement in learning, and other advantages, is to coin injurious aspersions, and form one-sided estimates of the confused and narrow notions of our benefactors,—nay, not unfrequently, to throw ridicule on their very noblest exertions for our welfare! How often is the motive of vanity accorded to acts, which only our obscure ideas of the deep and passionate sense of religious obligation, in former times, prevent us from rightly appreciating. Thus, he who devoted the resources of a princely income to the aid of the church, or devised the bulk of his estates after death for the erection of schools, almshouses, or other public institutions, has been contemptuously considered as the fanatical prey of designing priests, or the vain-glorious pretender to posthumous applause. But the assertor of modern excellence will probably argue that more churches have been erected within the last twenty years, than within the space of two, or even three hundred years preceding. Let the reader, however, compare, "in his mind's eye," the miserable lath-and-plaster-affairs we run up by contract, under the cover of a widely-scattered subscription, and which we grace with the venerable title of churches, with the majestic and durable fabrics erected and so splendidly endowed by our forefathers; and an inward smile of contempt at our own preposterous assumption of superior energy and religious zeal for the interests of our posterity, must at once betray itself to our conscience, and render us ashamed of being any longer the prejudiced advocates of modern superiority in such matters. We boast, it is true, of many recent institutions, both in the metropolis and the provinces, which confer a widely-acknowledged benefit on the community; but they are, with scarcely an exception, supported by annual subscriptions and inconsiderable donations,—not the work of one zealous and meritorious founder, like those of past times. We say nothing of a comparison between the alms-houses of the old and new eras; for, with respect to the custom of founding such admirable reliefs for the destitute, in our own day, we may write their discontinuance alto-

gether. Our colleges, of which we have two only of modern date, are the endowed offspring of the state, although aided by private benefactions. As to the support of the necessitous in former times, in comparison with their present mode of relief, we scarcely think it necessary to dwell for a moment in pointing out the kind and truly *charitable* aid afforded to them out of the funds provided for such purpose, and annexed to the princely foundations of the abbeys, and other ecclesiastical houses of wealthy endowment; or in instancing, on the other hand, the grudging and pitiful dole of the modern overseers of the poor, under a system of compulsory legal enactment. In short, we see no instance,—or instances so few, that they form almost solitary exceptions to the rule,—wherein nobles and private persons bestow enormous sums for the sustentation of public charities, or of learned institutions. We seek not to disparage the multiform accumulations of knowledge which modern zeal for improvement in the various arts has effected; but we wish to see a more sparing and qualified use of the epithet "dark" as applied to ages shining with the truest lustre of christian beneficence, and abounding in extraordinary examples of deep and considerate wisdom.

Of the declining glories of architectural science we have ample and undeniable evidence in the various productions of our own day; few of which, however, like the works of the olden time, are calculated to convey to a remote posterity the traces of our taste or munificence. Modern they are, and modern they will remain, so long as they exist! Let us do what we can, therefore, to preserve the glorious achievements of the past—the "cloud-capt-towers"—the "gorgeous palaces" —and the "solemn temples" of the olden day; and to discharge thereby the duty of honest *trustees* to a distant posterity, for whose advantage, as well as our own, these noble tokens of national and local munificence were intended.

Of all the monuments of architectural grandeur with which the wealth and skill of former ages have enriched us, none are so deeply associated with the loftiest interests of our nature, as those august and venerable edifices which furnish the chief seat of our public religious observances. The noblest mark of external respect which man can pay to his Maker, is to frame, for the due celebration of worship, a temple that may, by the fitting grandeur and dignity of its aspect, "shew forth his praise." While the palace is the meet theatre of display for the pomp and glory of the earthly monarch, the cathedral is the "holy and beautiful house" of Him who is the King of kings— in whose honour all that feeble man can perform is as nothing; but who is yet willing to accept the faithful homage of those who serve him "with all their strength."

The present publication constitutes an able appeal to the public in aid of the funds to be collected for the restoration of the Cathedral

Church of Hereford, and will be read with considerable interest, not only by those who are locally connected with the subject of such appeal, but by others who associate a due importance with the preservation of our ancient national edifices. To such of our readers as the condition of this distinguished and venerable specimen of the work of deceased ages may be matter of solicitude or concern, the present very eloquent and impressive "Statement" affords ample and authentic information. Our extracts will satisfactorily show that it proceeds from the pen of an elegant and accomplished scholar, possessed of deep antiquarian knowledge, and judiciously versed in the science of architecture; and who, we may state, has testified the anxious regard he entertains, in behalf of the objects in question, by the very liberal donation of 500*l.* towards the fund required:—

The ancient and majestic fabric, for whose sustentation this meeting is assembled, has claims upon the regard of all who have been accustomed to derive gratification from contemplating the achievements of human skill, or to receive impressions of reverence from sacred associations. It is not merely the most splendid monument of masonic skill in this district, and that of an age which is reckoned by centuries, but it is the venerable, and still beautiful mother—the mother church of this whole diocese; which ought to be both the pattern and the pride of all her handmaids, her fellow-helpers in the work of the ministry, and of all who derive spiritual benefit from those her daughters who are located in each surrounding parish. Not only because in her the daily offering of prayer and praise is wont to be presented—(*was* wont I should say, for now indeed the pealing organ and the solemn chant have ceased, but oh, that they may soon resound again in the beauty of holiness)—but because it is the early monument of your ancestral piety, the noble and the costly dedication to Jehovah and the glorified Son of God, of those who "offered willingly;" and in itself an exquisite and appropriate means of attuning and directing the heart towards heaven. Surely were there reluctance to respond to these sentiments, it might be said again to us, as of old by a prophet (Haggai i.) of that God whose dwelling has been placed therein, and there continued in his blessing and his mercy, twice or even thrice as long a period as was vouschafed to Solomon's more visibly but not more vitally distinguished temple,—"Is it time for you, O ye, to dwell in your ceiled houses, and this house lie waste?" But I am transgressing the rule I had proposed to myself; I would confine myself to explanation and declaration of facts; no solicitations are in fact required, none are necessary, and from me they would be specially unbecoming. The tide of liberal contribution has set in, it will flow on, and "our holy and beautiful house will be restored." I leave it to others to suggest the constraining motives which may well be expected to prevail—the antiquity, the beauty, the national interest of the sacred edifice, which may be pleaded in behalf of our projected reparations and restorations. I shall avoid all attempt at rhetorical embellishment—I desire to use great plainness of speech, and, with confidence in that spirit which has already manifested itself, will gladly confine myself to that course of duty which more especially belongs to me on this occasion—to a simple narrative of facts. This I proceed then to attempt

in the order which the subject seems most naturally to suggest, by declaring—First.—The nature of the several dilapidations and the occasion and mode of their discovery. Secondly.—The plans and extent of reparation and restoration proposed. Thirdly.—The costs which these would incur. Fourthly.—The means which the cathedral itself supplies. Fifthly.—The voluntary contributions which the members of the cathedral body have already guaranteed. Sixthly.—The sources from which we encourage a hope that the requisite funds may be obtained.

We proceed to give to the reader what appears to us the most interesting passage, in reference to the investigations into the general condition of the edifice by an experienced architect, Mr. Cottingham of London; and which describes also the incidental discovery of certain highly decorated remains of early architecture in the east end of the choir, which had been concealed through the introduction of a Grecian screen in 1717; and which latter appendage it was found necessary to remove, in order to judge of the extent of injury sustained by the walls beyond:—

Mr. Cottingham's first care was to ascertain the actual state of the vaulting itself, immediately to the east of the choir, and here it did not appear that any material defect existed; his attention was then attracted by the peculiar sweep of the base on which the columns below stood, and by the indication of a continuation of the decorated masonry behind the rough walls from which the arch springs on either side. It was impossible not to be struck with the corresponding traces of Norman mouldings which were just perceptible here and there above the Grecian screen, and between it and the painted boards representing curtains above, whilst on traversing the clerestory gallery, the remains of Norman ornaments were everywhere to be found, and the gallery itself, as I had before pointed out was still existent at each side, returned behind the wooden coverings, up to the splays of the eastern windows, near to which was a pair of small perforated arches, of the same style with those on the north and south sides.—It was not difficult to perceive from the iron braces and ties which extended on either side, the whole length of the clerestory range, that some danger or dislocation had either existed or was apprehended at an earlier period; and it was thought fit to complete the survey of this part by the removal of the whole incongruous covering of the east end of the choir, represented in its then form in plate 6. I am aware that it has been thought by some that more of the cathedral has been dismantled than was necessary. To the casual observer, or those who derive their information through circuitous channels, or who measure the requirement of the temple of God upon the same principles as they regard the reparation of their barns, it might possibly seem so; but not to insist on considerations, which must ever be paramount in importance in the believer's mind, I may venture to affirm, with the intimate knowledge I have been enabled to acquire, of facts, the occular demonstration I have obtained, the minute and personal investigation I have made of every part, that it is my firm conviction that it ought to be regarded as providential, that the examination which was instituted in the Lady Chapel did not terminate there.—I

cannot divest my mind of the impression, that it has probably been the means, I say not merely of developing the most grand and beautiful design and composition which can be found in any ecclesiastical structure, but of preventing the most disastrous ruin—the most awful sacrifice of human life. How long matters might have gone on, and we have supposed all was secure, I pretend not to guess,—there would have been no warning,—there was the swelling out in the high wall, whose bursting cometh suddenly at the instant. Once before, in this same cathedral, has a tower fallen, when practical masons had but a little while before pronounced it safe! The second, from its position, might probably have been more fatal—must have been far more destructive to the goodly fabric which surrounds it. The removal of the Grecian oak screen at the altar end of the choir proved these facts:—that those who had erected it, had removed in four places the ashlar of the walls, into the very core, to make room for the recesses in the screen, and had left the walls in those places without support; it also proved that the scenic decoration at the top, the painted boards to represent curtains, (what an adornment for a cathedral church!) were partially loosened from the wedges which had been driven to fix them to, and to strain the joints of the masonry; and that the wooden imitations of tassels which hung immediately over the heads of the ministering priests, as often as they officiated at the altar, were suspended on a rusty nail by small twine, little better than packthread. To such as have been accustomed to view this portion of the cathedral of Hereford in its debased and disguised form, the change which was effected by this removal of such heterogenous appendages is most striking, and the mutilated string courses and their broken shafts, the wrecks of former beauty and appropriate order, are, even if it were impracticable to restore them, infinitely preferable to those incongruities which have been happily removed. It appears that long before the introduction of the Grecian screen in 1717, the original arrangement had been disturbed by the introduction of a perpendicular window, to support which, the low circular arch in the centre had been constructed; on either side of this window were now to be seen the mouldings and featherings of the original early decorated lights, on a level and in communication with the lateral clerestory range; below these the Norman arcade, based upon a string course of nebule ornaments, and these sufficiently preserved to afford accurate patterns for exact restoration; but below, the beauty of beauties was to be traced—the thickness of that part of the wall is eight feet; on either side of the arch, twenty-four feet in span, were portions of shafts corresponding with the pair of Norman shafts exposed to view seven years ago,—the bases of these standing on a sort of plinth, which was continued through those already referred to, as well as the capitals, of most curious detail, were perfect, and upon them were visible as far as the level of the window above, the remaining stones which formed the architrave of the exterior arch, from which it was evident that its crown must have risen to the height of thirty feet. By cautious examination of the parts walled up, it was discovered that the capitals were all perfect, and that this exquisite and grand construction, the mutilation and concealment of which it is utterly impossible to account for, was in fact made up of five arches, the interior and smallest supported by the two semi columns already described, and each of the others increasing in span as it approached

the front upon square and circular shafts alternately, the faces of each arch being beautifully decorated with the choicest Norman ornaments. Of the four lateral arches, the two first had been not only hid by the oak panelling of the screen, but were also like the two others closed up with lath and plaster, as the central arch; and when these incumbrances and desecrations were taken away, it is impossible to describe accurately the glorious effect produced, rendered more solemn and impressive by the appearance of the ancient monuments of Bishops Reynelm, Mayew, Stanbury, and Benet, whose ashes rest beneath these massive arches, of which, together with the noble triforium above, before the conquest, Athelstan had probably been the founder, and the former of those just mentioned, the completer and restorer after that era.

It is not possible to award too high a portion of praise to the indefatigable and judicious exertions of the learned Dean of Hereford, in the prosecution of the measures connected with the restoration of this beautiful and interesting fabric. Every page bears witness of the close and persevering attention he has bestowed on the great object, which attaches so onerous responsibility to the discharge of his office. We much regret that our limits will not allow of a more extended reference to the curious and important facts and discoveries detailed in the progress of the various investigations, and to the valuable and interesting historical and other notes appended to the work; but we trust that we have already quoted sufficiently to show that the merits of the volume are eminently deserving of extensive notice. We now give, as our concluding sample, the peroration of Dr. Merewether's address, embodying an unaffected vein of elevated and pathetic sentiment, which cannot fail to elicit the admiration and sympathy of the reader:—

The great length to which this statement has already been extended admonishes me of the necessity of confining my remarks in conclusion, within the smallest compass,—but feeling as I do, and not merely as a matter of bounden duty, a deep interest in this venerable fabric,—a cathedral, to which as its chief guardian I cannot but be attached, from my station in it, I humbly trust that its cause has not been injured by the feeble advocacy which peculiar circumstances beyond my control have tended to render less efficient than it might in other hands have been. This I confidently trust at least I have now effected:—I have laid before you, and through you, the christian public, generally, as clearly and satisfactorily as I could, the real, honest, and faithful description of the precise state and condition of this sacred edifice.—If personal intreaty, as its Dean, can have any weight, I do beseech you let the sacred principle on which I have based my appeal, have its perfect work.—I ask not of you what I am not ready and zealous to do myself,—I can sincerely aver that I have ever looked upon my connection with this cathedral church as a matter of *trust*,—I have ever been ready to sacrifice self considerations cheerfully, to make it what it ought to be,—I have already made sacrifices for its sake, perhaps more, and greater than might ever appear, and I am ready to do so again, to the utmost of my ability;

but anxious, deeply anxious as I am to see it restored to its appropriate and pristine beauty, to be worthy of the sacred purpose for which it should be employed to the latest posterity,—my feelings, as they apply to my own particular interests, and the personal concern and gratification I may enjoy in such accomplishment of my wishes, are limited and confined to the life-hold tenure, the transient and evanescent concern which I and those belonging to *me* share in these things—they must end with my life: they are of necessity as nothing in comparison to the feelings, the permanent and real interest, in which the proprietors of the soil in this city and county and diocese of Hereford, are entitled to participate, surely must, and doubtless will experience in its preservation.—The probability is, that this frame will rest within those walls, these bones crumble beneath its roof, and mingle with the dust of my departed predecessors; and it is a weakness not unpardonable, I trust, nor unbecoming of the hopes and privileges of our order, if I avow some inward satisfaction at that thought,—the cordial concern I have felt at the too palpable neglect, the desecrations, the sad deformities which in earlier days have been permitted to remain unheeded and unreclaimed in this our sanctuary, and still are traceable; the humble efforts I have made, and not in vain, to meliorate its condition and the tone of feeling towards it, naturally prompt a wish, that whatever may be my fate, here may be my final resting place, and this the monument of my unworthy but unfeigned service; nay there is another cause, which has but recently supplied, a secondary perhaps, but not a cold or fleeting tie of attachment to this loved and venerated building, but when your sons, and sons' sons, shall tread these courts of the Lord's house, and mark the spot where then shall my remains be crumbling with their kindred dust; oh, I do hope, and trust, that I have precluded the possibility of their complaint, their accusation that I had been supine and listless, deficient in my bounden endeavours to have justice done to such a monument of early piety and splendid liberality; I trust it never can be said, that it was through my culpable neglect and apathy, that at this golden opportunity, a sound and proper restoration had not been effected!—I will not trespass longer on your attention, I feel how much I am indebted to you for your patience, and I gratefully hail it, as a delightful presage of the interest you take in the objects of this meeting.

I cordially and sincerely thank you, and now I leave the result in your hands,—to the disposal of Him, to the honour and glory of whose great name, and the highest blessings of yourselves, and all who love the Lord Jesus in sincerity, I most fervently pray it may continually redound.

ART. IV.—*Anti-Duel; or a Plan for the Abrogation of Duelling, which has been tried and found successful.* By JOHN DUNLOP. Houlston and Stoneham.

MR. DUNLOP takes the credit to himself of having been the "Founder of the Temperance Movement in Great Britain," and is favourably known as the author of "Essays on the Philosophy of Artificial and Compulsory Drinking Usages;" of the "Tendency to Association

in Mankind," &c. Of course our practical and zealous philanthropist would be deeply gratified if he should prove to be the instrument to any extent towards the abrogation of the barbarous practice of duelling, and accordingly appears in this fresh walk of benevolence; nor, indeed, without the promise of success and early prevention. The pamphlet before us, although necessarily brief, is comprehensive in its scope and suggestiveness. It cannot present the gossip and anecdote contained in Dr Millingen's volumes, but it traverses the entire field of the subject, and offers a more distinct and accessible remedy than is to be met with in that bulky work.

Mr. Dunlop treats the subject in a series of short chapters, beginning with a statement of facts and a variety of references in order to show that the "modern duel is not identical with ancient championship;" that is, the encounter of select champions of hostile armies. In the classical epics of Greece and Rome we read of single combats, when the decision of a general war was put upon the issue and arbitrement of the conflict waged by individuals. In Scripture history the famous case of Goliath the Philistine and David occurs. In this instance we have the challenger saying, "choose you a man for you and let him come down to me; if he be able to fight me, and to kill me, then will we be your servants; but if I prevail against him, then shall ye be our servants, and serve us." This and many other ancient cases differed widely from the duel as practised in modern times, for in these latter days the conflict may obtain between individuals of the same country, between acquaintances and bosom friends. There are, however, many nations that have never resorted to the savage custom; and although less boastful of their advancement than Europeans, treat the idea of duelling with derision. Such is the sentiment of the Asiatics. But even in the West there are classes who never dream of such an appeal to supposed courage and immaculate honour. The clergy of Europe fence and fight by means of their tongues and quills. The Quakers are not pugnacious with the pistol, with dagger, or with sword. The millions of the working and lower middle classes in no part of the world have given in to the practice; so that the *duel-exposed*, as Mr. Dunlop terms them, form but a small section as compared with all others. Our author guesses, that, after withdrawing females, clergymen, strictly religious persons, &c., from the class that keep carriages and riding horses, the number of the duel-exposed persons in Britain may not exceed 70,000; certainly a small fraction of the general population. Then, how many even of this number would probably have little objection to the entire discontinuance of the practice? Unquestionably it would be a happy occurrence were its childishness as well as its atrocity generally perceived.

Mr. Dunlop, in analyzing the nature and elements of the modern duel, holds that it had its origin in the *judicial combat*. A mere

spirit of revenge, he argues, does not dictate the practice. Neither is it meant as a display of mere physical courage and contempt of death. On the contrary, the gentlemanlike satisfaction of duelling appears in a great measure to consist in that a man having fancied he has sustained an injury, "possesses the further advantage of having a final end put to all his earthly cares and annoyances." Hence the duel practice has much in it of the folly and cowardice of a suicidal deed.

The origin and history of duelling our author maintains, had its rise rather in the judicial combat than armed tilts and tournaments; for "it was supposed in superstitious ages, that in quarrel or debate between two individuals, the Deity, if called upon, would interpose, and settle the dispute by awarding victory to him to whom the right truly belonged;" and accordingly, not only in criminal, but also in civil cases, the wager of battle was resorted to, and always on the understood legal presumption that God would defend the head of the innocent, and punish the guilty in the very lists where his name had been appealed to. This method and doctrine had their origin in the early part of the middle ages, and among the Germans so far back as the days of the ancient Romans. The wager of battle seems to have been introduced into England by William the Conqueror; and numerous were the rules and ceremonies that enter into the code of the practice. The following oath was taken by the combatants: "Hear this, ye justices, that I have this day neither eat, drank, nor have upon me either bone, stone, or grass, nor any enactment, sorcery, or witchcraft, whereby the law of God may be abased, or the law of the devil exalted. So help me God and his saints." No enlightened Christian, of course, could ever yield to the absurdities of such an appeal; and accordingly sundry legal enactments came to be passed to abolish it. Yet it was not until the year 1818 that the barbarous law of judicial combat came to be altogether repealed, when the gage of battle by Abraham Thornton, the murderer of Mary Ashford, was held to be available by the judges!

Along with other writers, Mr. Dunlop traces the modern duel to the challenge between Charles V. and Francis I. of France, after which it grew fashionable among the aristocracy. The discontinuance, too, of the active services of the Knights Templars, and Knights of Malta, against the Mahommedan powers, tended to the working up the science of honour into a complicated system. Minute definitions were given of that which amounted to an insult, and would be the fair ground of a hostile and deadly meeting. The giving the lie was the "grand thrust at honour." But various were not only the grounds of challenge, but differences occured in the kinds of offence that warranted a challenge; so as to alter the duel code.

In the noted treatise by Saviolo, it is laid down, contrary to present practice, that an injured husband could not avenge himself by combat with the adulterer. (Book 2.) Yet there is there admitted a sort of knight-errant privilege for all other gentlemen to act in such a case as the avengers of right; but, according to modern usage, the adulterer may be subjected to a hostile meeting with the injured person, or with any relation of the female's, but is free from any armed aggression of other parties.

In the early ages of duelling a variety of weapons were in use, and hence it was then of great consequence to gain the choice of arms; and as this was awarded to him who was challenged, it became of importance to adjust the laws of honour in such a way as to make the aggressor the challenger, and thus to secure to the injured party those weapons with which he was best acquainted. But in this country, for many years, duels have been nearly universally fought with pistols; so that the points which went to settle who should challenge, or who should be the challenged party, have been less considered.

Saviolo lays it down that gentlemen may not justly combat for hatred or desire of revenge.

"For that God," says he, "whose eyes are fixed even on the most secret and inner thoughts of our hearts, and ever punisheth the evil intents of men, both in just and unjust cases, reserveth his chastisements against all offenders until such time as his incomprehensible judgment findeth to be most fit and serving to his purpose."

Among a variety of grounds to form the basis of an orderly duel, we find in old writers such reasons as these:—Withdrawing a friend or lady who is engaged in talk with a gentleman, without craving his leave. Staring at one. Biting the thumb:—

"*Sampson.* I will bite my thumb at them, which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

Abram. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sampson. I do bite my thumb, sir.

Gregory. Do you quarrel, sir?

Abram. Quarrel, sir? No, sir."

SHAKSPEARE. *(Romeo and Juliet.)*

Suborning or maltreating the servants of others. Going between gentlemen while they are speaking. Calling another traitor, heretic, cheat, rebel. Affirming that such an one did not his duty in arms; that such another was a maker of false money, a thief, and so forth.

Indeed, in the early stages of duelling it seems to have been difficult for two gentlemen to express an opposite opinion on any subject without involving themselves in the circumstances of having mutually given the lie, and in all the unpleasant consequences thereof. "Every denial," says Saviolo, "be it never so simple, beareth the force of a lie, being altogether as much in effect;" a state of things that assuredly was by no means favourable to eliciting truth on any subject, or for the purposes of debate.

The doctrine formerly understood on the subject of one person giving the lie to another, may in part be gathered from the following distinctions and definitions :—

The lie certain, was given on words spoken affirmatively. To say, "thou hast spoken in prejudice of my reputation, and therefore dost lie," was not held in former times a challengeable quarrel, because the time and place, and other particulars, are not specified.

The lie conditional. To say, "if you have said that I did so and so, you lie," was not challengeable.

The lie in general. To say, "whoso reported that I betrayed my lord, doth lie falsely," did not infer a challengeable offence.

The lie in particular is given to special persons upon express and particular matter, and seems to have been accounted challengeable. Thus: "Silvano, thou saidest that, on the day of the battle of St. Quintin, I did abandon the ensign, whereof I say thou liest."

Foolish lies were not challengeable. With regard to the dementi, or giving back the lie; if one said he hath not failed in loyalty, and another said "you lie," the former was entitled to return the lie, and make the latter the challenger. He had done no injury with his primary assertion, but had been outraged by the other.

Shakspeare and other dramatists ridicule the *duello*. Touchstone, for example, in "As You Like It," is particularly definite and learned relative to lies, even to that which is *seven times removed*. Mr. Dunlop also happily quotes certain words from Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus," with respect to duels, on which subject that original thinker has his own ideas. Few things, observes he, in this so surprising world, strike one with more surprise than the practice in question. "Two little visual spectres of men, hovering with insecure enough cohesion in the midst of the unfathomable, and to dissolve therein at any rate very soon, make pause at the distance of twelve paces asunder, whirl round, and simultaneously, by the cunningest mechanism, explode one another into dissolution, and off-hand become air, and non-extant. Deuce on it! (verdammet!) The little spitfires! wondrous mannikins here below!"

It is easy to dilate on the absurdities of the practice, yet it has been found difficult by laws positive and precise to repress it, or render it unfashionable among certain classes. However, Mr. Dunlop does not despair of success in this field, having caught courage from the issue of his exertions in the Temperance department; his argument, indeed, tracing analogies of an artificial and conventional character between the drinking-usages and what are called the laws of honour or courtesy. These laws, by the advocates and abettors of duelling, form a code which is held to be superior to all human jurisdiction, to be supreme and paramount. The absurdity grows, for duelling is unnatural, not having the qualities of revenge, nor now believed to be an appeal to Heaven for the right decision of the

case. Neither can the fighting of a duel remove a moral stain from any man's character. Of course Mr. Dunlop easily disposes of the defences set up in behalf of the practice. If it be alleged that duelling promotes courtesy, then the inhabitants of Kentucky must be the politest and most civilized people on earth, and ministers of the gospel in all churches the rudest and most uncomplaisant. But professed duellists are the greatest ruffians and nuisances in society,—persons addicted to pistol-saloon dexterity, indulging insolent habits, and seeking for occasions of quarrel with a murderous appetite. The history of nations renders it undeniable also, that the valour and generosity of a people are perfectly independent of the duelling system. Moral courage is of quite another nature. The following are some of our author's pertinent observations on the objections that have been suggested to the abrogation of the practice.

It has been objected, that if duelling were withdrawn from the usages of society, there would thus be subtracted a check which, at least among the duel-exposed class, prevents wife, sister, or daughter, from being injured in a more or less serious manner.

The majority of men abstain from offences against the sex from a variety of motives apart from duel-risk: among which may be stated, the operation of conscience, or a moral and religious sentiment respecting the personal sin and ethical turpitude of the action; moreover, from a feeling of mercy and kindness, as perceptible in abstaining from what might ruin or hurt the reputation and prospects of an individual, or distress the minds of a family. A regard also for personal character, and fear of general reprobation, may be also ingredients in the compound sentiment.

A fractional part of mankind, it is said, are not limited by these motives, and require the hazards of the duel to restrain their atrocious intentions. But, it may be asked, is this not a begging of the question (petitio principii), and the taking a proposition as granted without any proof? And if it were admitted, is the objector prepared to debate the propriety of putting in force all punishments for crime that can be imagined; such as burning for adultery, and hanging for stealing of forty shillings?

But, farther, is it not a chance of ten to one, that ruffians in the duel-exposed class, of the species supposed, are extremely likely to approach the limits of crime habitually, in all the more fashionable approximations to sin; and therefore to rank among the other qualifications for their questionable modes of life, perhaps, also, that of skilful duel-practice? A man competent to fire with accuracy, but more especially with accuracy and celerity combined, will scarcely, in the general case, be much affected by the danger of duel-risk: and, therefore, as far as this restraint goes, may fairly expect to be able to proceed all lengths in his exceptionable courses with impunity.

Besides, the avowed, open, and universally-defended practice of one kind of crime, or sin, is by no means likely to have any real tendency, generally, to promote morality in other departments of life, or otherwise restrain mis-

demeanour and offence. The practice of murder in the form of duelling; the cruel, unjust, unreasonable moral judgments and opinions it contributes to form and foster in the general mind, does not, probably, sharpen and direct the consciences of men in their duties to the gentler sex, but rather the reverse. And, after all, do the female relatives of the clergy, the quakers, or of religious gentlemen throughout, specially suffer in consequence of the avowed anti-duel sentiments of their male protectors?

Other objectors suggest that, instead of any direct measures being taken for the purpose of suppressing duelling, the general standard of courtesy should be raised and upheld by education and by other means; and refined taste and elevated sentiment be generally attained. Others desire that the world should be effectually christianised, when all these social aberrations would be reduced to the rule of right.

We do not pretend to dispute these somewhat obvious positions; nor would we discourage those who hold them from using the most strenuous exertions for their accomplishment, by the means they are in possession of: but, as arguments connected with our subject, they seem to be of the nature of irrelevant confutation:-and, until these arduous tasks shall be achieved, we still plead the usefulness of our scheme, and claim protection for it against all dilatory demurs of this sort..

There will be no end to dissent and exceptions in this matter; and the fertility of the human fancy will probably be well taxed to invent an assortment of new rebutters and rejoinders on this topic. For we venture to prophecy that, if the question we are attempting to handle ever obtain a tolerable hearing in the fashionable world, it may be expected that almost every man in the duel-exposed class, will, for a time at least, publicly and ostentatiously object to the abrogation of the duel system; because this is one cheap mean of demonstrating and proclaiming, in an indirect way, his own valour and contempt of death. He is a man of physical mettle, is noways afraid of scruples and casuistic niceties, and sees no objection to the keeping up of a system, which has the general character of promoting bravery, and ensuring politeness.

But the analogy and sympathy of present national manners to bloodshed, and to the enforcement of supposed right by individual parties themselves, instead of the judicial authorities of the land, are different from what they were three hundred years ago. Gentlemen then had scarcely any other occupation but fighting and fencing. Every one was trained to the use of some weapon, and was expected to be in part his own judge, jury, and executioner. The advance of general mental training has made physical violence of all kinds alien and unnatural to our present state of manners. To fire loaded pistols at one another is almost as uncongenial to present modes and trains of thought, habit, and feeling, as it would be to go about with painted skins, instead of wearing shirts and surtouts.

Crape and cocked pistols are, in the 19th century, out of fashion, even on Hounslow Heath. The duel-exposed class should take a hint from this noticeable advance in civilization, and make a corresponding onward movement. They are not to be supposed utterly devoid of an enlightened desire of improving their condition.

But what is the plan for the abrogation of the practice as proposed by Mr. Dunlop? It is of the nature of a simple pledge, which he warmly recommends for the adoption of the duel-exposed class, analogous to that which has been so extensively taken by associations for the doing away with drink-footings in workshops and factories. The form of the pledge which he suggests is in these words:—"We, the undersigned, unite in a public protest against the practice of duelling, and do hereby declare that we will neither send nor accept a challenge to fight; and that we will not in any way be accessory to the anti-Christian practice on the part of others." Such an association, Mr. Dunlop argues, does not require for its practical workings, to be adopted by the majority of the aristocracy; and he cites his experience in support of the opinion, saying he has found that a combination of the *whole* men of a factory or workshop is not necessary in order to abolish a drink-usage, but that the association of ten per hundred of the artisans has been shown to be quite sufficient in a crowd of cases. It has been actually found that combination to this extent, to do away with the beershop *debts of honour*, being of the nature of negation rather than of forcible expression, has abolished the state of slavery imposed by drinking-usages. We quote a paragraph upon the analogy and parallelism alluded to.

The constitution of a conventional connexion between the use of alcoholic beverages and etiquette, or courtesy, is equally artificial in its nature as the factitious conjunction between duel practice and the adjudgment and decision of differences among friends and acquaintance. These virtual alliances, or combinations, have been made by art, and are artificially upheld; neither have they any natural support in the constitution of man. They may, with the utmost facility, be changed and abolished by the same authority that holds them up, *provided that authority were interposed.* The public sentiment that sustains both being altered, the practice, usage, or fashion, would come to the ground. An English person of the middle class connects courtesy with drinking of healths. This custom is nearly obsolete now among the more exclusive and highest-bred circles. The practice seems at the present period almost unknown in most parts of the European continent. Everything on such points depends on the public fashion, mode, and sentiment. A Frechman asks why we do not eat healths in England as well as drink them? An Arab does not connect courtesy with wine; he, probably, would not receive an alcoholic courtesy, however well and kindly intended. A religious man in Great Britain forgives an injury, or settles it by law or arbitration. A gentleman in the duel-exposed class is scarcely satisfied without being winged, or shot through the ear. All the artificial wine, spirit, and beer-courtesies have, in masses of society, lately given way to extensive negative association, instituted for the purpose of abolishing them. A mighty difficulty and obstacle which the British Temperance Societies have had to deal with—perhaps the most impracticable in the list—has been the conventional connexion, factitiously established in this country between

liquor and etiquette, or courtesy. A point of honour is involved both in liquor-etiquette and in the circumstances which lead to duels. A mechanic who refuses to conform to the scores of drink-footings and drink-etiquettes, conventionally established (nobody knows how) by the rules of his trade, is looked upon as mean, paltry, and pitiful; he is sent to Coventry, and is considered as out of the pale of kindness and protection, and may be maltreated by all other workmen at their pleasure. None dare assist him in his work; his tools are secretly gapped and notched; his clothes dirtied and spoiled; and, in some cases, carried by his shopmates to the pawnshop; and, if all this do not cause compliance with the drink-usage, a general strike of the workmen frequently takes place, to force the master or employer to drive the nonconformist from the workshop. This is the general drink-law in the three kingdoms; a system unparalleled in Europe for tyranny, cruelty, and pernicious consequences. Yet this iron-system is giving way in all directions to the simple combination of the determined few, among the inconstant and wavering many.

The true way to the actually putting down of the practice of duelling Mr. Dunlop has discovered, he thinks, in the history of France. We extract his account of its character, being founded on the laws of association.

In considering the subject, and perusing some of the multifarious works that have been written upon it, the author found it stated, by a variety of later writers on the topic, that the only period when any suspension had taken place in modern duel practice, during the 300 years in which it has existed, was in France, during the reign of Louis XIV. He was somewhat struck with this point of history, and, on searching for such a difference of result, at first met with nothing to distinguish the means used in that king's reign from those of any other. There were, doubtless, royal edicts against the practice; but there had been abundance of such in former reigns, as well as in most other European states, including even the small communities of Italy; and all this without any essential consequence. On further investigation, however, the following historical facts emerged, which, in his predisposed state of mind, it will be allowed were fitted to strike the writer with great force and interest.

It appears that, in the previous king's reign, the laws against duelling had been renewed; but, nevertheless, this did not prevent a very sanguinary duel taking place in the minority of Louis XIV. between the dukes of Beaufort and Nemours, and their friends, when several individuals of high rank and influence were sacrificed. We must, to understand this case, remember that the kingdom of France was, at this period, a nearly despotic monarchy; and that, in the extreme minority of the king, then five years of age, the government of the empire rested on the principal nobility. The whole French nation seem to have been so shocked and alarmed with this catastrophe, and the consequent critical state of the kingdom, that the result was a general voluntary association of the nobility and gentry, including the marshals of France, to refuse all duelling.

According to the authority quoted by our author, only five hostile meetings occurred in France during the long reign of Louis XIV., whereas 4,000 gentlemen were slain in that of Henry IV.; and this improvement, he argues, was mainly owing to the influence of voluntary association; acting not as a court of honour would operate, by positive prosecution, but by negative power, and in the style of counter-association to that which virtually obtains among the duel-exposed class. At the same time it is maintained that "no sufficient demonstration on the subject of duelling has yet been made by the religious and moral world;" and therefore there has been a negative abetting of the practice rather than an opposition.

Mr. Dunlop would have the metropolis made the centre of a small effort of the kind urged, that being the great source of fashion, etiquette, and usage. The British colonists, and even the Anglo-American race, would not fail to feel the effect of an engine having London at the further end of the lever. The author therefore urges an association of gentlemen residing or sojourning in the metropolis, for the wise and benevolent purpose under consideration. Nor, according to a notice which has appeared in the newspapers, will his call be without a response; for, but a few days after his pamphlet reached us, we read in the Times the paragraph now to be quoted, which is evidence that a goodly list of persons in those walks of life, where the barbarous practice has been principally confined, have united with the determination to discountenance it hereafter. It will be seen that noblemen, officers of the army and navy, and barristers, form the majority of the society; proving that, if gentlemen would but speak out, their voice and strong repugnance would be uttered in most cases to the denunciation of a murderous code, but to which some of them have no doubt yielded, if not by deed, at least by their former silence, a disastrous acquiescence.

"An association has just been formed for the suppression of duelling. It consists of 326 members, including 21 noblemen, 13 sons of noblemen, 16 members of parliament, 15 baronets, 30 admirals and generals, 44 captains, R.N., 23 colonels and lieutenant-colonels, 17 majors, 26 captains in the army, 20 lieutenants, R.N., and 24 barristers. They denounce duelling as sinful, irrational, and contrary to the laws of God and man. They also pledge themselves to discountenance by influence and example a practice which so greatly dishonours God. Captain Hope, R.N., and Mr. W. Dunmore, have become honorary secretaries to the association."

Art. V.—*The Secretary.* By Sheridan Knowles.

A new play by Sheridan Knowles is always a theatrical event, and an incident in dramatic history. The Secretary sustains the fame of the author, and some of its parts and characters are equal to the best things that he ever published. The piece no doubt is deficient on the same score where he habitually fails; for its plot is poor as well as exhausted by Knowles himself; being wanting both in respect of action and interest. Besides it has the misfortune to be constantly measured along with Mr. James's novel, "The King's Highway," and where the narrative form of the work is effective, whereas the drama demands for its purposes different means and points of excitement. The story is that of a young lady of high rank loving below her station, a subject of which the author is fond, and which to be sure addresses itself to the generous romance of his nature with peculiar fitness. As we have often observed, Knowles is the dramatist of love, and he delights in its frank and ardent utterances,—in making his principal character, if a female, combine the most artless simplicity with the warmest temperament, modesty with noble sentiment, innocency with sudden impulses,—and if of the opposite sex, also all that is genuine with manliness of thought and expression. This writer is ever in earnest, and cannot compose a speech without convincing his auditors of his perfect good faith in this respect; so he generally carries you with him with kindliest sympathy, even while you feel that the plot is a feeble fable, or a fiction at variance with actual life and propriety.

We must observe, however, that there is something more questionable in the conduct of the young lady than may arise from the want of conventional propriety, or a divergence from the real in life; for the declaration of her passion is as strong and abrupt as its feeling is sudden and violent. She does not wait to be wooed, not even to be visited, by the lowly Secretary, her recent preserver, but actually engages two persons as go-betweens, to take as it were by storm the man she adores, and who she is determined to wed, if wedded she is ever to be. In all this there is violence done to one's knowledge of life, and to every conception of maidenly modesty. One cannot reflectively sympathise with female impetuosity when at variance with delicacy; nor can even Sheridan Knowles surmount difficulties interposed by such a plot.

The story of the piece is soon indicated, for its course will at once be understood from the several hints already given of the heroine's attachment. *Lady Laura*, the daughter of the *Duke of Gaveston*, on the instant falls over head and ears with *Wilton Brown*, who has rescued her as well as her father from robbers. The hero is no less suddenly smitten, but being only the Secretary of *Lord Byerdale*, he

can entertain no hopes of a successful wooing, until she herself avows her passion with a reiterated distinctness and urgency that would have satisfied the most timid and incredulous. *Colonel Green*, a stern but noble-hearted character, is the person who conveys to *Wilton* the first notice of his good fortune in regard to the heroine's affection, and also gives some intimation that the *Secretary* does not wear his legitimate name. Near the opening of the play we have this dialogue:—

WILTON.

You know my name
And family?

GREEN.

I know my own.

WILTON.

Not mine?

GREEN.

What then? Is't matter for despondency?

WILTON.

The man that toils along a weary road
Beneath a burthen, and miscounting, thinks
The time is come, at last, to lay it down,
With weight augmented takes it up again
To bear it forward still.

GREEN.

You are not yet
Of age.

WILTON.

How know you that?

GREEN.

What matter how,
So that I know? The knowledge on't is neither
Murder nor theft! It might be treason—but
It is not that. What friend have you beside
The Earl of Sunbury?

WILTON.

How know you he's
My friend?

GREEN.

Why ply a bootless labour twice?
I know it. That content you!—Who besides
Rank in the list, more often fill than ought?

WILTON.

I count but one—Lord Sherbrooke.

GREEN.

Son of him
You're secretary to—Lord Byerdale.

WILTON.

You seem to know me well!

GREEN.

I seem?—I do.
Lord Byerdale is he your friend too?

WILTON.

No.

GREEN.

Nor friend to any who deserve a friend!

WILTON.

Who are you, sir?

GREEN.

You have been bred at college.
You have won honours there—and high ones, too.
A college is a place to sharpen wit,
Or ought to be.—A slight hint should suffice;
And yet it seems, you cannot take a broad one.

WILTON.

Sir, I love openness and honour.

GREEN.

Right,
And so do I. I mean you not to know me!
So much for openness!—and, as to honour,
Judge me as you find me!

Wilton confesses that he has "thought upon the maid," so that so far as a return can be offered in that respect he is her equal; while the *Colonel* pronounces upon its fitness:—

GREEN.

'Twas fit!—'Twas fair!—'Twas paying back
What you received—for she has thought of you!
Mark!—At the moment that you stood her friend
She grew your love!—Youth's in a blaze, and sees
Not half what is about it!—When to flight
You put her enemies, you little thought
That, after all your pains, the maid was robb'd!

WILTON.

Robb'd!—

GREEN.

Of her heart—I saw it on the arm
Where but her figure seem'd to hang, the while
You led her to the carriage.

WILTON.

Do you know
Who was the lady?

GREEN.

Daughter to the Duke
Of Gaveston.

WILTON.

Yes; and I an humble man!

GREEN.

You are not an humble man—that is—I am right!
And stand to what I say—a man that owns
A noble soul is not an humble man,
In the poor sense wherein the sapient world
Mouths out the trite and questionable phrase!

WILTON.

Who are you, sir?—Forgive me!—I'm content
To know you by your thoughts.

GREEN.

Whereto I'll add
My deeds, in time, with every adjunct else!
Hie to the duke's! He owes thee benefit;
And welcome will he give thee as a friend.
Tho' dull to what's to come, as dawn to day
When the sun's up, and glow is turn'd to fire!
His daughter pines for sight of him again,
Whom the first sight did so commend, all else
To vision is a blank! I say again
Thou art no humble man! Revolve my words
With boldest spirit.—Dare and you shall win!

Lord Sherbrook is the son of him for whom *Wilton* acts as secretary, and is the channel of procuring an interview between the lovers at the Duke's. We will here quote a long passage which is in the best style of Knowles's genuine feeling and affluent sympathies with the trusting heart and undisguised nature:—

LADY LAURA.

Sir, you will deem me bold to wish you stay;
Yet, sooth, the blame is yours. When creditors
Are modest, and hold off, the debtor's shamed
That comes not forth—if not to pay his debt,
At least to grace it with acknowledgment!

WILTON.

You owe me nothing, lady.

LADY LAURA.

Nothing!—No—
And weighs my life, sir, nothing in your eyes?
Although perhaps a trifle in my own!

WILTON.

Your life!—O, lady!—

LADY LAURA.

Well, sir?—Well?—Say on!
Is't nothing?—Yet my gratitude's a heap;
But that, perhaps, is nothing!

WILTON.

Were't deserved,
So much—save one thing—I could wish no more!

LADY LAURA.

I will believe you!
Yet let me ask why what you valued so
You took no pains to learn was rendered you?
Don't speak!—I know!—the true desert holds back!
Ere reach for its reward, would let it go!
Yet, in my own defence I must be frank,
And tell you I have wished to see you, sir;
Nor once, but oft; nor much, but earnestly,
To tell you all I feel I owe you, sir;
And still, tho' I defended you just now,
Charging your absence to the proper cause,
Yet must you bear some blame—for though you had
Your feelings, sir, we had our feelings too,
For which 'twere not unjust to credit us;
Which crediting, 'twere hardly generous
To grieve with needless pain;—our name—abode
My father gave you—so methinks did I.
They were not coldly given, but for a purpose;
They were not idly given, but heartily:
They meant an invitation.—It is true
'Twas not accepted by your lips, and yet
I thought your looks gave token of as much.
If I thought wrong, I grieve for my mistake—
I would not think you never meant to come!

WILTON.

'Twas true.

LADY LAURA.

'Twas strange! To risk your life for us,
Yet grudge a step to see—that we were well.

WILTON.

I heard that you were well—I knew you were.

LADY LAURA.

And that contented you. Sir, I have friends
I know are well, yet I would see them too.
But then, they are dear friends—you are very right.
'Twere almost bold to say we are acquaintance;
Yet, though you think me forward, I shall say
We are not losers did you rate us more.

WILTON.

More?—O much more!—More than I dare to name!

LADY LAURA. *(Aside.)*

I could believe the heart that's in my breast
Did throb just now in his—I am beloved!
Sir, you say nothing, or you say too much—
I mean too much for faith.—More than acquaintance—
Would be a friend—much more were—more than that—
O lips, be mute, when looks can talk so well!
The more his tongue refrains, the more he speaks!

WILTON.

O, were I sure—

LADY LAURA.

Of what?

WILTON.

That I could claim
A *royal* stock!

LADY LAURA.

What then?—Be frank!—What then?

WILTON.

Why then I might to lady high as you
Proffer my heart.

LADY LAURA.

You then would condescend!
And, think you, none can condescend but you?
Would'st like me—for a friend?

WILTON.

No!

LADY LAURA.

No?

WILTON.

A friend
Lies near the heart; but then there is the core
That looks for something else.

LADY LAURA.

Which you have found!
No?

WILTON.

Yes!

LADY LAURA.

A mistress?

WILTON.

Yes!

LADY LAURA.

Where does she bide?

WILTON.

Where does she bide! O Honour, is it right
To take advantage of the love for us
That would undo itself—descend for us

From state—make partnership with namelessness—
Convert high veneration into scorn—
Quit the bright pageant of emblazon'd life,
To play a poor part in the daily crowd?

LADY LAURA.

Nothing!—All nothing!

WILTON.

Cast itself away—
Give all—gain nought—unless abasement's gain—
Nought but a heart, which any one could give?

LADY LAURA.

No!—only one—worth all that ever beat—
Cheap purchased with her own!

WILTON. (*Aside.*)

O, generous maid!
And shall I take thy sterling gold for dross?
I must, or I must fly! Lady, farewell!

LADY LAURA.

Stay! You have stopp'd too long to go so soon!
Was there not something to be said? A word
About your friend? Well, sir: sit down and say it.

WILTON.

My friend is noble.

LADY LAURA.

Ay! He is noble, is he?
Has he a heart?

WILTON.

A brave, and warm one, too!
A man more modest than he loves to show.

LADY LAURA.

Sir, let him show the most he may, I'll find
The man will prove him very braggart there—
A man to love whom is to boast one's self,
So is he challenge of all nobleness!
A man who rescued once a lady's life:
Who, for the chance of such salvation only,
Would risk that life again 'gainst twice the odds!
Why do you hang your head? Desert for shame!
Assert yourself, erect your brow, and cast
A thousand round you down, that only tower
Because you please to droop! O doubtful pass
To come to!—for a maidenunenforced
To tell her love!—What can be urged for her?
What can she urge herself?—Why this, that Heaven
Inform'd her; so she knew its handiwork,
And worshipped heaven in it!—Almost, and more

Than once, you've said you loved me, but stopp'd short!
I hold a virtue higher than a grace,
So prefer honesty to bashfulness—
As, by this time, perhaps, you more than guess:
Then, where you halted, will I e'en go on,
And tell you—yet why need I?—all is said
But the plain downright word, which, if I speak,
I shall not make you wise a tittle more;
Yet *'tis the word*, and I will out with it—
You love me, Wilton, and 'tis love for love!
Why, Wilton, where's your heart?

WILTON.

Here at your feet!

LADY LAURA.

Then 'tis a contract.

WILTON.

Yes.

LADY LAURA.

How long to last?

WILTON.

For life.

LADY LAURA.

No less a term!—Were't but a jot
Shorter than that, I'd have the compact torn
And scatter'd to the winds! For life?

WILTON.

For life! [*The* Duke of Gaveston *enters.*

LADY LAURA.

Then, Wilton, I am yours. But mark me, yet;
My father cannot wed me 'gainst my will—
Against my father's will I'll never wed—
If I wed ever, Wilton, 'tis with you!

But the course of true love never runs smoothly, a high poetic authority asseverates. The Duke sets his face so firmly against the unequal match, that Lady Laura is on the brink of despair, and takes to moralize concerning the laws of society. She says,—

I'm sick of life! 'Tis one against the million,
So let the million have its way! It will!
Lord weds with lady. Why? Because a lord!
A common match would find a better reason!
Yet no; 'tis rank all through—nothing but rank!
Craft weds with craft—profession with profession.
Weddings for clothes! From top to bottom all's
At odds with reason! Human life is ravel'd,
And love itself can't make the thread run clear.

The work that only frets 'twere best give o'er:
Only don't help to make the puzzle worse!
Let the world be! It is too old to mend;
'Twas what it is, and will be to the end!

Lord Byerdale's ambition is to wed his son to *Lady Laura*, but neither of these young people have any ardent inclination for a match which the *craft with craft* people would have pronounced most fitting and fair. *Byerdale* therefore undertakes the humiliation of the ducal house by bringing about a marriage with *Wilton;* the condition of Gaveston's release from the Tower, to which his jacobitism had consigned him, being his consent to the union of the lovers. But it accords with the species of revenge which the disappointed lord cherishes, to confide to the expectant youth on the eve of the marriage, the secret of his illegitimacy; and now it becomes the *Secretary's* turn to conjure up objections, and to exhibit the stamp of a sterling nature, all which is estimated at its true value by the impetuous girl:—

DUKE OF GAVESTON.

So far we have done your pleasure passively,
Nor halt we yet the stipulation
Whereon our full enlargement was vouchsafed—
Your union with my daughter—though foregone
By your own choice, when by agreement due,
Lies at your option still. This hand is yours
When he, whose holy act of two makes one,
Shall minister the nuptial ceremony.

WILTON.

First let me bless this hand so proffer'd me!
Bless it for life that it would give to me,
Enrich'd by all that fondest heart of man
E'er fancied in its wildest coveting,
Of beauty, chastity, and goodness—all
Enrich'd by holiest, most surpassing love!
May plighting wait it from some happy palm
Of purer blood than his who holds it now,
Of clasp as honest—will as strong to cleave!—
Else!—ere the priest for ever makes it his,
May heaven in its sweet mercy wrest it thence,
And save the gift that else were cast away,
As now 'tis torn from mine.

LADY LAURA.

Wilton!

DUKE OF GAVESTON.

My child!
Hold up! If, sir, my scruples sway this act,

This act that gives them way, has vanquish'd them.
The Earl has kept his word, and his condition
Whereon 'twas pledg'd, and which I had withheld
With all my heart, with all my heart I yield.

WILTON.

The earl has kept his word, but was forestall'd.
To wed your daughter I was doubly bound,
And am so still, so you will have us wed;
Whereof the choice now solely rests with you,
Now fully freed from all contingencies.
My birth was yet a secret to me, which
I knew the earl possessed, and which to win,
I pledged an oath ne'er to divulge to you
The knowledge on't, while yet the the trench remained
'Twixt you and liberty. The knowledge came,
And with it such abasement of my blood,
As, well I knew, no drop of yours would brook!
What course was I to take?—Time pacing on!
The hour almost within a stride!—your life
In jeopardy, as I believed!—your shame
The ransom, without option to refuse
Or grant!—my will beleaguered solemnly.
All that of endless din, and strife, and wreck
Is told of chaos, gather'd up and penned,
I felt within my soul!

LADY LAURA.

Is this man noble?
Is he not, father? If he be not, rend
All patents that make birth! Wilton, go on!
I see the end!—you sought for other means
To set my father free?

WILTON.

I did. A friend
Supplied me with them. 'Twas the king that open'd
Your prison door. You are at liberty
Without the aid of barque or foreign land,
Without the gift of child or aught to me—
A man whose birth, whate'er his truth may be,
Bearing, or reach, refuses him a name,
Drawing the breath he could not help but draw,
Unsanction'd by the priest!

LADY LAURA.

Why start you, father?

DUKE OF GAVESTON.

No priest the union of your parents bless'd?

WILTON.

None, sir; what noble dame would wed with me?

LADY LAURA.

I—or I never wed!

DUKE OF GAVESTON.

Daughter!

LADY LAURA.

Where worth is,
Give honour, or nowhere! O, truth! .lives shame
Where you abide? Manhood, go beg, if flaws
In your escutcheon point you out to scorn!
He who forgoes high fortune for a blur
That in his proper nature hath no germ,
She doubly should enforce her favours on!
Confess it, father, noble as thou art!
Thy blood it is that's speaking in thy child;
To generosity be generous!
Thy daughter's heart is wedded to its worth!
Give him the thing that's second to her heart—
The hand it nourishes!

DUKE OF GAVESTON.

Never!

The good *Colonel Green*, however, whose character is sketched in a few outline strokes with great power, watches over the hero of the piece and restores him to his proper status, by disclosing that the young man is the legitimate heir to the honour and estates claimed by the intriguing lord; the *Secretary* being the son of an elder brother; and thus the play ends happily. Ere quoting a few nobly-conceived lines for the last of our extracts, we have to observe that the character of *Lord Sherbrooke* is a highly successful creation, and perhaps is not surpassed in the range of genteel comedy by any thing that Sheridan Knowles ever wrote. Now for the lines that bear the genuine and fresh dramatic impression, such as the greatest of our poets might have been contented with.

WILTON.

Hope! ready promiser, unsure performer,
Unequal architect, that builds the mole,
Which breaks the mountain billows into spray;
Or fabrics fragile, as the gossamers'
That come and vanish with the dews of morn;
Bitter betrayer, yet sweet counsellor,
Voucher believed, with thousand broken oaths,
Friend false, yet, for a fair face, trusted still—
Why do I listen to thee? Joyful dream,
That turns out oft, on waking, blank despair,

Why do I trust thy visions, and dream on,
Grasping the good I never may enjoy?
Yet art thou blest so far—The naked wretch
Goes clad by thee the while—the hungry feasts!
The woe-begone forget their tears and smile!
The better part of being is filled up
With solace by thee, and the load, that else
Would break the back, is borne with patience still!
Thou art the anodyne which lulls the pang,
That should not chide thee, tho' it wakes again!
The stimulant which breaks the lethargy
Which, tho' it close on us again, thou robb'st
Of so much being, else were swallowed up!
Thou art a good, altho' a doubtful one,
And, wanting thee, this fitful course of life
Were never half run thro'.

This is Shaksperian, while our other extracts are the offspring of healthy vigour and cordial feeling. But for a *five-act* play, we who have not had the opportunity to witness its personation, must return to the objections already taken in our few preliminary observations, and say, that as the incidents of the piece are few and the situations by no means striking,—for there is little in it but love, and this as displayed on homely occasions,—nothing but the dramatic energy of the dialogue, and the sterling sentiment that pervades the creation, could have sustained a due degree of interest on a first reading. We therefore doubt whether it would endure repeated perusal, and therefore predict, that however favourably received at the first on the stage, it is not destined to keep its ground as a stock play, and will only rank among the author's works as one that contains passages of such beauty and worth as characterize his standard and foremost efforts.

ART. VI.—*Past and Present.* By THOMAS CARLYLE. Chapman and Hall.

THIS volume is divided into four books, each with a title that nobody but Mr. Carlyle would dream of; the subject being treated with a no less distinct mannerism and originality. Book the first is called the "Proem," and is again subdivided into six chapters, with still more quaint headings, but all intended to picture the present condition of England. "Morrison's Pill" bears upon the projections and schemes of the age; "Midas" conducts us to a consideration of the unexampled riches of classes, and the no-happiness even with all this wealth; "Aristocracy of Talent" ridicules the new notions that are continually broached by the potilical-reforming doctors.

The other chapters would also have us believe and strongly feel that the country is in a most deplorable state. Indeed the main drift of the volume is to show that the present state of England is all darkness and dreariness; and that, contrasted with the past, the spirit of the passing time is a mockery of whatever is great and good. Christianity has become a formality—scepticism, or an utter want of trustfulness in God, is the feature of the day, together with a despite and denial of all that is noble in human nature and efforts. Selfishness and a worship of money are the substitutes for a relying religion, a life of manliness, and a proper appreciation of everything within and around us.

The third book, for a moment to pass over the second, is entitled "Modern Worker," and considers the Condition-of-England-question since the period of Charles the Second to the moment at which we write; and therefore this branch of the performance spreads over pretty nearly the same ground that the "Proem" depicted. The "Horoscope," heading the fourth book, of course looks forward to the future, and professes to cast the fate of the coming generations. Speculation therefore is the character of this section, although the author is continually recurring to the realities of the present, the *actual* and the *material* of the utilitarian era upon which it has been our misfortune to be thrown.

To us, however, the strangest, the ablest, and the most instructive portion of the work has for its title "The Ancient Monk," forming book second. We think that Mr. Carlyle never before painted with such powerful, such picturesque and graphic effect, nor at the same time with such a fearless and lawless mannerism.

This second and quaintest of sections may be regarded as a commentary on "The Chronicle of Jocelin of Brakelond," a monk of the Monastery of Bury St. Edmonds, which has been lately printed by the Camden Society. That gossiping diarist's pages belong to the period which elapsed between the years 1173 and 1202. The chronicle of the good monk, however, is but a meagre account, excepting as regards the doings of the fathers and fraternity of St. Edmondsbury Abbey; there being in it few notices of either historical events or memorable personages. Still, from Jocelin's bald and simple notes, the teeming, earnest, deep-thoughted, and indignant mind of Mr. Carlyle, has worked out the extraordinary *book* which figures secondly in his volume; for by contrasting his alarmed vision of the *present* with the most vivid idea of the happy *past* that can be devised by romancist or limner, he makes out a picture of terrible power and intense feeling, full of warning to the living, and of anxiety for the succeeding generations.

Mr. Carlyle is not a writer that the careless or hurrying reader will readily comprehend. The involution of his thoughts, the weighty repetitions, but for the most part serving his end,—and the very

outrageousness of his epithets, send one back, and often back again, to the general doctrine; when, after all, the person that has been accustomed to his philosophy and manner, and who inclines to reflection, may find a difficulty to follow the meaning. Even when the general drift of that meaning is caught, the peculiar merit of the passage and of the reasoning may be very inadequately perceived; for the sentiment is frequently as massive and nobly sincere as it is quaintly put. But we must also remark, that one will at times be forced to complain of the burial in heaps of wildest words, of any sense or sentiment that can be easily discovered; and lament that a writer whose power is so vast, whose perception is so deep-searching, whose sympathies are so magnanimous as well as melting, and who appears scarcely able to sustain the earnestness that fills him, even with a sort of inspiration, should ever mystify his readers; as if the sublimest or the tenderest things could not, by the master-mind which conceives them, be shaped to a fitness for a useful conception on the part of ordinary folks.

Persons who clearly understand our author, or who at least fancy that they fully comprehend his meaning throughout, will sometimes, no doubt, be startled at his conclusions; and, on other occasions, be disposed to differ with him entirely. In regard to the remedies he proposes for the evils described, there is room surely for charging him with lameness, with insufficiency, or at least with blameworthy indistinctness. There appears to us a want of the practical and feasible in his method of cure. He is more successful in his denunciations than suggestions; in his preparatives and remarks than in his positive prescriptions and healing processes.

His general doctrine in respect of cure we take to be this,—that while monarchy is indispensable to the regulation of the other elements of society, these elements will become essentially democratic; for, that to this result the tendency is strong, the progress irresistible. However, to reconcile these opposite or separate interests and influences, an enlightened, honest, and sound-hearted government must interpose and be at the helm; while a no less important institution must exist in the shape of an effective teaching class; its duties and functions being to infuse a new and proper spirit into the nation. With regard to the army of teachers, however, we do not find that any clear workable plan is suggested. It is yet too far in the clouds for manifestation to ordinary mortals. At the same time it is undeniable that Mr. Carlyle looks beyond the exterior of things, and directs his eye to the inner seat of the disease. Mere conventionalities and artificialities he cares little about, provided the soul of the nation be in the right place; and hence it is that his volume furnishes a mine of thought, a weight of impressiveness, a multitude of most touching appeals, sorrowing pictures, magnanimously bold enunciations, calculated to arrest the fashionable and the frivolous who

may yet happen to have a mind within them, and to sink deep into the heart of the community.

But there are preparatives even before the application of the grand remedies can be resorted to, that cannot be dispensed with. A vast deal is to be undone before anything positively good can be begun to be done. We are not merely all in the wrong, but often wilfully wrong. We have fatuitously shut our eyes to the substance of things, and care only for the shadows. The eternal truth of the universe is disregarded, and falsehood with all its wretchedness constitutes the spirit of our life. Materialism, mechanism, and godlessness stamp the age. What then but blackness and fearful signs in the social, moral, and religious atmosphere?

Is it possible that we can recover the right path? that the perverse and infatuated generation can rid itself of the vile malady, and once more prove that it appreciates the beautiful and the perfect which time never can alter or mar,—that, in short, it has taste and stamina for "hero-worship?" Everything, according to Mr. Carlyle, must be distinguished by a radical change; there must be an universal revolution in our thinking, our ways, our rules of life. Mammomism and dilettantism, quackery, indifference, and sefishness, must yield to nobleness of soul and stern simplicity of manners as well as of singleness of principle.

But what of the cleansing preparatives? These, it would appear, are to begin with the landed interest, the aristocracy, and the legislating body. Mr. Carlyle has been regarded as one of the staunchest and ablest of philosophers on the side of the Conservatives: and he has been made much of by the more preposterous members of that party. It would however have shown a just discernment, and been a higher praise, had they looked upon our author as the champion of truth and righteousness, wherever found, and the fearless denouncer of the *do-nothings*, as well as of the proud oppressors, be these of the Whig or Tory faction. In short, he strikes right and left as occasion may appear to him to require, his bolts on the present occasion falling with greater weight and burning upon conservatism than any other marked class, and mainly in defence of the poor, and for the enlargements and liberation of the workers.

His grand step to the true and universal reform is the entire and instant abolition of the Corn-laws. He also earnestly advocates the adoption of an extensive plan of emigration, in order that a fair day's wages may be obtained for a fair day's work. But there must also be a wonderful change among our *great people*—also among our public characters; for as men and things go in our day, idleness or worse than idleness, is the shameless and perilous condition of the aristocracy; selfishness, that of the landed interest; but to their certain undoing, unless they betake themselves to speedy repentance; mammon-worship steels the heart of the master manufacturers;

indifference, together with incapacity, is the burden which the Parliament-holders impose, while each of our premiers and ministers of state is but at best a "Sir Jabash Windbag."

We are perfectly aware that no account which we can give, or that perhaps can be furnished by any other man than Mr. Carlyle himself, and this too in the words of the remarkable book before us, can convey a just idea of the manner and the matter of "Past and Present." It will therefore be our endeavour now to adduce such specimens as will in a great measure supply the want and satisfy curiosity. We begin with one of the author's pictures of England as it exists at this moment.

This successful industry of England, with its plethoric wealth, has as yet made nobody rich; it is an enchanted wealth, and belongs yet to nobody. We might ask, Which of us has it enriched? We can spend thousands where we once spent hundreds; but can purchase nothing good with them. In Poor and Rich, instead of noble thrift and plenty, there is idle luxury alternating with mean scarcity and inability. We have sumptuous garnitures for our Life, but have forgotten to *live* in the middle of them. It is an enchanted wealth; no man of us can yet touch it. The class of men who feel that they are truly better off by means of it, let them give us their name.

Many men eat finer cookery, drink dearer liquors,—with advantage they can report, and their Doctors can: but in the heart of them, if we go out of the dyspeptic stomach, what increase of blessedness is there? Are they better, beautifuller, stronger, braver? Are they even what they call "happier?" Do they look with satisfaction on more things and human faces in this God's Earth; do more things and human faces look with satisfaction on them? Not so. Human faces gloom discordantly, disloyally on one another. Things, if it be not mere cotton and iron things, are growing disobedient to man. The Master Worker is enchanted, for the present, like his Workhouse Workman; clamours, in vain hitherto, for a very simple sort of "Liberty;" the liberty "to buy where he finds it cheapest, to sell where he finds it dearest." With guineas jingling in every pocket, he was no whit richer; but now, the very guineas threatening to vanish, he feels that he is poor indeed. Poor Master Worker! And the Master Unworker, is not he in a still fataller situation? Pausing amid his game preserves, with awful eye,—as he well may! Coercing fifty-pound tenants; coercing, bribing, cajoling; doing what he likes with his own. His mouth full of loud futilities, and arguments to prove the excellence of his Corn Law; and in his heart the blackest misgiving, a desperate half-consciousness that his excellent Corn Law is *in*defensible, that his loud arguments for it are of a kind to strike men too literally *dumb*.

To whom, then, is this wealth of England wealth? Who is it that it blesses; makes happier, wiser, beautifuller, in any way better? Who has got hold of it, to make it fetch and carry for him, like a true servant, not like a false mock servant; to do him any real service whatsoever? As yet no one. We have more riches than any Nation ever had before; we have less good of them than any Nation ever had before. Our successful industry is

hitherto unsuccessful; a strange success, if we stop here! In the midst of plethoric plenty, the people perish; with gold walls, and full barns, no man feels himself safe or satisfied. Workers, Master Workers, Unworkers, all men come to a pause; stand fixed, and cannot farther.

Mr. Carlyle is most solemn in his warning to the landed interest, and unflinching in his denunciation of the Corn-laws. For example, he says,—"What looks maddest, miserablest in these mad and miserable Corn-laws is independent altogether of their 'effect on wages,' their effect on 'increase of trade,' or any other such effect: it is the continual maddening proof they protrude into the faces of all men, that our governing class, called by God and Nature and the inflexible law of fact, either to do something towards governing, or to die and be abolished,—have not learned to sit still and do no mischief." Listen to what follows:—

The bough that is dead shall be cut away, for the sake of the tree itself. Old? Yes, it is too old. Many a weary winter has it swung and creaked there, and gnawed and fretted, with its dead wood, the organic substance and still living fibre of this good tree; many a long summer has its ugly naked brown defaced the fair green umbrage; every day it has done mischief, and that only: off with it, for the tree's sake, if for nothing more; let the Conservatism that would preserve cut *it* away. Did no wood forester apprise you that a dead bough with its dead root left sticking there is extraneous, poisonous; is as a dead iron spike, some horrid rusty ploughshare driven into the living substance:—nay is far worse; for in every windstorm ("commercial crisis" or the like), it frets and creaks, jolts itself to and fro, and cannot lie quiet as your dead iron spike would?

If I were the Conservative Party of England (which is another bold figure of speech), I would not for a hundred thousand pounds an hour allow those Corn Laws to continue! Potosi and Golconda put together would not purchase my assent to them. Do you count what treasuries of bitter indignation they are laying up for you in every just English heart? Do you know what questions, not as to Corn prices and Sliding Scales alone, they are *forcing* every reflective Englishman to ask himself? Questions insoluble, or hitherto unsolved; deeper than any of our Logic-plummets hitherto will sound: questions deep enough,—which it were better that we did not name even in thought! You are forcing us to think of them, to begin uttering them. The utterance of them is begun; and where will it be ended, think you? When two millions of one's brother-men sit in Workhouses, and five millions, as is insolently said, "rejoice in potatoes," there are various things that must be begun, let them end where they can.

Again,

A High Class without duties to do is like a tree planted on precipices; from the roots of which all the earth has been crumbling. Nature owns no man who is not a Martyr withal. Is there a man who pretends to live luxuriously housed up; screened from all work, from want, danger, hardship, the victory over which is what we name work;—he himself to sit serene,

amid down-bolsters and appliances, and have all his work and battling done by other men? And such man calls himself a *noble*-man? His fathers worked for him, he says; or successfully gambled for him: here *he* sits; professes, not in sorrow but in pride, that he and his have done no work, time out of mind. It is the law of the land, and is thought to be the law of the Universe, that he, alone of the recorded men, shall have no task laid on him, except that of eating his cooked victuals, and not flinging himself out of window. Once more I will say, there was no stranger spectacle ever shown under this Sun. A veritable fact in our England of the Nineteenth Century. His victuals he does eat: but as for keeping in the inside of the window,—have not his friends, like me, enough to do? Truly, looking at his Corn Laws, Game Laws, Chandos Clauses, Bribery Elections and much else, you do shudder over the tumbling and plunging he makes, held back by the lappelles and coatskirts; only a thin fence of window-glass before him,—and in the street mere horrid iron spikes! My sick brother, as in hospital maladies men do, thou dreamest of Paradises and Eldorados, which are far from thee. "Cannot I do what I like with my own?" Gracious Heaven, my brother, this that thou seest with those sick eyes is no firm Eldorado, and Corn Law Paradise of Donothings, but a dream of thy own fevered brain. It is a glass window, I tell thee, so many stories from the street; where are iron spikes and the law of gravitation.

But the doom of the Corn-laws, these for ever gone, and free-trade established, are but the cleansings that make room for the right remedies of the universal evils, affording a priceless time for breathing, and onward, upward action:—

Trade never so well freed, and all Tariffs settled or abolished, and Supply-and-demand in full operation,—let us all know that we have yet done nothing; that we have merely cleared the ground for doing.

Yes, were the Corn Laws ended to-morrow, there is nothing yet ended; there is only room made for all manner of things beginning. The Corn Laws gone, and Trade made free, it is as good as certain this paralysis of industry will pass away. We shall have another period of commercial enterprise, of victory and prosperity; during which, it is likely, much money will again be made, and all the people may, by the extant methods, still for a space of years, be kept alive and physically fed. The strangling band of Famine will be loosened from our necks; we shall have room again to breathe; time to bethink ourselves, to repent and consider! A precious and thrice-precious space of years; wherein to struggle as for life in reforming our foul ways; in alleviating, instructing, regulating our people; seeking, as for life, that something like spiritual food be imparted them, some real governance and guidance be provided them! It will be a priceless time.

Mr. Carlyle describes sundry classes of the aristocracy, and foretells for each. First, the *idle* and *unworking*:—

All true Work is sacred; in all true Work, were it but true hand-labour, there is something of divineness. Labour, wide as the Earth, has its summit in Heaven. Sweat of the brow; and up from that to the sweat of the

brain, sweat of the heart; which includes all Kepler calculations, Newton meditations, all Sciences, all spoken Epics, all acted Heroisms, Martyrdoms, —up to that "Agony of bloody sweat," which all men have called divine! O brother, if this is not "worship," then I say, the more pity for worship; for this is the noblest thing yet discovered under God's sky. Who art thou that complainest of thy life of toil? Complain not. Look up, my wearied brother; see thy fellow Workman there, in God's Eternity: surviving there, they alone surviving: sacred Band of the Immortals, celestial Bodyguard of the Empire of Mankind. Even in the weak Human Memory they survive so long, as saints, as heroes, as gods; they alone surviving; peopling, they alone, the unmeasured solitudes of Time! To thee Heaven, though severe, is not unkind; Heaven is kind,—as a noble Mother; as that Spartan Mother, saying while she gave her son his shield, "With it, my son, or upon it!" Thou too shalt return *home* in honour; to thy far distant Home, in honour: doubt it not,—if in the battle thou keep thy shield! Thou, in the Eternities and deepest Death-kingdoms, art not an alien; thou everywhere art a denizen! Complain not; the very Spartans did not *complain*.

And who art thou that braggest of thy life of Idleness; complacently showest thy bright gilt equipages; sumptuous cushions; appliances for folding of the hands to mere sleep? Looking up, looking down, around, behind or before, discernest thou, if it be not in Mayfair alone, an *idle* hero, saint, god, or even devil? Not a vestige of one. In the Heavens, in the Earth, in the Waters under the Earth, is none like unto thee. Thou art an original figure in this Creation; a denizen in Mayfair alone, in this extraordinary Century or Half-Century alone! One monster there is in the world: the idle man. What is his "Religion?" That Nature is a Phantasm, where cunning, beggary or thievery, may sometimes find good victual. That God is a lie; and that Man and his Life are a lie.

The *working* and also the *unworking* aristocracy:—

The working Aristocracy; Mill owners, Manufacturers, Commanders of Working men; alas, against them also much shall be brought in accusation; much,—and the freest Trade in Corn, total abolition of Tariffs, and uttermost "Increase of Manufactures" and "Prosperity of Commerce," will permanently mend no jot of it. The Working Aristocracy must strike into a new path; must understand that money alone is *not* the representative either of man's success in the world, or of man's duties to man; and reform their own selves from top to bottom, if they wish England reformed. England will not be habitable long, unreformed.

The Working Aristocracy—Yes, but on the threshold of all this, it is again and again to be asked, What of the Idle Aristocracy? Again and again, what shall we say of the Idle Aristocracy, the Owners of the Soil of England; whose recognised function is that of handsomely consuming the rents of England, shooting the partridges of England, and as an agreeable amusement (if the purchase-money and other conveniences serve), dilettante-ing in Parliament and Quarter Sessions for England? We will say mournfully, in the presence of Heaven and Earth,—that we stand speechless, stupent, and know not what to say! That a class of men entitled to live sumptuously on the marrow of the earth; permitted simply,

nay entreated, and as yet entreated in vain, to do nothing at all in return, was never heretofore seen on the face of this planet. That such a class is transistory, exceptional, and, unless Nature's Laws fall dead, cannot continue. That it has continued now a moderate while; has, for the last fifty years, been rapidly attaining its state of perfection. That it will have to find its duties and do them; or else that it must and will cease to be seen on the face of this planet, which is a Working one, not an Idle one.

Alas, alas, the Working Aristocracy, admonished by Trades Unions, Chartist conflagrations, above all by their own shrewd sense kept in perpetual communion with the fact of things, will assuredly reform themselves, and a working world will still be possible:—but the fate of the Idle Aristocracy, as one reads its horoscope hitherto in Corn Laws and such like, is an abyss that fills one with despair. Yes, my rosy fox hunting brothers, a terrible *Hippocratic look* reveals itself (God knows, not to my joy) through those fresh buxom countenances of yours. Through your Corn Law Majorities, Sliding Scales, Protecting Duties, Bribery Elections and triumphant Kentish-fire, a thinking eye discerns ghastly images of ruin, too ghastly for words; a hand-writing as of MENE, MENE. Men and brothers, on your Sliding Scale you seem sliding, and to have slid,—you little know whither.

The aristocracy of *talent*:—

For example, you Bobus Higgins, sausage-maker on the great scale, who are raising such a clamour for this aristocracy of talent, what is that you do, in that big heart of yours, chiefly in very fact pay deference to? Is it to talent? intrinsic manly worth of any kind, you unfortunate Bobus? The manliest man that you saw going in a ragged coat, did you ever reverence him; did you so much as know that he was a manly man at all, till his coat grew better? Talent! I understand you to be able to worship the fame of talent, the power, cash, celebrity, or other success of talent; but the talent itself is a thing you never saw with eyes. Nay what is it in yourself that you are proudest of, that you take most pleasure in surveying meditatively in thoughtful moments? Speak now, is it the bare Bobus, stript of his very name and shirt, and turned loose upon society, that you admire and thank heaven for; or Bobus with his cash accounts and larders dropping fatness, with his respectabilities, warm garnitures, and pony-chaise, admirable in some measure to certain of the flunkey species? Your own degree of worth and talent, is it of *infinite* value to you; or only of finite—measurable by the degree of currency, and conquest of praise or pudding, it has brought you to? Bobus, you are in a vicious circle, rounder than one of your own sausages; and will never vote for or promote any talent, except what talent or sham-talent has already *got* itself voted for.

Plugson already a considerable man:—

The vulgarest Plugson of a Master-Worker, who can command Workers and get work out of them, is already a considerable man. Blessed and thrice-blessed symptoms I discern of Master-Workers who are not vulgar men; who are Nobles, and begin to feel that they must act as such: all speed to these, they are England's hope at present! But in this Plugson himself, conscious of almost no nobleness whatever, how much is there. Not without

man's faculty, insight, courage, hard energy, is this rugged figure. His words none of the wisest; but his actings cannot be altogether foolish. Think, how were it, stoodst thou suddenly in his shoes! He has to command a thousand men. And not imaginary commanding; no, it is real, incessantly practical. The evil passions of so many men (with the Devil in them, as in all of us) he has to vanquish; by manifold force of speech and of silence, to repress or evade. What a force of silence, to say nothing of the others, is in Plugson! For these his thousand men he has to provide raw-material, machinery, arrangement, house-room; and ever at the week's end, wages by due sale. No Civil-List, or Goulburn-Baring Budget has he to fall back upon, for paying of his regiment; he has to pick his supplies from this confused face of the whole Earth and Contemporaneous History, by his dexterity alone. There will be no dry eyes if he fail to do it!—He exclaims, at present, "black in the face," near strangled with Dilettante Legislation: "Let me have elbow-room, throat-room, and I will not fail! No, I will spin yet, and conquer like a giant: what "sinews of war" lie in me, untold resources towards the conquest of this Planet, if instead of hanging me, you husband them, and help me!"—My indomitable friend, it is *true*; and thou shalt and must be helped.

Bnt even Plugson of St. Dolly Undershot must take lessons from the past: William the Conqueror must be a study for him, otherwise he will learn something too late:—

Ironcutter, at the end of the campaign, did not turn off his thousand fighters, but said to them: "Noble fighters, this is the land we have gained; be I Lord in it,—what we will call *Law-ward*, maintainer and *keeper* of Heaven's *Laws:* be I *Law-ward*, or in brief orthoepy *Lord* in it, and be ye Loyal Men around me in it; and we will stand by one another, as soldiers round a captain, for again we shall have need of one another!" Plugson, bucanier-like, says to them: "Noble spinners, this is the Hundred Thousand we have gained, wherein I mean to dwell and plant vineyards; the hundred thousand is mine, the three and sixpence daily was yours: adieu, noble spinners; drink my health with this groat each, which I give you over and above! The entirely unjust Captain of Industry, say I; not Chevalier, but Bucanier!

On pauperism and the Poor-law our philosopher is exceedingly impressive:—

Of these successful skilful workers, some two millions, it is now counted, sit in workhouses, Poor-law prisons; or have "out-door relief" flung over the wall to them—the workhouse bastile being filled to bursting, and the strong Poor-law broken asunder by a stronger. They sit there, these many months now; their hope of deliverance as yet small. In workhouses, pleasantly so named, because work cannot be done in them. Twelve hundred thousand workers in England alone; their cunning right hand lamed, lying idle in their sorrowful bosom; their hopes, outlooks, share of this fair world, shut in by narrow walls. They sit there, pent up, as in a kind of horrid enchantment; glad to be imprisoned and enchanted, that

they may not perish starved. The Picturesque Tourist, in a sunny autumn day, through this bounteous realm of England, descries the union workhouse on his path. "Passing by the workhouse of St. Ives in Huntingdonshire, on a bright day last autumn," says the Picturesque Tourist, "I saw sitting on wooden benches, in front of their bastile and within their ring-wall and its railings, some half hundred or more of these men. Tall robust figures, young mostly or of middle age; of honest countenance, many of them thoughtful and even intelligent-looking men. They sat there, near by one another; but in a kind of torpor, especially in a silence, which was very striking. In silence: for, alas, what word was to be said? An earth all lying round, crying, come and till me, come and reap me: yet here we sit enchanted. In the eyes and brows of these men hung the gloomiest expression, not of anger, but of grief and shame and manifold inarticulate distress and weariness: they returned my glance with a glance that seemed to say 'Do not look at us. We sit enchanted here, we know not why. The sun shines and the earth calls; and, by the governing powers and impotences of this England, we are forbidden to obey. It is impossible, they tell us.' There was something that reminded me of Dante's Hell in the look of all this; and I rode swiftly away."

So many hundred thousands sit in workhouses; and other hundred thousands have not yet got even workhouses; and in thrifty Scotland itself, in Glasgow or Edinburgh city, in their dark lanes, hidden from all but the eye of God, and of rare benevolence the minister of God, there are scenes of wo and destitution and desolation, such as, one may hope, the sun never saw before in the most barbarous regions where men dwelt.

He is satirical upon Exeter-Hall philanthropists:—

O Anti-Slavery Convention, loud-sounding, long-eared Exeter Hall!—But in thee too is a kind of instinct towards justice, and I will complain of nothing. Only, black Quashee over the seas being once sufficiently attended to, wilt thou not perhaps open thy dull sodden eyes to the "sixty thousand valets in London itself who are yearly dimissed to the streets, to be what they can when the season ends;" or to the hunger-stricken, pallid, *yellow*-coloured "free labourers" in Lancashire, Yorkshire, Buckinghamshire, and all other shires! These yellow-coloured, for the present absorb all my sympathies: if I had a twenty millions, with model-farms and Niger expeditions, it is to these that I would give. Quashee has already victuals, clothing; Quashee is not dying of such despair as the yellow-coloured pale man's. Quashee, it must be owned, is hitherto a kind of blockhead. The Haiti Duke of Marmalade, educated now for almost half a century, seems to have next to no sense in him. Why, in one of those Lancashire weavers, dying of hunger, there is more thought and heart, a greater arithemetical amount of misery and desperation, than in whole gangs of Quashees. It must be owned, thy eyes are of the sodden sort; and with thy emancipations, and thy twenty-millionings, and long-eared clamourings, thou, like Robespierre with his pasteboard *Etre Suprême*, threatenest to become a bore to us, *Avec ton Etre Suprême tu commences m'embêter.*

He is hopeful upon the permanent, universal nature of things:—

I am for permanance in all things, at the earliest possible moment, and to the latest possible. Blessed is he that continueth where he is. Here let us rest, and lay out seedfields; here let us learn to dwell. Here, even here, the orchards that we plant will yield us fruit; the acorns will be wood and pleasant umbrage, if we wait. How much grows everywhere, if we do but wait! Through the swamps we will shape causeways, force purifying drains; we will learn to thread the rocky inaccessibilities; and beaten tracks, worn smooth by mere travelling of human feet, will form themselves. Not a difficulty but can transfigure itself into a triumph; not even a deformity but, if our own soul have imprinted worth on it, will grow dear to us. The sunny plains and deep indigo transparent skies of Italy are all indifferent to the great sick heart of a Sir Walter Scott: on the back of the Apennines, in wild spring weather, the sight of bleak Scotch firs, and snow-spotted heath and desolation, brings tears into his eyes.

O unwise mortals that forever change and shift, and say, Yonder, not Here! Wealth richer than both the Indies lies everywhere for man, if he will endure. Not his oaks only and his fruit trees, his very heart roots itself wherever he will abide;—roots itself, draws nourishment from the deep fountains of Universal Being! Vagrant Sam Slicks, who rove over the Earth doing "strokes of trade," what wealth have they? Horseloads, shiploads, of white or yellow metal: in very sooth, what *are* these? Slick rests nowhere, he is homeless. He can build stone or marble houses; but to continue in them is denied him. The wealth of a man is the number of things which he loves and blesses, which he is loved and blessed by. The herdsman in his poor clay shealing, where his very cow and dog are friends to him, and not a cataract but carries memories for him, and not a mountain top but nods old recognition: his life, all encircled as in blessed mother's arms, is it poorer than Slick's with the ass loads of yellow metal on his back? Unhappy Slick!

We take our concluding specimen from a chapter having for its text "The One Institution." How quaint but *telling* is the view he here gives of the fact, that there is one thing which has been permanent,—which is as fresh at the Present as it was in the Past and at first; although all other institutions have grown old and crumbled into ruin, and although multitudinous have been the new births!

Who can despair of Governments that passes a Soldier's Guardhouse, or meets a redcoated man on the streets! That a body of men could be got together to kill other men when you bade them: this *à priori*, does it not seem one of the impossible things? Yet look, behold it: in the stolidest of Donothing Governments, that impossibility is a thing done. See it there, with buff-belts, red coats on its back; walking sentry at guardhouses, brushing white breeches in barracks; an indisputable palpable fact. Out of grey Antiquity, and all finance-difficulties, *scaccarium*-tallies, ship-monies, coat-and-conduct monies, and vicissitudes of Chance and Time, there, down to the present blessed hour, it is.

Often, in these painfully decadent and painfully nascent Times, with their distresses, inarticulate gaspings and "impossibilities;" meeting a tall Lifeguardsman in his snow-white trousers, or seeing those two statuesque

Lifeguardsmen in their frowning bearskins, pipe-clayed buckskins, on their coal-black sleek-fiery quadrupeds, riding sentry at the Horse-Guards,—it strikes one with a kind of mournful interest, how, in such universal down-rushing, and wrecked impotence of almost all old institutions, this oldest Fighting Institution is still so young! Fresh-complexioned, firm-limbed, six feet by the standard, this fighting-man has verily been got up, and can fight. While so much has not yet got into being; while so much has gone gradually out of it, and become an empty Semblance or Clothes-suit; and highest king's cloaks, mere chimeras parading under them so long, are getting unsightly to the earnest eye, unsightly, almost offensive, like a costlier kind of scarecrow's blanket,—here still is a reality!

The man in horsehair wig advances, promising that he will get me "justice;" he takes me into Chancery Law-Courts, into decades, half centuries of hubbub, of distracted jargon; and does *get* me—disappointment, almost desperation; and one refuge: that of dismissing him and his "justice" altogether out of my head. For I have work to do; I cannot spend my decades in mere arguing with other men about the exact wages of my work: I will work cheerfully with no wages, sooner than with a ten years' gangrene or Chancery Lawsuit in my heart! He of the horsehair wig is a sort of failure; no substance, but a fond imagination of the mind. He of the shovel-hat, again, who comes forward professing that he will save my soul—O ye Eternities, of him in this place be absolute silence!—But he of the red coat, I say, is a success, and no failure! He will veritably, if he get orders, draw out a long sword and kill me. No mistake there. He is a fact and not a shadow. Alive in this Year Forty Three, able and willing to do *his* work. In dim old centuries, with William Rufus, William of Ipres, or far earlier, he began; and has come down safe so far. Catapult has given place to cannon, pike has given place to musket, iron mail shirt to coat of red cloth, saltpetre ropematch to percussion cap; equipments, circumstances have all changed, and again changed: but the human battle engine, in the inside of any or of each of these, ready still to do battle, stands there, six feet in standard size. There are Pay Offices, Woolwich Arsenals, there is a Horse-Guards, War Office, Captain General; persuasive Sergeants, with tap of drum, recruit in market-towns and villages;—and on the whole, I say, here is your actual drilled fighting man; here are your actual Ninety-thousand of such, ready to go into any quarter of the world and fight!

Strange, interesting, and yet most mournful to reflect on. Was this, then, of all the things mankind had some talent for, the one thing important to learn well, and bring to perfection; this of successfully killing one another? Truly you have learned it well, and carried the business to a high perfection. It is incalculable what, by arranging, commanding and regimenting, you can make of men. These thousand straight-standing, firm-set individuals, who shoulder arms, who march, wheel, advance, retreat; and are, for your behoof, a magazine charged with fiery death, in the most perfect condition of potential activity: few months ago, till the persuasive sergeant came, what were they? Multiform ragged losels, runaway apprentices, starved weavers, thievish valets; an entirely broken population, fast tending towards the treadmill. But the persuasive sergeant came; by tap of drum enlisted, or formed lists of them, took heartily to drilling them;—and he and you have

made them this! Most potent, effectual for all work whatsoever, is wise planning, firm combining and commanding among men.

We shall not enter upon the questionableness of the doctrine which Mr. Carlyle draws from all this queer but effective picturing, —viz., that a "teaching service" may be raised, recruited, organized, and maintained, that will rival the red and blue coats, and even master them in regard to permanency and power. But concerning the durability of the sensation which the entire book will create, there exists no doubt or hesitation in our minds.

ART. VII.—*An Account of the Only Known Manuscript of Shakspeare's Plays.* By J. O. HALLIWELL, Esq., F.R.S. J. R. Smith.

IT appears that in March, 1842, Mr. Halliwell purchased a manuscript of the "Merry Wives of Windsor," which on examination was discovered to present a number of variations from all the printed editions that the public is possessed of. It is a singular circumstance, that, although pieces in manuscript by a number of the old dramatists, such as Ben Jonson, Massinger, and others, are in existence, not a single written fragment of any of the plays of Shakspeare has come down to us, "with the exception of a few passages in some unprinted poetical miscellanies." All now known of the familiar and personal peculiarities of his penmanship is to be beheld in his autograph, which "would not have sold for a hundred guineas" if there had been letters, let alone complete plays in the handwriting of the poet. In these circumstances it amounts to more than an agreeable surprise to have presented to one the only known manuscript copy of any of his great productions.

The manuscript immediately under notice "comprises some important variations and corrections in the 'Merry Wives of Windsor,' obtained from a playhouse copy of that play recently discovered," and is believed to be of the age of the Commonwealth, and "in all probability for some private playhouse;" this being partly inferred from the fact, that at that period the public theatres were closed, and when, according to Kirkman, private exhibitions were frequent. If so, Mr. Halliwell thinks that the corrections were probably by some one who had seen the play acted, and had remembered the players' versions of those passages he has altered.

The play, according to this curious relic, is entitled "The Merry Wives of Old Windsor, written by William Shakspeare," and gives this minute list of the *dramatis personæ* not to be met with in any edition, and probably therefore in the opinion of Mr. Halliwell, the earliest ever made.

ROBERT SHALLOW, Esq., *a Gloc'shire Justice, vncle to Master Slender.*
SIR HUGH EVANS, *a Welch Priest: Curate and Schoolemaster at Windsor.*
MR. GEORGE PAGE, *a rich country gentleman, in or neer Windsor.*
MRS. MEG PAGE, *his wife.*
MRS. ANNE PAGE, *their daughter.*
BILLY, *their son, Schollar to Master Evans.*
MR. FRANCIS FORD, *a rich jealous curmudgeon of Windsor.*
MRS. ALICE FORD, *his wife.*
MR. ABRA: SLENDER, *nephew to Justice Shallow.*
DOCTOR CAIUS, *a French Phisitian.*
MR. FENTON, *an expensive courtier.*
Sutors to MRS. ANNE PAGE, *each favord by* FATHER. MOTHER. MRS. ANNE.
SIR JOHN FALSTAFFE, *a fat old decayed leacherous Court Officer.*
BARDOLFE, NYM, PISTOLL. *His late vnder-officers, now hangers on.*
ROBIN, *his page.*
MRS. QUICKLY, *Doctor Caius his house keeper, but confident to the women.*
HOST of the Garter, *a merry, conceited, ranting Inn-holder.*
JOHN RUGBY, *Dr. Caius's man.*
PETER SIMPLE, *Man to Master Slender.*
Servants to Mrs. Ford.
Fairies.

We are not going to balance the evidences, external or internal, for and against the inference that the manuscript is of the age of the Commonwealth, that it was written out for a public or private theatre, or again, that it was copied from an original manuscript. The list of the dramatis personæ demonstrates that, at least, it was an actor's copy.

Mr. Halliwell deals only with the more striking alterations and corrections, and some of them are remarkable. We cannot take upon ourselves to follow him critically through his instances. Much less are we competent to combat his arguments with regard to the truth or importance of the supposed emendations. One general observation we shall however make, and this is, that, though none of them appear to us of vital importance to the right and full conception of Shakspeare's general meaning; yet that most of the instances marked in these more important alterations present not merely grammatical corrections, but emendations in regard to shades of thought as well as the *mannerism* of the author, if we may be allowed the use of the expression in the case of the *universalist.* Now for specimens of the alterations with which the manuscript abounds. We begin very early with this excellent comedy, excellent even in the list of Shakspeare's creations.

ACT 1.—SC. 1.

"SHAL. *The luce is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat.*
SLEN. *I may quarter, coz.*
SHAL. *You may, by marrying.*
EVA. *It is marring, indeed, if he quarter it.*"

The manuscript reads "the *salt-water fish* is an old coat," which may serve to confine the conjectures of the commentators on this very difficult passage within narower bounds. At all events, this reading appears to overthrow the conjecture of "A Lover of Heraldry," given in Knight's Library Shakespeare, vol. iii. p. 41. In Slender's speech, the manuscript reads *uncle* instead of *coz.*, an obviously correct emendation, and also made in several other places in the manuscript.

Again and again, &c.

ACT II.—SC. 2.

"FAL. *Not a penny. I have been content, sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn: I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you and your coach-fellow, Nym; or else you had looked through the grates like a geminy of baboons. I am damned in hell for swearing to gentlemen my friends* YOU WERE GOOD SOLDIERS AND TALL FELLOWS; *and when mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan, I took't upon mine honour thou hadst it not.*

The manuscript reads "*that* you were good soldiers and *stout* fellows," and other variations in the same speech, such as "*my*" for "mine," &c. In the next line, the manuscript reads, "Didst *thou not* share.

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ACT II.—SC. 2.

FAL. * * * *I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch; and yet you, rogue, will ensconce your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lattice phrases, and your* GOLD-BEATEN *oaths, under the shelter of your honour!*"

The manuscript reads "*blunderbust* oaths," which is a very curious variation, and well worthy of notice.

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ACT. III.—SC. 1.

"EVA. *Bless my soul! how full of cholers I am, and trempling of mind! I shall be glad if he have deceived me: how melancholies I am.*"

It may be remarked of this manuscript, that all Evans's speeches are very carefully spelt to indicate his peculiar phraseology, much more so than the printed editions; and this is one evidence that it was a playhouse copy. Thus, in the present speech, the manuscript reads,—"Plesse my soul: how full of chollers I am, and trempling of mind: I shall pe glat if he hafe deceivet me: how melancholies I am? I will knog his vrinalls apout his

knaves costart, when I hafe goot opportunities for the 'orke: Plesse my soul: (*sings*)

> "*To shallow rifers to whose falls:*
> *Melotious birts sing matricalls:*
> *There will we make our peds of roses:*
> *And a thousand fragrant posies:*"

Surely there is more humour in this than in the printed editions, where the spelling is not uniform. In the first folio, it is "*sings* madrigalls," which reading is not, however, adopted by Mr. Knight.

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Act III. Sc. 3.

"Fal. *I see what thou wert, if Fortune thy foe were not,* Nature *thy friend: come, thou canst not hide it.*"

This passage has puzzled the commentators, and Mr. Knight is not of opinion that a perfect sense can be made of the passage as it stands. The reading of the manuscript renders the matter quite clear, and partially confirms Pope's conjecture. It is "*Nature's* thy friend." This single emendation is sufficient to stamp a value on the manuscript. Throughout this scene are a variety of alterations. At p. 79, the manuscript reads, "I am come before to tell you," which is an improvement. The printed editions omit the word "*am.*" The manuscript also reads, "*Why,* your husband's *a* coming hither, woman," the two words in italics being omitted in the printed copies. It would be impossible to notice all variations of this kind, without reprinting the play. These instances are merely given as examples taken at random to show that the manuscript is an independent text.

One of the most striking variations in the manuscript is the last that we shall cite, and occurs in Act III. Sc. 1., where Mrs. Page, speaking of Falstaff's love-letters, says, "I warrant he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names, (*sure more,*) and these are of the second edition." The second folio reads, "*sue more;*" but the manuscript has "*shuh! more.*"

The examples we have quoted are certainly worthy of a critic's attention; and, no doubt, will be considered in any new edition that may hereafter appear which pretends to a precise reading of Shakspeare. Besides, in the extraordinary dearth of written authority, for the text of the dramatist, every addition, however slight, of the kind here presented, is greedily accepted; and therefore Mr. Halliwell must be regarded as having once more contributed points of evidence and hints for correction that are worthy of being published, and rendered the subject of the brief unpretending comparisons and comments that accompany the variations.

ART. VIII. — *History of the House of Commons.* Vol. I. By W. C. TOWNSEND, Esq., M.A. Colburn.

THE period which Mr. Townsend's work embraces extends from "the Convention-Parliament of 1688-9 to the passing of the Reform Bill in 1832." He throws the period into three divisions, the first beginning with the abdication of James to the death of George the First in 1722; the second comprehends the reign of George the Second, being viewed as a sort of mezzotermino, "when men in office were corrupt and public morals low, and the general topics of discourse resembled parish-vestry discussions." The third commences with the accession of George the Third, and ends with the passing of the Reform Bill.

The subject of Mr. Townsend's work has highly popular aspects to recommend it, and offers so much for the mere compiler and anecdote-monger, that lucid arrangement and judicious selection, will go far to satisfy the general reader. But with all the tokens of extensive reading, and of a sound head when he ventures to express his own sentiments, the performance carries out no distinct method, but induces one to surmise that the author did not really start with a fixed conception of what it would turn out to be,—whether he was to make a book of gossip and random snatches of biography,—whether an history, or a scissors-and-paste collection of odds and ends. This is to be regretted, especially when one considers the familiarity with the subject which is manifested, the value of his independent views, the vigour and unaffectedness of his style, and, above all, the capabilities of the theme for a connected and luminous historical production, properly so called; but which, above almost every other that can be named, teems with particular memoir, anecdote, and personal trait, so desirable as illustrations, reliefs, and the better sorts of entertainment. Besides the faults noticed in regard to plan and classification,—a leading lofty purpose, and the use of admirable auxiliaries,—we have to complain of Mr. Townsend's diffuseness as well as of his unequal dealings; for he sometimes not only travels beyond the proper limits of his abounding field, but on other occasions appears to have bestowed no thought upon the relative demands of his materials and personages,—taking things by starts, and topics as vagrant fancy suggested. Why did he not, even according to the biographical and anecdotical conduct of the work, confine himself to his subjects in their purely Parliamentary character, seeing that there was so great wealth and raciness within this range?

Mr. Townsend observes in his preface, that "a popular history of the House of Commons, furnishing biographical notices of those members who have been most distinguished in its annals, and de-

scribing the changes in its internal economy, powers, and privileges, appears to be still wanting in our literature." This, as a general enunciation, is all very just; and our principal objection is, that the plan has not been steadily kept in view, and is not developed. Indeed, the work, so far as the first volume can be taken as evidence, might with propriety be entitled, "Sketches and Anecdotes of the Speakers of the House of Commons,"—the functionary who occupies the chair of the popular branch of the legislature for the time, being made the key to the historical and biographical matter. Accordingly the speakership serves as an opening for the work, there being short notices of the persons who filled that office before the Revolution, from Sir Thomas Hungerford, in the reign of Henry III., who is the first mentioned as speaker in the rolls of Parliament, and termed *parlour*, or mouth of the House. We have to mention that the portion of the volume in which particular notice is taken of several lawyers of the House who did not attain the chair, is spiritedly done, although bearing but slightly upon the matter of history; and that the subject of privilege and freedom of debate affords the author a still happier opportunity for his digressive displays. While, then, the theme of the work is rich and attractive, although not handled with consummate judgment, we are bound to say that it contains and exhibits a sufficiency of interesting characters, traits, and incidents to render it a welcome addition to the library, as well as transient companion at the parlour fireside; the more so that the style of the book, as already intimated, is of a healthly and manly tone.

The reader will widely mistake if he presumes that the pages before us can only have attractions for persons who affect to be students of the constitutional history of the kingdom, or for those who day after day ponder Parliamentary debates as reported in the columns of a newspaper. In former and ruder times, the manners of members were less affected and more characteristic of individuals; their speeches were short, and for the most part to the point, and the *scenes* more energetic and picturesque. The absence of regular reporters, and of the certainty that all the world would a few hours after the occurrence be informed of what was said and done,—of how one shouted *hear, hear*, another called for *order*, and a third coughed, groaned, or brayed,—was also a circumstance favourable to the indulgence of eccentricities and the display of personal tastes. Every age, besides, experiences a desire to become acquainted with every other generation, when manners and studies had the characteristics of a by-gone era; and for the satisfaction of this natural curiosity, Mr. Townsend's volume is not miscalculated. Hear, for example, how Sir Edward Coke delivered himself upon his election to the speakership:—

"Although, as in the heavens," said the lawyer to Queen Elizabeth, "a star is but *opacum corpus* until it have received light from the sun, so stand I *corpus opacum* until your highness' bright, shining wisdom hath looked upon me and allowed me. In this house are many grave, many learned, many deep wise men, and those of ripe judgments; but I am untimely fruit, not yet ripe, but a bud scarcely blossomed, so as I fear me your majesty will say, amongst so many fair fruit ye have plucked a skaken leaf."

The servility of this address was a feature of the period, when a superior was to be flattered; just as sturdiness of manner, and plain, if not coarse speech, encountered an opponent. But petulance and pedantry were curiously illustrated.

With the more courtly times of Charles the Second ensued a partial improvement. The following strange dialogue, between a petulant Speaker and the old Commonwealth soldier, Colonel Birch, shows, however, that much of the republican leaven remained. The Speaker taking notice of Colonel Birch changing his seat to another side of the House, Colonel Birch said, "I wonder the Speaker should take notice of my changing sides, when I never took notice of the Speaker changing his chair," (alluding to the Speaker pretending to be sick when the court, being displeased at him, put Sir R. Sawyer in the chair. Some time after the Speaker told Colonel Birch that "it was indecent for him to brush his beard without a looking-glass;" to which Birch replied, "You would not think it so if you had a beard to brush!" On another occasion, having to apologize, the Speaker said, "he mistook only the forepart of the law about petitions for the latter, and he hopes his mistake will never cost the House so much as Birch's has done" (in something relating to a tax-bill). Colonel Birch retorted, "Whatever his mistake has cost the House, he is sure the marks were not upon the bags," (meaning that the Speaker had lost money at play, and the king's marks were upon the bags he sent the money in, being the Navy bags.) The rebukes on dissolute manners, addressed by the opposition members to that arrogant young rake Mr. Edward Seymour, who then dictated his pleasure from the chair, would not be tolerated in our more refined days; the House being insulted in the insults offered to its head.

"You expose the honour of the House," said Mr. Harbord, "in resorting to gaming-houses with foreigners, as well as Englishmen, and to ill places." "You are too big for that chair," added Sir Thomas Littleton: "for you, that are one of the governors of the world, to be our servant, is incongruous."

We go back for a moment to the era of Elizabeth, and cite a scene on the election of a speaker.

The following scene, some years later, most graphic in its description of the homely members and their modest head is painted to the life. Meeting to go through the form of choosing a speaker with all proper solemnity, the comptroller of the household, 39 Elizabeth, Sir William Knolls, said, "I will deliver my opinion unto you who is most fit for this place, being a member of this House, and those good abilities which I know to be in him,"

(here he made a little pause, *and the House hawked and spat*, and, after silence made, he proceeded.) "Unto this place of dignity and calling, in my opinion," (here he stayed a little) "Mr. Seargeant Yelverton" (looking upon him) "is the fittest man to be preferred" (after which words Mr. Yelverton blushed, and put off his hat, and after sat bareheaded,) "for I know him to be a man wise and learned, secret and circumspect, religious and faithful, no way disable, but every way able to supply this place." He then sat down hoping for a general consent.

And how did Mr. Sergeant Yelverton carry himself on this delicate occasion?

The whole House cried, "Aye, aye, aye, let him be," and the master comptroller made a low reverense and sat down; and after a little pause and silence, Mr. Sergeant Yelverton rose, and, after a very humble reverence said: "Whence your unexpected choice of me to be your mouth, or speaker, should proceed, I am utterly ignorant. If from my merits, strange it were that so few deserts should purchase suddenly so great an honour. Nor from my ability doth this your choice proceed, for well known it is to a great number in this place now assembled, that my estate is nothing correspondent for the maintenance of this dignity; for my father dying left me a younger brother, and nothing to me but my bare annuity. Then growing to man's estate, and some small practice of the law, I took a wife, by whom I have had many children, the keeping of us all being a great impoverishment to my estate, and the daily living of us all nothing but my daily industry. Neither from my person nor nature doth this choice arise, for he that supplieth this place ought to be a man big and comely, stately and well spoken; his voice great; his courage majestical; his nature haughty; and his purse plentiful and heavy; but, contrarily, the stature of my body is small; myself not so well spoken; my voice low; my carriage lawyer-like and of the common fashion; my nature soft and bashful; my purse thin, light, and never yet plentiful."

We return to the "petulant speaker," the "arrogant young rake Mr. Edward Seymour." However intolerable, according to the notions of the present day, might be his bearing in the chair, he seems to have combined a commanding dignity along with his offensive haughtiness. Take a few proofs and anecdotes.

By his very haughtiness and pride he contributed to reduce a turbulent and unruly house into subjection, enforced respect to his office, and even against order controlled the factious members. At a critical moment, when the House was in committee, and, in consequence of some dispute in telling a division, swords had been drawn and blows struck, he resumed the chair of his own authority, contrary to rule, and instantly reduced the turbulent scene into exact discipline.

When the House had ordered several lawyers into custody for pleading before the Lords, being forbidden by their resolutions, Mr. Seymour, in passing through Westminster Hall, directed the Mace to take Sergeant

Pemberton instantly into custody. "He saw me," said the imperious Speaker, "and paid me no respect, though I was near him, or very slightly."

Mr. Seymour was not free from personal corruption, but scorned all petty bribes, and gave the fees due to the Speaker on private bills to the poor of his parish (St. Giles.) Always bearing in mind his descent from a Protector of the realm, that the Duke of Somerset was a member of his family, not he of the Duke's, when summoned to the Privy Council, he walked to the head of the room, and leaning over Charles, whispered too audibly, that he should not prevaricate with himself. Hardened in his pride by age, he treated William the Third with the airs of an equal, if not a superior, and when dismissed from his place of Comptroller of the Household by Queen Anne, sent word that he should return his staff by the common carrier.

One instance of his hardihood in the exercise of the duties of Speaker is highly to his credit. A message being brought that the King was seated on his throne, and his presence desired to hear the prorogation of Parliament, he refused to stir till the Bill of Supply had been returned according to precedent from the House of Lords: and though again warned that his Majesty was waiting, he declared he would be torn by wild horses sooner than quit the chair. The bill was brought, and the Commons advanced to the bar of the Lords, encouraged by the triumph of their head. These matters of punctilious observance, however trifling in appearance, are far from insignificant when considered as tests of the respect which must be paid, or the slight that may be offered with impunity, to a sensitive and jealous assembly.

From a private pique, his re-election as Speaker was opposed at Court; and though he abstained from offering any excuse when presenting himself for the royal approbation, much to his own private rejoicing—for his was not "the pride that apes humility"—the King peremptorily refused his assent, and compelled the hesitating Commons to make a fresh election. * *

When Mr. Seymour went up to the Lords for his Majesty's approval, he declared that he had been chosen by the unanimous vote of the House, but omitted the usual formal plea of modesty, desiring to be excused; a prayer which it was suspected, from the Lord Treasurer's enmity to Seymour, the Chancellor would cheerfully grant.

"I am come hither," said the haughty Commoner, in a tone of arrogance till then unknown, "for your Majesty's approbation: which if your Majesty please to grant, I shall do the Commons and you the best service I can." However disconcerted by this novel boldness, the Royal purpose was too firmly fixed to be thus eluded.

"The approbation," said the Chancellor, after an embarrassed pause, "which is given by his Majesty to the choice of a Speaker, would not be thought such a favour as it is, and ought to be received, if his Majesty were not at liberty to deny as well as to grant it. It is an essential prerogative of the King to refuse as well as to approve of a Speaker. The King is the best judge of men and things. He knows when and where to employ. He thinks fit to reserve you for other service, and to ease you of this."

The anecdotes we have of Sir John Trevor, Speaker of James the Second's House of Commons, exhibit a character disgustingly cor-

rupt. This man appears to have risen from the station of a petty clerk, but grew up a proficient amongst gamblers and black-legs. When in parliament he therefore could have no very serious scruples on the head of bribing at elections, and accordingly he opposed the disfranchisement of the borough of Stockbridge by the following argument:

I never heard of boroughs dissolved before. I am afraid, if this question pass, you, Mr. Speaker, and I, shall sit no more in that chair. I have the honour to serve for a borough in Devonshire (Beeralston,) for which I am obliged to a member of the House (Maynard,) and to the gentlemen of that county. If you break the ancient constitution of elections, I know not the consequence. The security of the nation was ever thought to lie in the mixture of this House. What shall then become of merchants to inform you of trade? The House stands upon ancient constitutions, and I hope you will not remove old land-marks."

But what of Trevor when he arrived at the speakership? Why, he actually took a bribe of a *thousand guineas* from the city of London, for having procured the passing of an act of Parliament. What then was the conduct of the House and of this notorious functionary?

The House, after a careful perusal of these and other documents, establishing the guilt of the accused beyond cavil, came to a unanimous resolution, upon reading which even the countenance of Trevor must have worn a hue of shame: "That Sir John Trevor, Speaker of this House, receiving a gratuity of 1000 guineas from the city of London, after passing of the Orphans Bill, is guilty of a high crime and misdemeanour." The next day, an incensed and curious House found their meeting for business impeded by the following letter, inclosed in one from the clerk —

"Gentlemen, I did intend to have waited upon you this morning; but, after I was up, I was taken suddenly ill with a violent cholic. I hope to be in a condition of attending you to-morrow morning; in the mean time I desire you will be pleased to excuse my attendance. I am, with all duty, gentlemen, your most obedient humble servant, J. Trevor, Speaker. March 13, 1694—5."

Attempts to corrupt the speaker of the House of Commons were not confined to one individual. Sir Thomas Hanmer, who was elected in 1714,—the Montalta of the *Dunciad*, and the editor of Shakspeare,—was assailed in this way; Mr. Addington was similarly insulted at a much more recent date.

This correspondence was no sooner closed than the Speaker had to communicate to the House a letter from some Irish adventurer, of a less honourable character. He stated that the day before he had received a letter signed by one John Quin, with a petition inclosed, drawn in a form to be presented to the House, in which letter was contained a scandalous offer of

a sum of money to be paid to him upon passing such an act of parliament as was desired in the said petition. The letter being read, John Quin was ordered to be sent for immediately in the custody of the sergeant-at-arms, and was afterwards examined. Next day, the luckless intriguer presented a petition to the House, acknowledging his offence, as committed by him through inadvertency and ignorance, being a stranger, and unacquainted with the method of obtaining acts of parliament, begging pardon of Mr. Speaker and the House for his offence, and praying to be discharged out of custody. It was ordered that he be brought up on Monday morning next to the bar of the House, where, having upon his knees received a reprimand from the Speaker, he was ordered out of custody, paying his fees. The corrupt notions of ignorant inpividuals linger through many a generation. About a century later, a similar communication was addressed to Mr. Addington by a scheming tinman of Plymouth, who offered the Speaker £2000 down for some office in the dock-yard, and was justly requited for his impudence by an ex-officio prosecution, and six months' imprisonment in Newgate."

Our extracts are not taken with any regard to sequence of time or continuity of subject, but are miscellaneous in a large sense. The volume is admirably adapted for the random reaper's sickle; we therefore put forth our hand twice or thrice more.

This of an orderly speaker:—

When the Speaker, Sir Richard Onslow, went up with the House to demand judgment against Dr. Sacheverell, as the Mace was going into the House of Lords before the Speaker, the Black Rod endeavoured to hinder it, by putting his black rod across the door; on which the Speaker said, "If he did not immediately take away the black rod, he would return to the House of Commons." The Black Rod desired him to stay a little and he would acquaint the Lords. The door was shut, and Mr. Speaker and the House staid without. After a little time the door was opened, and Mr. Speaker with the Mace went in. As Mr. Speaker was going to the bar, the Black Rod attempted to interpose himself between the Speaker and the Mace; upon which the Speaker said aloud, "My Lords, if you do not immediately order your Black Rod to go away, I will immediately return to the House of Commons." Then Lord Chancellor Cowper directed the Black Rod to go from thence. Then Mr. Speaker with the Mace went up to the bar. The Black Rod was then ordered to bring the prisoner; and the Black Rod was going to put him on the right hand of Mr. Speaker; who upon that said, "If you don't order the Black Rod to go with the prisoner on the left hand of me, at some distance, I will return to the House of Commons." Upon which the Lord Chancellor directed the Black Rod so to do; and then Mr. Speaker demanded the judgment; and the Lord Chancellor accordingly pronounced sentence upon the prisoner, kneeling at the bar.

This of a lawyer with an affluent tongue:—

His rival, the versatile lawyer William Williams, was the eldest son of the Reverend Hugh Williams, D.D., Rector of Nantyerog, in Anglesea, and edu-

cated at Jesus College, Oxford. He went the North Wales circuit, and gained the reputation, according to Sir Peter Leicester, of being a very acute young gentleman. Having danced at an assize ball with a rich heiress, the daughter of Watkin Kyffin, Esq., he obtained the young lady's consent to propose himself to her father as a suitor; and when the old gentleman asked roughly, "what have you?" replied with ready boldness, "I have, Sir, a tongue and a gown!" His suit prospered; and he became by his marriage the founder of the flourishing families of Wynnstay and Bodlewyddan and Penbedw.

Of the privilege of franking:—

The privilege of franking letters was one of the very few honorary distinctions which members of the House of Commons retained at the passing of the Reform Bill. The sending and receiving letters free had become a mark of consideration; and, while the loss to the revenue was not considerable, the gratification that this boon afforded to the privileged class of conferring little favours should not be lightly esteemed. It seemed the *quiddam honorarium*—the distinguishing sign—the graceful apanage of an M.P. The history of its introduction is curious; for, in company with many prized distinctions, it had ignoble origin in the Pensioner Parliament of Charles the Second, in a settlement of the revenues of the post-office. When Colonel Titus reported the bill, Sir Walter Erle delivered a proviso for the letters of all members of parliament to go free during their sitting. Sir Heneage Finch said it was a poor, mendicant proviso. The question being called for, the Speaker, Sir Harbottle Grimstone, was unwilling to put it, saying he was ashamed of it, nevertheless the proviso was carried. The restriction of this privilege to the period of parliament's sitting was speedily overlooked in practice; and for half a century members enjoyed a licence of writing *free* over any number of post-office letters, and of enclosing franks in parcels to be used by their friends and constituents for any period of time, and of any weight.

Of the kind of wages paid to the member of Dunwich; also of the custom of being paid instead of paying for a seat:—

Thrifty boroughs and economical corporations appear to have been in the habit of driving hard bargains with their would-be-members. There has been preserved a curious indenture of agreement between John Strange, member for Dunwich, and his constituents, so far back as A.D. 1463, by which it is witnessed that "John Strange granteth by these presents to be one of the burgesses for Dunwich, at the parliament to be holden at Westminster, for which, whether it hold for longer time or short, or whether it fortune to be prorogued, the said John Strange granteth no more to be taken for his wages than a cade full of herrings, and a half-barrel full of herrings, to be delivered on Christmas next coming." Still better terms were insisted on, with the progress of refinement, by the cunning corporation of Westbury. "One Thomas Long, a very simple man, and unfit to serve, had crept into Queen Elizabeth's parliament of 1571. When questioned how he became to be elected, he confessed 'that he gave the mayor of

Westbury and another £4 for his place.'" The house was greatly shocked in those primitive days at the notion of their member paying, instead of being paid for a seat, and immediately ordered the mayor and town council to disgorge the money, to appear to answer such things as should be objected against them, and to suffer a penalty of £20 for their scandalous attempt.

Of the manner in which a second reading was carried:—

"The loss of wages," Sir John Birkenhead argued, "is the only punishment the law has made for the absence of parliament-men from their attendance." "Sir Richard Temple would have the bill go without a day for a second reading. 'Tis a reflection on the House to discharge the wages by law; it should be a free-will offering. Wages have been scarce received these eighty or one hundred years." "Some in the House," said Waller, and the amiable poet might glance at his own condition, "some are so poor, and some of the boroughs so rich, that to force men not to take wages would not be equal justice. The manner in which the bill came to be read a second time forms a striking proof of members' sensibility to shame. "It endured a long argument," writes Marvel to his constituents, "insomuch, that when the question was put for a second reading, a gentleman who had disapproved of the bill, deceiving himself by the noise of the negative vote, required the division of the House; but so considerable a number of the affirmatives went out for it, that all the rest in a manner followed after them, notwithstanding their own votes, and there were scarce either tellers, or men to be told, left behind, so that it will have a second reading."

Art. IX.

1. *The Rambles of the Emperor Ching Tih in Keang Nan, a Chinese Tale.* Translated by Tkin Shen, Student of the Anglo-Chinese College, Malacca. 2 vols. Longman.
2. *The Home, or Family Cares and Family Joys.* By Frederika Bremer. Translated by Mary Howitt. 2 vols. Longman.

A clever novel, written by a foreigner, and having for its scene his foreign land, must always present profitable and likewise pleasurable reading. Independently of the amusement which a well concocted tale supplies, a fiction of the character mentioned affords literary insight as a matter of course: but it also as unavoidably lays open modes of thought, manners, and specific degrees of civilization, as these obtain and are developed in the country which claims the writer as its own. No people can furnish to the European reader a more extraordinary style of literature or life than the Celestials: and perhaps in no class of books written by themselves will more clear and distinct glimpses be afforded of this jealous and exclusive as well as peculiar nation than in their fictions, which could not have been composed with any design of mystifying or misleading strangers; but, on the contrary, being solely intended for the native eye

and ear, the authors of such works can only have tasked themselves so as to delight and charm by the fidelity and force of their pictures. Besides, the Chinese are most expert and precise copyists in the departments of art; and therefore, however much they may vary from European standards with regard to literal minuteness, we may rest satisfied that their fictions bear fully as close a resemblance to reality and detailed truth as do the works of fancy in our own country, which profess to mirror whatever is natural and characteristic at home.

The translation of the novel before us was suggested by the President of the Anglo-Chinese College at Malacca, who has revised the version for the British public. The tale is said to be "founded as much upon fact as most historical novels of European production;" and therefore is classed as such by the president. Much of its value consists in its illustration of the political springs and movements that characterise the court and government of China; of the intrigues that sometimes endanger as well as disgrace the throne; and of the influence which unworthy favourites may exert over a dissolute emperor. Important lessons are enforced relative to these political and governmental points with far greater plainness and stringency than would readily be believed, where despotism can so summarily rid itself of unwelcome advisers; thus showing that political virtue and practical honesty are understood and prized by the nation.

The subject of the story is the career of the Emperor Ching Tih, who ascends the throne when only fifteen years old. Being of an open and free disposition, indolent, and fond of rambling, he, while yet so young and inexperienced, was easily corrupted by a crafty and favourite eunuch, Lew Kin, who, obtaining the entire management of affairs, dismissed the faithful servants of the crown, whose virtues and counsel were unsavoury, appointing to every important office his own creatures; Ching Tih the while shutting himself up in his palace, being wholly addicted to pleasure and luxuries. We must let our readers see how the designing eunuch contrived to allure the monarch, and divert his attention from the affairs of state and the necessities of the empire.

Lew Kin, after his return to the palace, daily contrived, by the help of seven men who composed his party, schemes of amusement with horses, buffaloes, hawks, and hounds, with dancing, mirth, and music, to delight the Emperor. They succeeded in teaching dogs to speak, horses to tread on swinging-ropes, buffaloes to answer to the call, and hawks to transmit messages. They certainly accomplished wonders in this line; and not the young prince only was delighted with the exhibitions, but every one in the palace who saw them pronounced them to be surprising. The eunuch also caused several beautiful ladies to present wine, and sing, and practise every

sort of seduction before his Majesty; so as entirely to concentrate his affections upon them, insomuch that he came to regard it unnecessary to hold a court or to attend to the public business. Even representations which were presented for his decision he had neither inclination nor leisure to look at.

The officers, observing that his Majesty had not attended the court for several days, and that the representations sent into him had not been decided, reasoned over the matter tumultuously in the hall of audience. Some were afraid that it was owing to the Queen Dowager, who, on account of the Emperor's youth, did not wish to send him every morning to the court; others apprehended that his Majesty might be ill, and had no time to attend to their representations. At last they determined to proceed to the palace in a body, and inquire about his health: but, to their surprise, on reaching the gate they saw the imperial tablet hung over it, with the two words "No audience" written on it with vermillion; upon which, with doubting hearts and wondering what business could be carrying on, they retraced their steps.

The misgovernment of Lew Kin and his creatures results in an insurrection, which the eunuch does not suppress, being too much taken up with ridding himself of such ministers as had the integrity and ability to remonstrate in the following terms:—

Your servants venture to observe, that the monarch is the fountain of government. To him the people look up. If he be intelligent and his ministers faithful, the whole nation is happy; but if he be negligent and his ministers crafty, the repose of the kingdom is destroyed. This principle ought to induce in you the greatest care. Now beauty is able to confound the will, and dissipation ruins the spirits: wine, indeed, is a heightener of joy, but it must be used with moderation. We have heard lately that our lord is abandoned to curious amusements and sunk in the love of pleasure, so that, not satisfied with the day, he prolongs his orgies through the night, to the injury of his person and the wasting of his health. We are not worthy to occupy our important offices, and we render our titles but empty designations; we are full of shame at not having heretofore assisted and corrected your Majesty. But now that your decree has issued from the palace forbidding us to see you, and that the various documents transmitted for your decision have not been returned, your servants imagine that there must be some crafty individuals within the precincts of the palace, who contrive by schemes of amusement to detain your royal person among themselves; and that this is the reason why the tablet, denying audience, has been suspended before the palace, and your throne has been so long empty in the court. We cannot boast of such abilities as E Yin, or Chow King; but your Majesty is fit to be compared with Yu, Tung, Wan, and Woo; and we beseech you to inflict the proper punishment on these individuals, to serve as a warning to the future. Thus shall the nation speedily enjoy such happiness as can come from bright stars and fortunate clouds, with strength like that of mountains, and security which springs from encircling rivers. If your Majesty thinks our statement correct, then act in compliance with our views: if you think it wrong, then publicly reprove us, and display the justice of your rewards and punishments, and your determination to fulfil the dictates of your understanding; but on no

account detain this representation unanswered, as if beneath your notice. We believe your Majesty is acquainted with the dying charge of the late Emperor; we beseech you to take compassion upon us, and not allow us to be faithless both to him and to you. It is in consequence of this that we take upon us to profane your royal audience with our mean statements. We pray you to render us happy by accepting our representations. While writing it, our spirits are moving tumultuously, and our dread is extreme. Reverently presented.

In the meanwhile the insurrection gathers strength and spreads, in consequence of the ungoverned state of the country. Young men of family place themselves at the head of bands of outlaws, but who assumed the character of your Rob Roys and other *honourable* thieves; professing only to rob oppressors and crush tyrants, and on the other hand to protect the helpless and right the injured. One of these free and easy captains, named Che Fan, has the address to raise a large army, and the talent to draw up a code of military laws for his followers, which is said to be the groundwork of the existing system of Chinese articles of war. These rules of discipline deserve to be quoted, more especially as England has been so recently brought into practical collision with the Celestial soldiery:—

I. In an engagement the troops are to advance at the sound of the drum, and retire at that of the gong. Every soldier must keep his rank. He who disobeys shall be beheaded. II. On the march, to whatever district the troops come, if orders have been issued, they must act according to them; if no orders have been given, they must not injure the inhabitants. He who disobeys shall be beheaded. III. All weapons must be kept bright. On hearing the signal gun the troops must advance quickly. He whose heart fails him on the approach of battle, and will not meet the enemy, shall be beheaded. IV. After orders have been issued, the soldiers are not to collect in companies of three or five, and whisper together. When the enemy come to close quarters, the soldiers are not to make a noise. He who disobeys shall receive forty blows. V. No person who has taken any soldiers or people at any village on the march can let them go on his own account, but must request an order for his guidance. He who disobeys this shall receive eighty blows. VI. No soldier or officer is allowed, when he may find it convenient, to visit his relations, or lodge in people's houses. Neither is any one allowed to get drunk or commit lewdness. Whosoever disobeys shall instantly be beheaded without mercy. Military laws are like thunder. Every one must reverently obey them, in order to escape future repentance. Given in the sixth year of Ching Tih, on the fourteenth day of the fourth month.

The disgrace and downfall of the eunuch and his minions draw near, and the thoughtless backsliding monarch gives tokens of reform. It is worth while noticing the favourite's defence. The reader of the tale before us will often have reason for pronouncing human nature

to be pretty much the same, whether in China or Europe, more particularly if he looks back to an earlier period of our history, and makes certain reasonable allowances for the laws which fix ceremony and the expression of sentiment in Chinaland. This is the minion's apology and doctrine:—

At these words the eunuch knelt before his Majesty in great consternation, and replied, with tears, "There is no enmity between your slave and the officers. But if one have not plenty of mutton and wine at his disposal, it is a hard thing to temper the mouths of men. Look at the autumn moon, which casts its shadow over the dusty world: while fair ladies rejoice in its brightness, thieves hate its light. Or look at the spring rains, the harbingers of plenty: while the husbandman rejoices in their fatness, travellers repine at the dirty roads. And if these heavenly influences cannot imbue the minds of men with a feeling of contentment, how should your slave expect to do it? In such an age as the present, indeed, it would be difficult for the holiness of Chow King to escape baseless comments, and the loyalty of Ho Wang would be assailed by calumnious insinuations; and can such a person as your slave expect to be free from these charges? But your Majesty affords me the most apt example. You are the honourable Sovereign of this empire, and were merely enjoying what amusement could be afforded by a few hawks and hounds, without disturbing any spring of government, or injuring any business of the nation; and yet all these officers have resigned their employments and retired. They are actuated solely by a desire to spend their own days pleasantly; but, as if your Majesty were in fault, they have again and again joined in bitter remonstrances. Your slaves are ignorant and valueless individuals, whose death need not occasion any lamentation; but I fear that you will one day be compelled to regulate your every movement according to the wishes of these officers; and Emperor though you are, will not be able on your own motion to remove a single crafty and wicked magistrate.

We should have mentioned that one of the methods to which Lew Kin resorted in order to raise the hue and cry after an obnoxious minister, who might be desirous to make his escape from the snares laid for him, and evil intended, was to wood-engravings taken of the portraits of each person about court; and these likenesses being distributed among the officers of justice throughout the empire, became effectual proscriptions. This, it appears from the tale, is a common practice in the case of escaped criminals.

Lew Kin is at length obliged to betake himself to flight, and foments rebellion. The emperor, having still a fancy for wandering, resolves to visit the province of Keang Nan in disguise, accompanied by one of his most renowned warriors. The province mentioned is celebrated for its beauties of every kind, and is also involved in the eunuch's misgovernment. The emperor's journey gives rise to a variety of adventures, for he now displays his resolution, magnanimity, and wisdom, in the detection of ministerial malversation and of evil-doers; while on the other hand, his discovery of merit, with

the bestowal of adequate rewards, entitle him to the homage of the nation. Besides, his gallantry is chivalric; nor does it go unrecompensed,—for he earns for himself a couple of wives. One of the instances of his potent and successful interference is in behalf of an old man, his host, whose daughter was threatened with abduction by a lawless young man, who confidently counted on the influence of his potent relatives, who had been improperly clothed with official authority. Said the father,—

On the day which I have mentioned, he came in this direction rambling in quest of pleasure, while my daughter happened to be looking out from a window in the gallery. The dog began to leer at her, and laugh and praise her beauty, which she no sooner perceived than she shut the window. In her hurry, however, she let her fan drop into the street, and the rascal instantly picked it up. My daughter sent out a girl to request him to return it, which he would not do. This indeed would have been but a small matter, but he moreover said that I had betrothed my daughter to him. His bad passions were aroused, and he instantly went home, and came back with some servants bearing the various ceremonial presents, and urging me at the same time to allow the marriage. I told him that my daughter was already betrothed, and that I would give him ten taels of silver to get the fan back again. On this he asserted, that when my daughter assented to his proposals, she had given him this fan as a token. When I heard this, my breast swelled with rage, and I had a long altercation with him. At last, he said, that if I was willing it was well; but if not it was no matter, for he would come this night, and carry my daughter to his house by force. He then put down the presents, and went off, determined to send the flowery chair, and accomplish his purpose of violence.

Such is an illustration of Chinese courtship. Let us now hear how it was that Ching Tih felt affected at the sight of beauty, and how he demeaned himself in an inn while his champion was otherwise enjoying himself.

While Chow Yung was thus enjoying himself, the Emperor had met with entertainments of a different character. After parting from the General, he rode onwards to the village of Nan Laon, and was looking out for a lodging-house, when a sign-board met his eye, with the words "Dragon and Fung Inn" written upon it. Surprised at such an inscription, and thinking there must be some reason for it, he determined to go forward and find it out. Dismounting accordingly from his horse, he entered the inn on foot; and seeing the public hall with plenty of tables in it, but not a single person present, he called out several times for the landlord. No answer being given to his summons, he sat down upon a chair, and beat the table viloently with his fan, calling likewise with a loud voice.

This noise alarmed the sister of the landlord, named Le Fung, and brought her out. Lifting up the screen to see what was the matter, and observing a gentleman seemingly a scholar, sitting in the hall and knocking and crying out in such a style, she said to him, "Stranger, you are very

unceremonious: how is it that you come into our house and cry out in such a manner? are you mad?

Ching Tih, amid all the noise which he was making, was startled by the sound of a bird-like voice behind him; and turning round, saw behind the screen a young lady of eighteen, blooming as a flower and fair as the moon, with a body pure as a pearl and cheeks as clear as ice. He was thrown into no little confusion and excitement; but advanced forward instantly and bowed to her, saying, "Damsel, be not offended: I have been in the inn for a considerable time, and nobody responding to my calls, I was obliged to beat the table in the way which has brought you out.

It was by means of miraculous power that Ching Tih won the lady of the water-lily. The plant having sprung up in the pond of Han He, a genius informed him that its bud would spread at the command of no other than the man who was destined to be the husband of his daughter, that it would expand at the bidding of none else but the emperor.

Ching Tih inquired how many days it was since the flower made its appearance. "It is now seven days, and it has not yet unfolded. I have, therefore, put up the card, saying I will give my daughter to him at whose summons it opens." "In that case I will let you see me order it to open." At the same time his majesty recalled to his memory Woo How, of the Tang dynasty, who caused flowers to bloom in winter by his proclamation, and Ming Hwang, who hastened their unfolding by the beating of a drum. If they could do so, thought he, why should not I be able to do as much. He then prayed silently, saying, "God of the flower! God of the flower! if it is fated that I and the young lady should wed, open the flower without delay." When the prayer was finished he pointed with his hand to the flower, saying, "Open quick! Open quick!" and hardly were the words spoken, when the threads which bound the bud gave way, and the beautiful petals stood wide displayed. All the spectators burst into a shout of wonder, and Han He knelt in confusion at his feet, exclaiming with a loud voice. "My eyes are without eyeballs; not knowing that your imperial highness had come here, I did not meet you on my knees. Forgive my sin."

Not a few are the illustrations of Chinese mythology which the tale furnishes; and sundry of the more sudden vicissitudes of the fortunes of the characters who figure in it, turn upon magical and superhuman influence. All this must be monstrous and silly in the extreme to those who have their notions of fiction alone moulded according to the fashion of modern European romance. But to persons who are desirous of studying the literature, the manners, and the beliefs of the Celestials, of course, the tale offers other considerations of interest. We do not, however, go much further into its current. It must suffice for us merely to state, that the emperor's disguise is at length seen through; that battles between him and the rebels follow this discovery; and that after fortune seems for a time to have doubtfully vibrated between the armies, the powers of the genius who espouses Ching Tih's cause overcome the enchant-

ments which promised so mightily on the side of the insurgents, and all ends well according to poetical justice.

We have only a word to add, and one extract more. The battles are feebly and confusedly described, just as might be expected of a native of China describing a Chinese fight. On one occasion some cows frighten a party of soldiers. Need it be a matter of marvel, then, that female warriors are represented as beating men in arms? In fact it appears, that in China both sexes, with certain forms of religious solemnity, enrol themselves into chivalric communities. What we now quote affords a degree of information on this subject:—

They sat down in company with the two ladies, and after they had partaken of some fragrant tea, Teih recommenced the former subject by asking Fei Heung's age, who apologised for not having put a similar question to him, and added that he had vainly passed through twenty years. "So young," said the other, "and yet so heroic, you make me ashamed that I am four years your elder. In sooth I am like the worthless Choo Leihkua, devoid of the least ability." On hearing his seniority Heung paid him the respect due to an elder brother, and yielded him the upper seat. They then gave orders that the incense table should be prepared; and having both lighted the candles and burned incense, they went forth to the open air, and having paid homage to the gods, invoked their presence. They then pledged to each other the affections of brothers, and swore that nothing should be permitted to disturb their harmony. This done, they returned to their seats, when the two ladies drew near and paid their respects. Sew Chun then smiled and opened her peachy lips. "I also," said she, "wish to contract a sistership with this lady, and only wait for the approbation of our brothers, and her assent to my desire." At these words Mei Yen smiled, observing, that it would be the height of her good fortune to be allowed continually to wait upon her, but as to speaking about contracting as sisters, she was ashamed that she was altogether unworthy of the honour. Jin Teih, however, interrupted her, saying, "Young lady, don't be so modest. The events of this day must be ascribed to the overruling providence of Heaven. You must not deny my sister's proposal." Having spoken thus, he ordered them both to burn incense, and to form their alliance in the face of heaven. The two ladies accordingly, having first knelt to the gods, asked one another's age, and Sew Chun, proving to be one year the elder, was honoured by Yen with the due observances, and the engagement contracted.

"The Home," by Frederika Bremer, will not disappoint those persons who relished "The Neighbours," also translated by Mary Howitt, on account not only of its real sentiment, but as a picture of northern character, customs, and manners.

"The Home," we find, is preferred by several of our contemporary journalists even to "The Neighbours," which but recently was given to the British public, and which has reached a second edition. We think the preference is justly shown to the successor

of that delightful domestic story, if it is to be regarded merely as a picture of life and manners. Nothing can appear more real and faithful to an original than the incidents, scenes, and characters in these "Family Cares and Family Joys;" and seeing that there is novelty in the subjects to the readers of the translation, there is not much chance of our soon getting tired of the delineation of them, so long as done with Frederika Bremer's piquancy and carefulness of touch. Very remarkable indeed is her artistic skill in respect of minuteness without being tedious; for although a vast number of every-day characters and matters crowd the story, yet they are so discriminated and distinctly preserved, that one is not only interested about each, but has his admiration constantly prompted towards the writer, whose perception is so nice and handling so delicate.

Nothing can be more homely, or more removed from extravagance and the usual materials and machinery of novels, than the persons and things presented in these *Cares* and *Joys*. There is not even anything that looks like the creation of fancy; no, not as regards sentimentality or an effort to be striking. It is the curious details that chiefly attract the attention and please the fancy. Why, even to the subject of eating, and the mention of all sorts of meats and drinks, the reader's consideration is agreeably drawn; and this, be it observed, not on rare occasions, but on all, for it seems that nothing can be done, felt, or said in Sweden without the accompaniment of a meal, and this too of substantial fare. Most primitive, in short, is everything here narrated of the people, and most fitting for such a subject the manner and colouring of the author.

"The story of "Home" is that of the every-day life and experience of a judge's family, beginning with his marriage, and proceeding regularly onward until his children are grown up, and settle down in life. The judge himself is just such a character as one is immediately sensible that he has seen and met times without number. Most familiar is the individual to the mind's eye; and so, in fact, is every person and occurrence in the novel. Our judge is quite a business man, sober and methodical, even to strictness and a degree of severity in his family. He weds a lady whose health is delicate, and her tastes somewhat sentimental and romantic. Elise is fully his equal in respect of rank, and has not much liking at first for household duties and child-rearing cares. Ere long the consequence of such opposite tastes and ways breed some discomfort; and the mutual misunderstandings of the couple are further excited by the widowhood of a lady to whom the judge had paid his addresses, and on the other side by the introduction of Jacobi into the family as the tutor of the son, and who, in perfect consistency with his loose habits, becomes Elise's lover. It is proper to remark that, according to the most reliable accounts which tourists give of the Swedish people, their morals are not of a high tone; and such an inference the

reader will draw from the illustrations to be met with in these volumes. By and bye, however, the judge and his wife come to a right understanding, and thenceforward the story is chiefly occupied with the fortunes of the children, these consisting of five daughters and a son; Jacobi, after all, marrying one of the girls.

Louise is the eldest of the daughters, and is much sought after by wooers. She is thrifty, managing, and wise in counsel,—the most promising possible for a housewife. One of her lovers is a landed proprietor, and our readers cannot but be pleased to have a sample of the courtship of this gentleman; Jacobi, the Candidate, as will be seen, having an eye in the same direction.

The family is assembled in the library: tea is just finished. Louise, at Petrea's and Gabriele's urgent request, has laid out the cards on a little table, to tell them their fortunes. The Candidate seats himself near them, and appears determined to amuse himself with them, and to be lively; but Louise assumes all the more her "cathedral air." The Landed-proprietor steps in, bows, snorts, and kisses the hand of the "gracious aunt."—*Landed-proprietor.* Very cold this evening: I fancy we shall have frost.—*Elise.* It is a gloomy spring. We have lately read a most affecting account of the famine in the northern provinces. It is the misfortune of these late springs. —*Landed-proprietor.* O yes, the famine up there. No, we'll talk of something else—that's too gloomy. I have had my peas covered with straw. Cousin Louise, are you fond of playing Patience? I am very fond of it too: it is so composing. At my seat at Oestanvik I have little, little patience-cards. I fancy really that they would please my cousin.—The Landed Proprietor seats himself on the other side of Louise: the Candidate gives some extraordinary shrugs.—*Louise.* This is not patience; but a little witchcraft, by which I read fate. Shall I prophesy to you, cousin Thure? —*Landed proprietor.* O yes, prophesy something to me. Nothing disagreeable! If I hear anything disagreeable in an evening, I always have bad dreams at night. Prophesy me prettily—a little wife—a wife as lovely and as amiable as cousin Louise.—*The Candidate* [with a look as if he would send the Landed-proprietor head over heels to Oestanvik]. I don't know whether Mamselle Louise likes flattery.—*Landed-proprietor* (who seems as if he neither heard nor saw his rival). Cousin Louise, are you fond of blue?—*Louise.* Blue? That is truly a lovely colour; but yet I prefer green.—*Landed-proprietor.* Nay, that is good! that is excellent! At Oestanvik, my dressing-room furniture is blue, beautiful light blue silk damask; but in my sleeping-room I have green moreen. I fancy really, cousin Louise, that——The Candidate coughs, and then rushes out of the room. Louise looks after him, sighs, and then examines the cards, in which she finds so many misfortunes for cousin Thure, that he is quite terrified: the peas frosted, conflagration in the dressing-room, and last of all a rejection! The Landed-proprietor declares, notwithstanding, that he finds nothing of this unpleasant. The sisters smile, and make remarks.

Such is a specimen of the manner in which Miss Bremer developes character, working upon trifles, but which have all the appearance of

realities. Let us now pass on to another of the family, who will be a favourite with many, viz., Petrea, whose eccentricity and large nose serve the other members of the household as topics for remark. Miss Petrea's oddities are allied to glimmerings of genius, and fain would she distinguish herself; but the nose is much in her way, as she fancied when finding herself neglected at a certain ball. She is resolved, however, to command notice, and proceeds to make her purpose good in the manner now to be described:—

At this moment an old gentleman rose up from a bench opposite Petrea, with a tea-cup in his hand. In a mania of officiousness she rushed forward in order to assist him in setting it aside. He drew himself back and held the cup firmly, whilst Petrea, with the most firm and unwearying "permit me, sir," seemed determined to take it The strife about the cup continued amid the unending bows of the gentleman, and the equally unending courtesies of Petrea, until a passing waltzing couple gave a jostle without the least ceremony whatever to the compliment makers, which occasioned a shake of the tea-cup, and revealed to Petrea the last thing in the world which she had imagined, that the cup was not empty! Shocked and embarrassed, she let go her hold, and allowed the old gentleman, with what remained of his cup of tea, to go and find out for himself a securer place. Petrea seated herself, she hardly knew how, on a bench near an elderly lady, who looked at her very good-naturedly, and who helped very kindly to wipe off the ablution of tea which she had received. Petrea felt herself quite confidential with this excellent person, and inquired from her what was her opinion of Swedenburg, beginning also to give her own thoughts on spectral visions, ghosts, etc. The lady looked at her, as if she thought she might be a little deranged, and then hastened to change her place. A stout military gentlemen sat himself down ponderously, with a deep sigh, on the seat which the old lady had left, as if he were saying to himself, "Ah, thank God; here I can sit in peace!" But, no! he had not sate there three minutes and a half, when he found himself called upon by Petrea to avow his political faith, and invited by her to unite in the wish of speedy war with Russia. Lieutenant-Colonel Uh—— turned rather a deaf ear to the battery by which his neighbour assailed him, but for all that he probably felt it not the less heavy, because after several little sham coughs he rose up, and left her alone with her warlike thoughts. * *

At length Petrea casts her eyes on a young girl who seemed to have had no better dancing fortune than herself, and to be hardly able to refrain from tears at the thought of her forlorn condition.

Petrea, in whose disposition it lay to impart to others whatever she herself possessed—sometimes overlooking the trifling fact that what she possessed was very little desired by others—and feeling herself now in possession of a considerable degree of prowess, wished to impart some of the same to her companion in misfortune, and seated herself by her for that purpose. "I know not a soul here, and I find it so horribly wearisome," was the unasked outpourings of a soul which greeted Petrea, and which went directly to her sympathizing heart. Petrea named every person she knew in the

company to the young unfortunate, and then, in order to escape from the weight of the present began to unfold great plans and undertakings for the future. She endeavoured to induce her new acquaintance to give her her *parole d' honneur* that she would sometime conduct a social theatre with her, which would assist greatly to make social life more interesting; and further than that, that they should establish together a society of Sisters of Charity in Sweden, and make a pilgrimage to Jerusalem; furthermore, that they would write novels together; and that on the following day, or more properly in the night, they would rise at half-past ten o'clock, and climb to the top of a high a mountain in order to see the sun rise; and finally, after all these, and sundry other propositions, Petrea suggested to her new acquaintance a thee-and-thou friendship between them! But, ah! neither Petrea's great prowess, nor her great friendship; neither the social theatre, nor the pilgrimage to Jerusalem, least of all the thee-and-thou friendship, availed anything towards enlivening the churlish young girl. Petrea saw plainly that an invitation to dance would avail more than all her propositions, so sighing deeply because she was not a man to offer so great a pleasure, she rose up, and left the object of her vain endeavours.

There is an adopted daughter in the story, who is of a wayward disposition, and persists in marrying her music-master, who runs off with her. Her fortunes are sad, and her end miserable; the author's purpose being to illustrate the condition and life of a woman who betakes herself to a public profession, as contrasted with an entirely domestic career. But of all the *dramatis personæ* in the story, the mother is the most to our liking; she being not merely the central figure in all the scenes of cares, sorrows, and joys, but the most winningly beautiful and womanly delicate, as well as the most tenderly touched by the artist. She is fine by nature, and affectingly mellowed by time and trial. We close with an extract from one of her letters to a sister, and which, while it illustrates Swedish homely life, and girlhood in all countries, tells a pretty love tale.

How at this moment the long-past years come in review before me! I see myself once more in the house of my parents; in that good, joyful, beloved home. I see myself once more by thy side, my beloved and only sister, in that large, magnificent house, surrounded by meadows and villages. How we looked down upon them from high windows, and yet rejoiced that the sun streamed into the most lowly huts just as pleasantly as into our large saloons—every thing appeared to us well arranged.

Life then, Cecelia, was joyful and free from care. How we sat and wept over "Des Voeux Téméraires," and over "Feeodor and Maria,"—such were our cares then. Our life was made up of song and dance and merriment, with our so many cheerful neighbours; with the most accomplished of whom we got up enthusiasms for music and literature. We considered ourselves to be virtuous, because we loved those who loved us, and because we gave of our superfluity to those who needed it. Friendship was our passion. We were ready to die for friendship, but towards love we had hearts of stone.

How we jested over our lovers, and what a pleasure would it not have been to us to act the parts of austere romance heroines. How unmerciful we were, and—how easily our lovers consoled themselves. Then Ernst Frank came on a visit to us. The rumour of a learned and a strong-minded man preceded him and fixed our regards upon him, because women, whether well-informed or not themselves, are attracted by such men. Do you not remember how much he occupied our minds? How his noble person, his calm, self-assured demeanour, his frank, decided, yet always polite behaviour, charmed us at first, and then awed us?

One could say of him, that morally as well as physically, he stood firmly. His deep mourning dress, together with an expression of quiet, manly grief, which at times shaded his countenance, combined to make him interesting to us: nevertheless, you thought that he looked too stern, and I very soon lost in his presence my accustomed gaiety. Whenever his dark grave eyes were fixed upon me, I was conscious that they possessed a half-bewitching, half-oppressive power over me; I felt myself happy because of it, yet at the same time filled with anxiety; my very action was constrained, my hands became cold and did everything blunderingly, nor ever did I speak so stupidly as when I observed that he listened. Aunt Lisette gave me one day this maxim, "My dear, remember what I now tell thee: If a man thinks tha thou art a fool, it does not injure thee the least in his opinion; but if h once thinks that thou considerest him a fool, then thou art lost for ever with him." With the last it may be just as it will: I have heard a clever young man declare that it would operate upon him like salt upon fire: however, this is certain, that the first part of Aunt Lisette's maxim is correct, since my stupidity in Ernst's presence did not injure me at all in his opinion, and when he was kind and gentle how inexpressibly agreeable he was!

His influence over me became greater each succeeding day: if his eyes beamed on me in kindness, it was as if a spring-breeze passed through my soul; and if his glance was graver than common, I became still and out of spirits. It seemed to me at times—and it is so even to this very day—that if this clear and wonderfully-penetrating glance were only once and with its full power rivetted upon me, my very heart would cease to beat. Yet after all I am not sure whether I loved him. I hardly think I did, for when he was absent I then seemed to breathe so freely; yet, at the same time, I would have saved his life by the sacrifice of my own.

In several respects we had no sympathies in common. He had no taste for music, which I loved passionately; and in reading too our feelings were so different. He yawned over my favourite romances, nay he even sometimes would laugh when I was at the point of bursting into tears: I on the contrary, yawned over his useful and learned books, and found them more tedious than I could express. The world of imagination, in which my thoughts delighted to exercise themselves, he valued not in the least; whilst the burdensome actuality which he was always seeking for in life had no charm for me. Nevertheless, there were many points in which we accorded; these especially were questions of morals; and whenever this was the case, it afforded both of us great pleasure.

And now came the time, Cecelia, in which you left me; when our fates separated themselves, although our hearts did not.

One day there were many strangers with us, and in the afternoon I played at shuttlecock with young cousin Ersil, to whom we were so kind, and who deserved our kindness so well. How it happened I cannot tell, but before long Ernst took his place, and was my partner in the game. He looked unusually animated, and I felt gayer than common. He threw the shuttlecock excellently, and with a firm hand, but always let it fly a little way beyond me, so that I was obliged to step back a few paces each time to catch it; and thus, unconsciously to myself, was I driven, in the merry sport, through a long suite of rooms, till we came at last to one where we were quite alone, and a long way from the company. All at once then Ernst left off his play, and a change was visible in his whole appearance. I augured something amiss, and would gladly have made my escape; but I felt powerless; and then Ernst spoke so from his heart, so fervently, and with such deep tenderness, that he took my heart at once to himself. I laid my hand, although tremblingly, in his, and, almost without knowing what I did, consented to go through life by his side.

ART. X.—*The Pyrenees, with Excursions into Spain.* By LADY CHATTERTON. 2 vols. Saunders and Otley.

LADY CHATTERTON, starting from Boulogne, proceeded to Paris, and thence by Orleans, Tours, Poitiers, Angouleme and Bordeaux to the South of France. Having reached Bayonne, she passed into Spain as far as St. Sebastian. She then returned, but contrived, while crossing the Pyrenees, or when in their neighbourhood, to take a number of lateral and intersecting journeys. Accordingly, although her book has much of the character of a tour and a rapid ride, it has also the quality of a sojourn; although she did not visit any place which recent summer travellers have not described, she yet took them in an order and in fulfilment of a purpose that do not accord with the general practice, and therefore there is a degree of novelty and variety in the work which may not be expected from its title.

We regret however to have it to say, that the volumes might have been with advantage considerably thinned; for that, gracefully and unaffectedly told as the particulars are, the reader could have very readily dispensed with a good deal that is said about the author's illness and the little personal incidents of her journey,—how she herself sat down and was accommodated,—together with a number of other notices with which the public cannot sympathise. This frequent recurrence to ordinary trifles, and in rather a wiredrawn style, becomes the more tedious, when one considers how much her ladyship can make by her manner of treatment of that which in itself has little value, or which has been in a sense completely exhausted by forerunners. True, Lady Chatterton was an invalid; and this may in part account for the importance she attaches to the movements

and fortunes of "Frisk," and such like matters, which no other body cares about,—may plead an excuse for the length, the sameness, and slightness of the reading, and the consequent want of an interest to rivet attention. But yet the book is in no part dull or devoid of liveliness; for however common-place or frivolous in itself may be the subject which engages her, the treatment is so easy and graceful, that one can hardly even be willing to have the passage expunged, were it but to witness the delicacy and correctness of high breeding, and have the opportunity of appreciating the value of refined taste, whose empire is so comprehensive that nothing is too small or too great for the exercise of its culture. There is much more in Lady Chatterton's sketches than the skill and talent of doing whatever she does gracefully; for nature has been bountiful to her in respect of quick perception, sound judgment, and real sentiment. Along with these gifts she exhibits in spite of sickness a plentiful flow of spirit, together with a kindness of feeling and freshness of temper that make you love the woman fully as much as you admire the writer. In her "Rambles in the South of Ireland," perhaps she displayed greater earnestness and vigour than in the present work. But on that occasion at least she had not an equal opportunity for showing how familiar she is with European history, even to a critical knowledge of art and domestic manners, and also with polite literature. Her descriptions are therefore not more pleasing and picturesque than the information she conveys is satisfying; and the more so because one is made instantly to perceive that she can judge for herself, and has the proper share of self-reliance. If we remember rightly, the great want which her ladyship discovered in the Irish character was that of *common-sense*. Now, if we were called upon to pronounce in a word what are her own characteristics, we should say that to an ample supply of this valuable article, in alliance too with an enviable infusion of vivacity, she has superadded the femimine polish and grace, without which the best natural gifts in woman can never be hailed with heartfelt delight.

Our first two extracts will afford a flattering idea of Lady Chatterton's archæological knowledge and artistic taste. We halt with her at Chambord, that magnificent but deserted chateau, the property of the exiled Duke of Bordeaux.

It struck me as perhaps the finest specimen of a French chateau I had ever seen. The effect was dignified yet mournful, when one thought, that after all the immense sums expended there, it was impossible that the palace could ever again be turned to account, for were it to be repaired, it would not be suited to modern wants, or to the present state of things; but there it stands, a lone monument of byegone splendours, a sad possession of one now exiled, perchance for ever, from his native land and the throne of his ancestors. I am not quite certain whether the upper part is not overwrought in comparison with the severe simplicity of the basement story. I am aware

that it is the usual march of buildings (as in the Coliseum and a hundred others) to rise from the substantial and solid to the light and ornamented; but still the eye should not be hurt by the least want of congruity in the parts. And very beautiful as the exterior of the main building is, with its exquisitely wrought details, the effect is, I think, much injured by the low buildings added in the time of Louis XIV. The interior, in general, presents an immense number of rooms, of no great size, and almost totally devoid of anything accordant with the date of the building; but the external staircases, at the two corners, are extremely elegant and richly worked; and the cruciform Salles des Gardes, despite the injury done them by being lopped of their height by an itervening floor, are very beautiful. They surround the famous escalier du Lys; and this floor, which so nearly spoils one of the grandest designs in architecture I ever saw, is said to have been introduced by Louis XIV. That a prince so celebrated for his taste and grandeur should have done this barbarous act, seems most wonderful. In one place, too, the beautiful balustrades of the staircase have been sacrificed to make room for the King's box, when plays were represented in one of the four rooms. Molière's comedy of the "Bourgeois Gentilhomme" was performed for the first time here. I much admired Francis the First's decoration of the vaulted ceilings: his initial (F) and his device (the Salamander) occur in alternate compartments; they strongly reminded a friend of mine, who lately had travelled in Egypt, of the beautiful arched apartments at Abydos (Arabat el Matfoon), which are similarly ornamented with the name and the prefix of Osirei I., father of Remeses the Great. I much liked, too, the little cabinet, where the same ornament is repeated in miniature. It was in this room that Francis I., in a fit of jealousy or disappointment, caused by the fickle conduct of the fair Diane de Poitiers, wrote with the point of a diamond these well-known words on a window-pane:—

Souvent femme varie
Mal habile qui s'y fie.

Sausaye says, that Louis XIV., "in quite a different disposition, because he was young and happy, sacrificed these lines of his ancestor to Madame de la Vallière, and broke the pane to show his high opinion of woman's constancy." In this room, too, Madlle. de Montpensier is said to have breathed on the window, and written with her finger the name of Lauzun—a first confession of her affection for that celebrated Duke.

Napoleon and Louis the Fourteenth compared in regard to the taste and style of the internal decorations of their palaces, and what may be designated the poetry of upholstery:

I do not like Napoleon's taste in the furniture and decorations of his palaces. It has a tawdry and upstart appearance, shows an affected imitation of the Roman, and has none of that genuine grace and natural or hereditary royal splendour of Louis the Fourteenth's style. Napoleon's is too full of the emblems of conquest; it speaks of newly-acquired power, and is oppressed with massive and tasteless gilding, which seems the outpouring of unexpected wealth.

It has perhaps more imposing magnificence, but does not inspire half such pleasant feelings, as the luxurious beauty of the old Bourbon style. In fact, the character of an age, or of the person who rules the taste of an age, is seen in nothing more plainly than in its effect on the arts.

The painted ceilings, &c. of Napoleon's time are full of battle-scenes; in all the decorations we see helmets and instruments of warfare, or tokens of conquest; and even the silken hangings of the walls are often supported by bayonets. The figures are harsh and stiff; showing, indeed, the youthful vigour of minds just emerged from that temporary barbarism which overspread France at the Revolution; whereas the decorations of the old Bourbons are full of pleasant images of repose. The graceful shepherdesses and exquisitely-carved Cupids and Venusses are the result of many centuries of internal repose and civilization; perhaps, indeed, their effeminacy and voluptuousness show a state of over-civilization, and consequent decadence.

We make a change in order to note comparisons and contrasts of another sort. Her ladyship is at Montpellier.

Here we have Southern suns and Southern fruit, &c.; but where—oh where are those charms of the South, people rave about? I neither see nor feel any of them: no flowers, no luxuries—such a contrast to the North of Germany, where every house, or even cottage, has its balcony of choice flowers. In this attraction even gentlemen's houses are deficient. For the last few days the weather has been so *suffocatingly* hot we could scarcely bear any clothes on: last night it suddenly changed, and obliged us to put four times the quantity of bed-clothes; and even then I awoke shivering. Is this in reality the far-famed Montpellier, whose name is connected in our Northern minds with all that is beautiful, soothing, and cheerful? Oh, how much less pleasant is the original than all those lovely nooks and sunny slopes which bear the name of Montpellier, in dear England! The glare and dazzle from white walls and roofs put me in mind of Brighton, but the air is not so pleasant nor invigorating as that of our famous bathing-place.

Invalid as she was, Lady Chatterton had the full complement of adventurous courage for climbing the dizzy steeps, and in spite of inclement regions. Let us accompany her during an ascent of the Mountain of Venasque.

We ascended by the side of a torrent, the young Pique, I fancy, forcing its passage through a bed of snow. The men took me in my chair over the snow bridges, being, I conclude, a more practicable mode than passing through the torrent; but this proceeding much increased my alarm, for I could not help thinking how easily the fragile bridge might be carried into the valley below. We knew that part of the snow bridge over the cascade in the Valley du Lys had beeen carried away the very night before we were there. We thus corkscrewed our way along, wondering by what miracle we were to get out; for never did I see a passage where the effect of enclosure is so complete; even to the last quarter of an hour, the perpendicular wall of rock seems to bar all further progress. We continued our ascent, and

reached a spot which, to my surprise, was only half way; I did not see how more than another hour could be required to reach the summit, which appeared to be so close. The Pic de Sobragarde, the highest point to the right of the port, was now finely before us. "It is not," said our guide, "very difficult of access, and the view from it is very fine; the top, when clear from snow, is covered with turf." The Montaignette lies in front of the pass, and amidst the snow which lay below the point around us, are four or five small lakes, all now unfrozen, except one. The water over the snow at their edges, of a beautiful blue colour. We now had a proof of the intelligence of our horses, in getting round a projection in the path, a short but nervous path, covered with snow. After fording a torrent with some difficulty, we came to so narrow and steep a passage in the snow, that it was thought better to dismount: even on foot it was a formidable business—a false step would have carried one to a great depth, probably to the frozen lake, far, far below. Nothing could exceed the desolation of the scene; all appearance of vegetation gone—splintered rocks around us—and, below, the dreary little lakes partly frozen, and fringed with snow. We reached the rock called "l'Homme," which serves in winter to mark the direction of the Hospice. It appeared at an immense depth below us, yet, in winter, the guides glide from this to the bottom, over the snow, with great velocity, and in an incredible short space of time; they direct and steady themselves with a pole, but it requires much skill to do so; for once started there is no stopping, and any blundering would be fatal. We toiled on, the chairmen and horses astonishing us by their power and steadiness. At last, when all further advance seemed impracticable, we rounded a projection, and between its giant portals, saw the "Port" above us. The view here is too terrific to be picturesque; but it is truly sublime: we looked back upon the track we had passed, and could scarcely comprehend how the journey had been accomplished. At a quarter to eleven, we reached the Port de Venasque. Then, after all this upward toiling, we did not even obtain a platform. No, the ridge passage through the narrow "Port" is not above a few feet level! And there we looked down—down both ways—there was no help for it—no end to the apparent danger. Nothing would have induced me to return the way we came, and yet on looking down on the Spanish side, it appeared quite as bad. I could see nothing to prevent our slipping straight down into the deep ravine which separates the Port de Venasque from the most awful of savage mountains—the snow-clad, accursed, unclimbed, almost unlooked-upon Maledetta. It is the highest of the Pyrenees—the highest mountain in Spain or France; and yet it does not show its giant head in, I believe, any of the distant views one gets of the Pyrenees. But there it was. We entered the Port, and though far distant, it suddenly appeared close before us. "Port" is the term used for all the numerous passes in the mountains between France and Spain: they are, many of them, curious cuts in the gigantic wall of rock which separates the two countries, and at the Port de Venasque, so narrow is the opening, that a good pair of gates might serve as a barrier.

A companion scene and description may be offered, although less frightful. The mention of the *Lac de Gaube*, and a delicious day for the excursion, will prepare the reader for what follows:

We started at half-past nine: I in a chaise a porteurs with four men, and W—— and the guide on foot. The cascades we passed near are the finest I have seen in the Pyrenees, and some of the scenery the most picturesque. The pines, which are here mingled with other fine trees, add their aromatic fragrance to the thousand forest perfumes, which are always delicious, and their dark hue gives more vigour to the colouring. The road runs by the side of the torrent as far as the Pont d'Espange, and it rushes down in a succession of cascades, as if on purpose to produce beautiful pictures. The whole scene had to-day an air of fête. The spray produced numerous rainbows in all directions, sometimes peeping up through the trees, showing where a fall more gigantic than the rest was hid beneath; and sometimes these beautiful bows ran half across the path, when I had the childish delight of passing through their lovely tints. The Pont d'Espange is thrown across the deep and narrow passage in the rock through which the united Gaves—the Marcadan and that from the Lac de Gaube—flow. A hut, where refreshments may be had, is built on the rock above this passage. Beyond it, we crossed the Gave de Marcadan by the Pont de Joseph, and then came in sight of the finest of the falls; indeed, one of the grandest and most curious spectacles I ever saw. Three impetuous torrents here unite: the Gave du Lac du Gaube comes tumbling straight down from a great height in front of us; another descends from as great a height a little to the right, but runs more playfully round the trees and rocks, forming a graceful bend before it meets the Gave de Gaube; and then they both rush down the perpendicular steep, close under the rock where we stood, and are almost lost together in the narrow and profound abyss. Turning a little to the left, but without quitting the rock, we looked towards a spot whence a thundering roar proceeded, and there we saw the meeting of those united torrents with the furious Marcadan. It is at a fearful depth below; and they clash with such force against each other as to send the spray high up into the air, and the whole neighbourhood vibrates with the shock. Their rocky bed then becomes so narrow, that one cannot imagine how the three impetuous torrents can be compressed into such a narrow cleft; and the eye runs on with much curiosity to watch their exit and further progress, in the distant valley below. All this scene is wild, and yet ornamented; the trees grow very fantastically, springing straight from the sides of the precipitous rocks which form the passage, over whose extremity the Pont d'Espaghe is thrown. The valley de Geret, which we had ascended from Causerets, here divides into two branches; that on the right is the Valley de Marcadan, which leads into Spain by the Baths of Penticosa. The "Port" is about five hours from this spot, and is described as a good road on the French side, but has a very rapid descent on that of Spain.

Life, as seen at a promenade, in a country where the dress of the men is far more brilliant and varied than that of the women:

Many had embroidered waistcoats, and short blue cloth jackets, ornamented with patterns of different coloured leather on the sleeves and back; the high conical-shaped hat, which gives such a picturesque, as well as aristocratic look to the Basque peasantry, was adorned with feathers, and the cloak, thrown over the shoulder, was worn with true Spanish grace. Some of the women of the lower order had, indeed, petticoats of a bright-red,

or yellow cloth; the black mantillas, however, invariably covered the neck and shoulders; and the most common colour amongst the older women was black. In several different parts of the promenade dancing was going on. Sometimes the fandango, with its lively accompaniment of castinets, was in full force; but the favourite seemed to be an old Basque dance, something resembling a gavotte I remember learning as a child, in which the graceful pas de Basque occurs constantly; and this they executed with much ease and grace. I was amused at the stately and decorous distance at which the gentlemen and ladies (of the higher orders, I mean), walked from each other. The moment we returned from Passages, and approached the promenade, Mr. Y——'s pretty sisters came and took me with them, and we paraded up and down, leaving W——, and their brother, and one or two other friends, to walk up and down at a respectful distance; and this lasted during the whole evening, no words passing between the different sexes, though to judge by the eloquent language of the dark eyes which glanced from under the graceful folds of black-lace mantillas, and the gratified smile which lighted up the handsome features of some of the aristocratic-looking youths as the fair ones passed by, they were well known to each other. "When do you ever speak to those gentlemen, who appear so delighted to see you?" I inquired of a pretty blushing young girl who had joined our party. "Only when we dance," she replied. "Yonder caballero was my partner last Sunday at the ball; he is my cousin, too, but he never spoke to me till we danced together that evening, which was my first ball."

The French and English contrasted:

The society here [Eaux Bonnes] is very pleasant: we have met several French families, who are extremely agreeable, and disposed to be very sociable. With all our boasted common sense and steadiness, the English show less tact in adapting themselves to the peculiar circumstances of their position than the French, who, however volatile they may be, have much *savoir-vivre;* which, after all, is true wisdom. They do not perpetually want to be where they are not, and what they are not, but are satisfied, or appear to be so, with their age and their position. Hence it is that there is less striving to belong to a particular set in society, and that elderly women are satisfied to go about with their own grey hair and enjoy the true pleasures of age; while young girls are satisfied to be young girls, and seem less in a hurry to exchange their simple, almost childlike attire, and little homely pleasures, for the uncertain joys and greater honours of a married life. In all ranks here it is the same: a peasant is contented to be a peasant, and to dress like one—a servant like a servant; whereas in England, on the contrary, each person strives to appear of a rank to which he does not belong.

We have no term in English equivalent to *savoir-vivre;* yet how much does it express—a whole life of happiness and sociability! The English should sometimes reflect on this, for they have no natural *savoir-vivre.* We do not instinctively seize upon and pursue the manner of life most calculated to make ourselves or those about us happy.

The French certainly possess far more than we do the valuable art of knowing how to enjoy themselves; and one meets with much fewer dull people than in England. There is less of that flatness and pretension which

often render country neighbours so disagreeable to each other in our dear land.

Conclude with an anecdote.

There existed some curious old customs in Abbeville: a man condemned to be hung, might be saved if a woman offered, of her own accord, to marry him. This piece of good fortune happened to a robber at Houtvilliers in 1400; but the girl was lame, and he actually refused her, saying to the hangman, "Alle cloque, je n'en veux mie; attaqu' me!"—"She limps, I do not at all like her for a wife; tie me up!"

ART. XI.—*The Highlands, The Scottish Martyrs, and other Poems.* By the Rev. JAMES G. SMALL. Edin. Whyte & Co.

THE two principal poems in this collection were written as prize compositions while the author was a student at the University of Edinburgh. This was in 1836-37; but Mr. Small has at various periods, and particularly during occasional rambles in the Highlands, "which is the theme of the first of them, been led to prolong the strains then begun, till, though far from exhausting their subjects, or doing them justice, they have at least advanced more nearly to that end than he at first anticipated." "In the poem on the Scottish Martyrs, it has not been his aim to present a highly-coloured picture of the character and sufferings of our forefathers, or to deck out his descriptions with polished verse or sounding diction. He has rather endeavoured to maintain somewhat of that simplicity and scriptural tone which pervades the narratives of the old chroniclers of these extraordinary times,—

'times
Whose echo rings through Scotland to this hour.'"

Thus far Mr. Small upon his own efforts. It is now for us to say, that with very considerable powers of fancy, and a deep feeling of enthusiasm, he has described the scenes of his romantic rambles, and recorded the historical or traditional events for which he cherishes such a warm veneration, in song that by turns exhilarates, captivates, and melts; and that will especially arouse Scotland's associations. The poetry of his stanzas and the spirited, stirring conceptions which abound in them, are expressed vigorously, and in verse, for the most part Spenserian in its structure, that exhibits artistic skill, indicating too an ear and soul in harmony with strains drawn forth by the sweep of a free and ready hand. With regard to the sentiment which pervades each and all of these pieces, it would be great injustice to the author, to overlook the assurance, that while calculated to impart much of that pleasure derivable from sterling poetry, they address themselves to another and still more lofty purpose, viz., to

the production of those emotions, and to the fixing of those impressions, that have eternity for their full development,—to the awakening not only of the glow of patriotism, but of pure religion, to whose service the muse can most fittingly be initiated and devoted.

It would be easy to give utterance to certain critical commonplaces relative to the publication of juvenile effusions, and to sneer at the ready compliance which young versifiers accord to the advice of private friends,—the preposterous confidence begotten by the admiration of a few family critics. But when the performance rises above the usual merits of prize-compositions—when it really presents excellence and beauties that will be permanently appreciated, there is no need to attend to the wise saws about mediocrity, or the generally sound objection to the public appearance of mere college exercises.

"The Highlands" is in five cantos, and follows a natural enough order. After a stanza or two of generalizing sentiment on the scenery of Scotia,—the inspiring breath of her hills and vales, her woods and streams; and a list of bard-like rhapsody about the wondrous power of imagination in vivifying the scenes of Nature, comprising an invocation of spirits, a revision of olden times, the recall of the ancient Caledonians, and a glance at the mythology of Ossian, we are conducted to the period and the spot when and where Christianity first shed its rays from Iona's isle.

> No more o'er Scotia's rugged hills and isles
> Religion's beams are from Iona shed;
> And moulder now her old and hoary piles
> O'er the low graves, where lie the mighty dead,
> And holy men, who wont these scenes to tread;
> Yet is it sweet to walk where they have trod;
> Sweet is it, even in fancy, to be led
> O'er scenes that have been Sanctity's abode,
> From whence o'er all the land such priceless blessings flowed.
>
> And, Oh! if fancy such deep joy can give,
> Shrined in the heart such scenes may well remain,
> When we have gazed on them. Then let me live
> Those hours of holy musing o'er again,
> When, borne rejoicing o'er the Western main,
> Far on the deep the sacred isle I viewed—
> When rose upon my sight its ancient fane—
> When on its hallowed shore entranced I stood,
> And with its spirit felt my inmost soul imbued.

The poet's ramblings and song now take their course from isle to isle and mainland, weaving into verse whatever suits his fancy, of story and superstition, of scenery, legend, and incident, of patriotic appeal, indignant recollection, and triumphant shout. Our few

samples will have some regard both to variety of subject and of thought. Leaving Iona and the Culdees we steer for Staffa.

But Staffa rises o'er the heaving tide,
And thither now my eager eyes are cast.
With sable cormorants its pillared side
Is peopled; and, high-soaring on the blast,
The curlews shriek around.—And now, at last,
We reach the Cave whose hundred columns make
A gorgeous temple, solemn, high, and vast;
Where Ocean's choirs the eternal song awake,
Calling our souls a part in that deep strain to take.

Yet here do many gaze with careless eyes—
Creatures of sensuous heart and earthly mould,
Who see unmoved the wondrous structure rise,
Hear through these aisles the ocean-anthem rolled,
And all the glories of this fane behold,
With souls unmoved—untouched by holy feelings—
Absorbed in speculations dry and cold—
While in their ears these solemn sounds are pealing,
And the mute rocks the while the Almighty's power revealing.

The Falls of the Aray:—

Slow breaks the day and still,—but hark! the rush
Of many waters in the woody dell,
How sweet amid the morning's tranquil hush
The notes of their eternal music swell!
Like the deep voice of some lone sentinel
Beguiling his drear night-watch with a song
Of siege or fray—the wild tune suiting well
The burden of his distich; hoarse and strong
He pours it on the air, and careless tramps along.

Sudden peers forth amid the opening trees
The foaming fall which gleams more purely white
Amid the gloom. 'Tis thus that he who sees
The rush of war's wild torrent ere the light
Of the peace-speaking Word has given his sight
To look beyond this short life's weal or woe,
Marks but th' impetuous stream thus flashing bright,
Nor heeds the deep and dark abyss below,
To which its waters rush with such tumultuous flow.

The Sanctuary of the Hills:—

Oh! well the Scottish heart delights to trace
The footsteps of the holy and the brave
Of other times, and holy seems the place
That they have trod; each glen, each rocky cave

Which e'er of old a lonely refuge gave
To Scotia's sons when foes around them pressed
Who thirsted for their life's blood,—or the grave
Marked by some rude grey-stone, where now they rest,
Is dear to that warm heart, and with a sigh is blessed.

And to the mind where hallowed feelings reign,
Dearest of all those solitudes are felt,
Where, persecuted, mocked and scorned in vain,
By men whose hearts no sympathies could melt,
On the green sod the adoring throng have knelt,
Enduring glad the cross of pain and shame;
Or those abodes where holy men once dwelt
Who kindled first and spread the Gospel's flame,
Ere its pure light was dimmed by clouds from Rome that came.

Passing on to the "Scottish Martyrs," which affects another sort of verse, more in accordance with that of Pope than of Byron,—although we must acquit Mr. Small of servile imitation, or of any want of due confidence in his own judgment and skill,—we alight upon a few lines of ennobling conception and poetical beauty. The passage aptly enough succeeds in the course of our extracts, the pair of stanzas quoted immediately above.

The Bard whose breast is touched with heavenly fire,
Who consecrates to Freedom's cause his lyre,
Who, musing o'er the bliss her gifts impart,
Feels grateful raptures kindle at his heart,—
He, when the joy is given him to survey
The triumph and the spread of Freedom's sway—
His sacrifice of praise first gladly given
To Him who rules the hosts of Earth and Heaven—
To Freedom's champions when he turns his eyes,
And gives each here his appropriate prize,
'Mid that bright throng, who deems th' impartial bard
Worthy the highest praise—the first award?
Whose is the cause—whose are the deeds that seem
Most worthy to be made his muse's theme?
O! 'tis the *Patriot of the better land*,
Who dared the aggressor of its rights withstand,
Who counted not his life a sacrifice
Too great for that dear land beyond the skies!
Who well defended, as full well he knew,
What to the freeman of *that land* was due;
Resisting to the death the power that strove
To rob them of their heritage above!

Again,

In yon drear solitude, where erst was heard
Naught but the shrill note of the mountain bird,
Slow breathed, a strain of holy fervour thrills,
And dies away on the surrounding hills;
Which seem to list attentive to a tone
Deep, solemn, and sublime, as is their own.
For, by the tyrant suffered now no more
In fanes by man erected to adore,
In wilds like these alone the flock may meet,
To join in worship and in commune sweet.

The condition and purpose of the hill-people are more closely particularised in other parts of the poem, and quite in unison with the cherished sentiments of the Scottish people, especially in the landward districts; but most of all in the counties bending to the West.

Where fades the wintry evening, grey and chill,
And gleams the last faint sunbeam on the hill,
What band comes trooping, wayworn, faint, and slow,
Here fain to rest them 'mid the drifted snow?
Mark we their wan and wearied looks aright,
Or do the twilight shades deceive our sight?
Ah! no, not yet those features are forgot
That beamed so peaceful on yon hallowed spot
Where late we saw the faithful, gathering round,
And meekly listening to the joyful sound;
'Tis true they wear a different aspect here—
A look of stern resolve—yet not of fear;—
That look of men to firm resistance driven,
To guard the sacred rights they hold from heaven.
Yet may we read in every feature there
The same calm trust in heaven's protecting care;—
The same pure conscience where offence is none
By God imputed, or to mankind done;
For not in anarch vengeance, proud and wild,
To arms have they appealed—these men reviled:
Not for some fancied wrong do they defy
The powers ordained of Him who reigns on high!
No—let the groaning of a land oppressed,
The sacred justice of their cause attest.
And ye who brand it with rebellion's name,
Blush—if your souls are not too seared for shame.
If in your breast a freeman's heart you bear—
Blush, while the fruits of Freedom's tree you share.
Blush, if your minds are not too warped to own
By such rebellion that fair tree was sown.

There is a poem of considerable length on the "Liberation of Greece," written, we are informed in the preface, when the author was at the age of seventeen. It contains stanzas perhaps equal to

any in "The Highlands;" but, as a whole, it does not stir our bosoms or awaken our associations in the way that the song about our native land has done. To be sure, neither the merit nor the defects of Mr. Small's effusions are to be measured by our prepossessions and susceptibilities. Still his "Liberation of Greece" strikes us as being a production that abounds with poetry rather than being a poem,—to give more of promise than performance. Indeed the tale entitled "Imagination," has pleased us better; and, although the purpose sought to be worked out in it, viz., "to trace some of the workings of an imaginative spirit in its natural and in its renewed and enlightened state be not novel, yet it is less hackneyed, at the same time that it seems to better accord with the habits of thought and the principles of the author. We have said that the idea sought to be illustrated has not for the first time been here apprehended and developed; and in proof of the statement reference need only be made to Mr. Marston's Gerald," a beautiful dramatic poem, which we noticed in the January Number of the current year. There, natural genius, soaring imagination, and the pride of life are sadly humbled, being taught by the stern realities of the world that such gifts and self-sufficiency are of themselves but feeble reeds when opposed to the trials of the existence that is, and impotent when the effect is to command happiness, or to allay the longings of the immortal soul; that, in short, "man's boundless aspirations can never realize their legitimate aim," until, as Mr. Small might perhaps express himself, the workings of the imaginative spirit have all its natural energies and ardour directed to the future beyond the grave, sublimated by the hopes of a heavenly eternity, and ravished by the beauties and foretaste of that coming life.

We think the beginning of "Imagination, a Tale," is very beautiful. Gentle and pensive twinlike companions, arms entwined, we may be sure stray through peaceful scenes, but suggestive of hallowed thought; pouring into each other's ear that which passeth within them. It is Autumn, and the sun sheds his tranquil rays from the west:—

> Onward we strayed, till on our view arose
> The modest village Church: and soon we found
> Our wandering steps allured to where repose,
> In the sweet stillness of the hallowed ground,
> They whose calm lives had in the vales around
> Been passed; and, while the simple words we traced
> That told who rested 'neath each grassy mound,
> Among the stones by Time's rude hand defaced,
> Mine eye was fixed on one which there had late been placed.
>
> It told that there reposed whate'er could die
> Of four who all the immortal crown had won,
> Though led to their inheritance on high
> By various paths:—a mother, and a son,

And the sweet sister of his heart, and one
Dearer—if dearer still to him could be.
I questioned my companion how begun
And ended how their pilgrimage, and he
Made answer, while his breast heaved deep and pensively.

Well did I know them all, he said, and dear
They were to me: ah! rarely may be found
Spirits of purer mould than those who here
Have left their mortal coil. To all around
Lovely and pleasant were their lives; but bound
Unto my heart was he whose cherished name
Is graved on that sad stone, by ties which wound
Still closer, as more near the dark hour came,
That left me nought of him but his cold lifeless frame.

In truth, together though our boyhood grew,
And to no ear would he more trustingly
Confide his thoughts than mine, I never knew
His nature then aright; there seemed to me
About him somewhat of a mystery,—
A blending of strange opposites of mind;
Nor, as I since have marked it, could I see
The plan whereby a gracious Heaven designed
That chaos vast and dark in harmony to bind.

Yea, to himself a mystery he seemed,—
A thing by every wind tossed to and fro;
And hence it was that, though his spirit teemed
With ever-varying thought, he shunned to throw
Its dark recesses open, and to show
To others—what himself ill understood—
The hidden source of rapture and of woe
Which ruled his being; and he loved to brood
Over his own deep thoughts in cherished solitude

And it was not till many a varied year
With hallowing influence o'er his head had rolled,
That, as he felt his last hour drawing near,
And as we called to mind the days of old,
With deep and humble gratitude he told
How he, a wayward, wandering sheep, had been
By the Great Shepherd gathered to the fold.
Then, as we strayed o'er each familiar scene,
He told what storms had tossed that soul, now so serene.

And, as he opened all his heart to me,
While all he gazed upon recalled some thought
Or feeling of his youth, he bade me see
How strange a work may in the soul be wrought

Where reigns Imagination, all untaught
To yield to sterner powers; and where she sways
A mind unconscious whence those spells are brought
That bind it: yet what bliss she oft conveys
And healing to the heart she rules not but obeys.

The history of the gifted youth,—that is, the record of his inner workings, is given in the poem, with some few touching incidents of his affections. As thus,—

At last—oh rapturous hour! they met; and heaven,
Methinks, for this high end ordained it so,
That to his doating heart might thus be given
Its utmost wish, and he at last might know
All that a kindred spirit can bestow,
That, when that reed on which he leant should break,
His spirit might be weaned from all below,
And cling with grateful trust, which nought could shake,
To Him who said, "I ne'er will leave you nor forsake."

Oh! I have marked how down his pale cheek rolled
A tear of humble penitence, no less
Than grief for the departed, while he told
What visions of enduring blessedness
He cherished in the idolatrous excess
Of his heart's passionate love—unmixed with fear
Of coming woe. Such love he would express
In rapturous song; and she, well pleased would hear,
While such soft strains as these he warbled in her ear.

"My thoughts, my dreams are all of thee;
Though absent still thou seemest near;
Thine image everywhere I see;
Thy voice in every breeze I hear."

We have not space for more of these soft strains. The lovers run but a short race together in this sphere of time. It is not to be their abiding place; for,

Scarce was she his when death, relentless, tore
That idol from his breast; and when it fell
He felt his whole proud heart against the stroke rebel.

But his considerate and chastened sister is at hand to administer solace:—

Meet breast was hers whereon, when faint and failing,
The wounded soul might lean to find repose.
No empty words of comfort unavailing
Breathed her soft lips to heal a brother's woes:

She knew that not as this vain world bestows
He gives, who left his own the rich bequest
Of peace, and from whose lips the assurance flows,
"Come unto me, and I will give you rest,
Ye of the weary heart, and heavy laden breast."

And this is part of her counsellings and of the Tale:—

"Go forth, then, still, my brother, as of old,
Through Nature's glorious Temple. Let the Word
Be thine interpreter, and 'twill unfold
Deep mysteries there; and while its light is poured
On all you see, 'twill show that Temple stored
With emblems—types of heavenly things, which speak
Of the rich grace and mercy of the Lord,
And point to where the soul, diseased and weak,
With sure and joyful hope for strength and peace may seek.

'Twas thus that o'er the path he loved to tread
Her gentle steps went with him. Thus she drew
His heart by sympathy's strong bonds, and spread
The scenes of Nature open to his view
Illumed by light so pure, and yet so new,
That in his humbled heart a deeper love
At once to God, to Man, to Nature grew;
And with more earnest spirit now he strove
To link with all below high thoughts of heaven above.

And not alone o'er Nature's realms was shed
The light thus newly dawning on his mind;
It chased away the gloom that once o'erspread
The ways of Providence; and bade him find
Even in the woes whereat he late repined
The tokens of a Heavenly Father's care.
And now, with spirit tranquil and resigned
He mused on scenes which late he strove to tear
From Memory's book, but found too deeply graven there.

Still to his loved and lost one, and to all
That spake of her, his heart would fondly cling.
Dear were the strains, though sad, that could recall
Her image. Oft he sat mute listening
To hear his sister strike the harp and sing
Some song that dear one loved in days gone by;
And ere she ceased to kiss the trembling string
With her light fingers, he, with pensive sigh,
Would thus himself prolong the same sweet melody.

All this is to our minds as true to nature and to actual experience, in many a yearning breast, as it is simple in story or tenderly

described. Like the tone of every piece in the volume, the poem has a purpose befitting the pretensions and walk of one whose office it is to serve at the altar. More, we think, need not be said or shown in our pages recommendatory of Mr. Small's tuneful efforts, nor in explanation of the reasons which have led us to allot the space we have done, to performances so juvenile. We regard them not as altogether immature or unripe things; but at the same time are inclined to risk a prophecy, viz., that our poet's song will neither gather strength nor beauty in due degree with the increase of his years; that his is not a genius whose efforts will regularly for a length of time continue to surpass one another; and that therefore in respect of his own fame as well as of usefulness in his sacred calling, it is most probably good that he purposes abandoning poetry altogether.

ART XII.—*Days and Nights of Salmon Fishing in the Tweed, &c.* By WILLIAM SCROPE, Esq., F.L.S. Murray.

"DAYS and Nights of Salmon fishing" begins with a sketch of cockney anglers of sundry grades, which introduces the immediate subject of the book, that is, the king of our streams, and the art of alluring with the fly. This is followed by certain speculations and statements with regard to the natural history of the animal, which of course includes a disquisition and a consideration of the disputes about the parr, a tiny fish which men and boys have been without legal hindrance, in the habit of destroying in riddle-falls, but which Mr. Scrope maintains, is in reality the young Salmon, and therefore ought to be protected by the legislature. Indeed this point in natural history appears to be now settled; Mr. Shaw, for example, having by means of a series of elaborate and interesting experiments proved to our minds the fact. When our author comes to describe what is to be done by the salmon-fisher, and how it is to be gone about, he of course enters upon the proper theme of his discourse, which is enlivened by many descriptions and the introduction of anecdotes or good stories; the whole being in a measure dramatised by bringing a variety of characters to his side, and illustrated by your Wilkies, Landseers, and Cookes. Nor is criticism and instruction confined entirely to fishing, for it diverges at times to other matters, all naturally enough within the reach of the sportsman's plan, and associated with his scenes, such as landscape-painting.

Mr. Scrope almost entirely limits himself to fishing in the Tweed, and to the monarch of our floods. Not that he has not angled in other rivers; but these must have been of inferior interest as regards the pastime in question; and therefore are but partially alluded to. The Tay, to be sure, suggests the idea of ship-loads of salmon; and upon the banks of this river our angler had a lodge. The torrent

stream is also signalized in the pages before us by the story of an adventure, which we shall at once quote, the author having been excited to it by the accounts he had read of American exploits. In fact, he determined on descending the Tay for several miles, in spite of its falls and rapids, and at a moment when she comes thundering down from mountain and moor; his craft being a slender skiff, such as is used on the smooth and tranquil waters of the Tweed, and therefore not fitted to encounter the buffets of large and tempestuous rivers.

After a night of heavy rain, the Tay, which flowed through the park of Meikleour, rose to a fearful extent. This was exactly the sort of thing to suit me; so I proposed to my fisherman, Charles Purdie, to go down the flood to Perth, a distance of about twelve miles by water. We did so; and here I insert the particulars of our voyage, as they may serve to give an idea of a Scottish spate. We were standing at the foot of the sloping lawn before my house; and as Charles Purdie bent his regards on the frightful violence of the flood, I thought he did not half like to embark on it. In fact, he did not only disapprove of the general conduct of the river, but also of the peculiar rocky nature of the channel in which it was its pleasure to gallop along to the ocean. Moreover, he knew there was an obstruction in the river at a place called the Linn of Campsie, about four miles below the proposed starting-place, where at the arrival of his little boat he did not anticipate much pleasure. In fact, neither Charlie nor his master conceived it would be possible to pass the falls into the Linn, since no boat could do so in the ordinary state of the water without being upset, or dashed to shivers. They would see how things looked, however, on their arrival at the spot, and act accordingly. "Now then, loosen my boat, Charlie, I will go first: and take care you do not run foul of me." The boats being unmoored, we shot down the river in a moment, and we were soon at the end of the park, where the Isla comes into the Tay. This additional volume of water increased our velocity; we guided our boats into the main currents, and away we went with the swiftness of a steam-engine. Rocks and woods opened to our view in an instant, and in an instant vanished behind us. Thus we were driven along with great fury till we came within the sound of the great falls of the Linn of Campsie: soon we descried before us the awful barrier of rocks which rose up right athwart the stream, extending from bank to bank. The waters had worn their way in some places through this barrier, and tumbled madly through the rocky gorges; down they went, thundering with stunning sound into the enormous cauldron below. Then arose the strife—the dashing of the spray—the buffeting against the banks—the swirling of the eddies, crested with large masses of foam—all was in hideous commotion. This state of things threatened to put an end to our projected voyage. To go right onwards through the centre gorge was to pass to certain destruction: as well one might hope to shoot in safety down the hillp of Schaff'hausen. I was quite prepared for all this, and waite aware of the impediment before I began my voyage; so I did as I had made up my mind to do before I started. I pulled towards some alder trees which grew on the bank above the fall, and held my boat fast by the branches; I then told Charlie to secure his boat also with a rope, and to land and reconnoitre. We

were enabled to do these things without much difficulty, as the water was in some measure arrested in its course above the fall, being slightly bayed back by the barrier of rocks. Being on terra firma, my hero looked ruefully at the torrents; one alone appeared something like being practicable; and it was one that, in the mean state of the river, was nothing but a dry channel. Whether our small craft could shoot down it without foundering or not was by no means evident to the eye, though a practised one, of the explorer. He was, however, somewhat encouraged by two fishermen who were mending their nets. They thought, they said, that we "might possibly descend in safety, if we managed our boats well." Charlie looked, and sighed, and looked again: the thing was evidently not in harmony with his ideas; for he could not swim himself, and he doubted whether his boat would either, when it arrived at the bottom of the fall. However, I decided that I would try the thing alone; and if it should prove a failure, the example was not, of course, to be followed, So I brought my little boat some way above the cataract, with her head up the stream, and by rowing against it let her fall by degrees stern foremost, by which means I had a clear view before me, and could therefore steer to a nicety. She went down most agreeably, though in nearly a vertical position, but pitched upon a rock below the fall: but before any harm happened, I swung her off by inclining my body to and fro. My fisherman followed successfully; and having passed the wide-spreading Linn, the channel of the Tay became more contracted, and we resumed our former pace, shooting down the rapids like an arrow, and by occasional swift snatches of the oars avoiding the breakers around us. So we passed among the hanging woods and impending rocks of this romantic river, till we arrived at Stanley, where groups of people were assembled on the hill-top, who shouted to us with all their might, and made signs and gestures, the meaning of which I could not comprehend, but they seemed to be warning us of some impending danger: I could not catch the import of their words, as the sound was but faintly heard amidst the din of the waves. So I did not perplex myself with attending to them, but thought it wisest to trust to my own discretion, which fortunately carried the boats safely to their place of destination. I learned afterwards, that seeing our boats were mere insignificant cockle-shells borne down by the flood with great impetuosity, they were fearful that we should be carried down the mill-dam, and come in contact with the machinery. But a better fate awaited us than such a Quixotic one; and after a little rough work, in which we shipped a reasonable quantity of water, we at length approached the bleaching grounds of Perth, where the river swept swift and ample in an even channel under a wooded bank studded with villas; we then darted through the middle arch of the beautiful bridge in the town, and hauled up our boats on a wharf below it.

This adventure, however, is only an incident in a discursive book, and gives us nothing of salmon-fishing; which sport, be it borne in mind, is not restricted to the dexterous use of rod and line, as might be inferred from what we have said. On the contrary, there are many modes of fishing the salmon, and not a few mysteries connected with each, as the reader would very soon grant you, were he to peruse Mr. Scrope's handsome volume *anent* such diversions and diversities

as the arts of spearing and leistering the fish, also of trolling, sunning and burning the river. Nay, he disdains not to speak of baiting, netting, and a number of such slaughtering modes as would shock the *dilletantism* of your poetic fly-fishers; for the truth is that the salmon-fisheries of the Tweed are rented at *thousands* a year; so that if you spare the fish when he is in your waters, you only do so that he may fall into the hands of a less scrupulous neighbour, or wholesale barrier at the mouth of the river.

The theme of Mr. Scrope's work, most persons will be ready to exclaim, although guiltless of ever having been witness of a particle of the sport, or of having peeped into *Old Isaac*, has poetry in its very name. When the weather is genial, the scenery beautiful, and the party select, must not salmon-fishing in Scotia's romantic streams be a *fine* pastime? And yet how wearisome on occasions, and how exacting of patience! Here, and at once, however, it will be as well to allow Mr. Scrope an opportunity of throwing in a word, when perhaps he may be able to put to flight certain misconceptions on the subject. Listen to what he says relative to the qualifications of a salmon-fisher:

If I am ever so indiscreet as to utter a word about fishing, I am always asked, "if it does not require a great deal of patience." Now, these sort of interrogators are in Cimmerian darkness as to to the real thing. But I tell them, that to be a first-rate salmon-fisher requires such active properties as they never dreamed of in their philosophy. It demands (salmon fishing at least) strength of arm and endurance of fatigue, and a capability of walking in the sharp streams for eight or ten hours together, with perfect satisfaction to one's self; and that early in the spring season, when the clean salmon first come forward. In after life, people are considerably addicted to boats, and to go about attended like admirals; that is what we must all come to. But your real professor, who has youth on his side, should neither have boats nor boots, but be sufficient in himself. No delay, no hauling the boat up the stream, but in and out like an otter; even like we ourselves in the time of our prime, Fahrenheit being below zero.

We pause not to remark upon what immediately follows these hints,—how he and his party pitched their tent under Craigover rocks, and slept in it, that they might go forth at five o'clock each morning to their aqueous pastime, but return to the qualifications.

I say then, and will maintain it, that a salmon fisher should be strong in the arms, or he will never be able to keep on thrashing for ten or twelve hours together with a rod eighteen or twenty feet long, with ever and anon a lusty salmon at the end of his line, pulling like a wild horse with the lasso about him. Now he is obliged to keep his arms aloft, that the line may clear the rocks; now he must rush into the river, then back out with nimble pastern, always keeping a proper strain of line; and he must preserve his self-possession "even in the very tempest and whirlwind of the sport," when

the salmon rushes like a rocket. This is not moody work: it keeps a man alive and stirring. Patience indeed!

It is indispensable to have a quick eye and a ready hand: your fly, or its exact position, should never be lost sight of; and you should imagine every moment of the livelong day, that an extraordinary large salmon is coming at it. No man can do anything properly, unless he is sanguine and his whole heart and soul is in the business. "Remember, my good people all, I do not wish to press this laborious sport unfairly upon you: excuse me, but it may be you are not exactly fit for it,—'*non cuivis homini*,'" &c. You may saunter about with a gauze net and two sticks if you prefer it, and catch butterflies: every man to his vocation: but "what is a gentleman without his recreations?"

There is a speculation in angling that gives great zest to the sport. You may catch a moderate-sized fish, or a distinguished one, or, mayhap, a monster of such stupendous dimensions as will render your name immortal; and he may be painted, and adorn some fishing-tackle shop in London, like Col. Thornton's pike, which threw Newmarket on his back as he was landing him,—a lad, says the Colonel, so called from the place of his nativity. Of course you expect the latter phænomenon every cast. You see him in your mind's eye eternally following your fly, and you are ready to strike from second to second. It is true he does not actually come, as experience teaches. But what of that? he may come in an hour, in a minute, in a moment; the thing is possible, and that is enough for an angler.

We fancy that by this time the entire stranger to the practice and realities of the sport, will be satisfied that it is no child's play, and that it requires spirit and activity; that, instead of being at best a fine sport, it is one of the most stirring, noble, and often magnificent that can be conceived. Besides, salmon-fishing is a pastime to which many a poor man, many an artizan of pluck and ingenuity has betaken himself, to the no small enrichment of Mr. Scrope's book in the way of illustration and anecdote. Take the story of Duncan Grant.

All I can do is to recommend caution and patience; and the better to encourage you in the exercise of these virtues, I will recount what happened to Duncan Grant in days of yore.

First, you must understand that what is called "preserving the river" was formerly unknown, and every one who chose to take a cast did so without let or hindrance.

In pusuance of this custom, in the month of July some thirty years ago, one Duncan Grant, a shoemaker by profession, who was more addicted to fishing than to his craft, went up the way from the village of Aberlour, in the North, to take a cast in some of the pools above Elchies Water. He had no great choice of tackle, as may be conceived; nothing, in fact, but what was useful, and scant supply of that.

Duncan tried one or two pools without success, till he arrived at a very deep and rapid stream, facetiously termed "the Mountebank:" here he paused, as if meditating whether he should throw his line or not. "She is very big," said he to himself, "but I'll try her: if I grip him he'll be worth

the hauling." He then fished it, a step and a throw, about half-way down; when a heavy splash proclaimed that he had raised him, though he missed the fly. Going back a few paces, he came over him again, and hooked him. The first tug verified to Duncan his prognostication, that if he was there "he would be worth the hauling;" but his tackle had thirty plies of hair next the fly, and he held fast, nothing daunted. Give and take went on with dubious advantage, the fish occasionally sulking. The thing at length became serious; and, after a succession of the same tactics, Duncan found himself at the Boat of Aberlour, seven hours after he had hooked his fish, the said fish fast under a stone, and himself completely tired. He had some thoughts of breaking his tackle and giving the thing up; but he finally hit upon an expedient to rest himself and at the same time to guard against the surprise and consequence of a sudden movement of the fish.

He laid himself down comfortably on the banks, the butt-end of his rod in front; and most ingeniously drew out part of his line, which he held in his teeth. "If he rugs when I'm sleeping," said he "I think I'll find him noo:" and no doubt it is possible that he would. Accordingly, after a comfortable nap of three or four hours, Duncan was awoke by a most unceremonious tug at his jaws. In a moment he was on his feet, his rod well up, and the fish swattering down the stream. He followed as best he could, and was beginning to think of the rock at Craiggellachie, when he found, to his great relief, that he could "get a pull on him." He had now comparatively easy work; and, exactly twelve hours after hooking him, he cleicked him at the head of Lord Fife's water: he weighed fifty-four pounds Dutch, and had the tide-lice upon him.

We introduce only one characteristic and descriptive anecdote more. It presents familiar names, and one to be time-honoured.

Two or three more fish were taken amongst the stones at the tail of the cast, and the sport in the carry-wheel being now ended, the fish were stowed in the hold of the boat, the crew jumped ashore, and a right hearty appeal was made to the whiskey bottle. It was first tendered to the veteran Tom Purdie, to whom it was always observed to have a natural gravitation, but to the astonishment of all, he barely put his lips to the quaigh, and passed it to his nephew. "Why, uncle mon, what the deil's come ower ye? I never kent ye refuse a drappie afore, no not sin I war a callant; I canna thole to see ye gang that gate." "Why, I'll tell ye what it is, Charlie. I got a repreef from Sir Walter for being fou the ither nicht." "Eh, uncle, how was that?" "Why," says Sir Walter, "Tom," says he, "I sent for ye on Monday, and ye were not at hame at eight o'clock; I doubt ye were fou, Tom;" "I'll joust tell ye the hale truth," says I, "I gaed round by the men at wark at Rymer's Glen, and came in by Tarfield; then I went to Darnick, and had a glass o' whiskey wi' Sandy Trummel at Susy's, and I war joust coming awa when Rob steppit in, and cried for half a muchkin. I was na for takkin mair, but the glasses were filled, and I did not like to be beat wi' them, so I tuk mine." "And is that all you had, Tom?" said Sir Walter. "Aye, indeed was it," said I; "but Heaven have a care o' me, I never was the war of it, till I was ganging up by Jemmy Mercer's by Coat's Green; and when I cam up by Kerr side I wanted to see Maister Laidlaw, but I thoucht I

durst na gang in ; and how I got hame I dinna ken, for I never minded it nae mair ; but our war wife in a terrible bad key the morning, because I wair sair wanted last nicht." "Well," said the maister, "ye mun never do the like again, Tom." We then ganged to the woods, and thinned the trees ; and I laboured with the axe at thae that Sir Walter marked. "Now Tom," says he, "you will go home with me, for you have been working very hard, and a glass of whiskey will do you good;" and he cawed to Nicholson to bring Tom a glass o' Glenlivet. I tuk it doon ; and mon, if yee'd found it, it beat a' the whiskey I ever tasted in my life. "Well Tom," said Sir Walter, "how do ye feel after it? Do ye think another glass will do ye ony harm?" I said naething, but I thoucht I wad like anither, and Nicholson poured out ain, and I tuk it. Then the maister said, "Tom, do ye feel ony thing the war o' it?" "Nau, nau," said I, "but it's terrible powerfu', and three times as strang as ony whiskey I ever drank in my life. "Then Tom," says Sir Walter, "never tell me that three glasses o' Susy's whiskey will fill ye fou, when ye have drank twa of mine, which you say is three times as strong, and you feel all the better for it." Hey mon, I never was so taen by the face in a' my life! I didna ken where to luk. The deil faw me if ever he cotch me so again.

We have only now to observe, that Mr. Scrope's manner of composition in the present publication is in his best and liveliest style ; pleasing and also true, as some short experience qualifies us to attest, to the nature, the demands, and the details of his subject. It is impossible to be a sportsman and an adept in salmon-fishing and not an enthusiast. Hence a touch of exaggeration is likely enough to be lent to the pictures and the passages of persons who take it upon themselves to amuse or instruct by means of their own reminiscences. One must make allowance, too, for slight facetious efforts that may after all have affectation in them. But so long as there is mind and matter in the discourse, and a strong current of heartiness, perhaps this sort of extravagances may be regarded in the light of embellishments that are perfectly understood and may effectively be employed.

ART. XIII.—*Canada, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and other British Provinces of North America, with a Plan of National Colonization.* By JAMES S. BUCKINGHAM. Fisher.

THIS maketh, if our memory serveth faithfully, the ninth volume which America has stood for, amongst Mr. Buckingham's numerous writings and multifarious enterprises. How many shelves his pen might have stocked, had his travels begun in the United States and intended to round the globe, it is needless to conjecture. It may be enough on this point to say, that his original purpose was to prosecute his journey through Mexico; to stretch its course even to China, *via* the Sandwich Islands ; and to return to England through

India by the Red Sea and the Mediterranean. Such an extent and compass of voyaging and travelling, coupled with the fact that Mr. Buckingham had previously traversed many countries, and sojourned in quite opposite regions of the earth,—being conversant with almost every variety of climate, people, and institution,—almost a perfect cosmopolite in experience and observation,—are circumstances which would, we presume, have given birth to volume after volume, or twos and threes of stout octavos in rapid succession, unless the traveller had entirely altered his plan of writing and reporting, and Mr. Buckingham confined himself to some more limited method; such as, for instance, speaking of little else than what came under his own immediate observation; and refraining from lengthy disquisition and every sort of sentimentality. Indeed, supposing that he could have encountered and achieved such a gigantic task as the mere penning of the circumnavigating library would have imposed, there is reason for supposing that the magnitude and heaviness of the performance would have effectually repelled every purchaser, and that only in our great privileged museums of books, would the volumes ever have arrested notice, and of those readers alone that dig into mines, or furitively borrow and compile from ponderous masses. Checked, even as Mr. Buckingham's progress has been, partly by the loss of the entire earnings of his lecturing journies and sojourning in America,—having invested the "three thousand" pounds thus accumulated in three different public securities, each of which failed,—and partly by the distracted condition of the East, we suspect that his readers had begun to grow weary of his narratives and lucubrations, even while confined to the United States; a feeling, we are convinced, which will gather strength on his passing into the British provinces of North America, not merely on account of the formidable prolongation of the work, but of its individual qualities.

And yet, we are satisfied that in no other work can the reader obtain an equally full, or such a faithful representation of America, and of the Americans, limiting our remark to the United States, as has been supplied by our painstaking and candid author. He draws his historical notices, if from easily accessible, yet from authoritative sources; his personal inquiries, without falter and fail, are with earnestness and exactitude conducted; his observation is stretched to a great diversity of objects, and his deduced opinions are fair, impartial, and bear the impress of benevolence very strongly stamped on them. The work, as a whole, not only informs and teaches, but is felt to do one's heart good. If long-winded, it is ample; if stilted in manner, it abounds with rational entertaining matter.

Mr. Buckingham's Canada, &c., follows the general plan observed in regard to the United States; but is not, we think, so distin-

guished in respect of novelty of subject and of observation, nor even of minute details and byeway description; although we have been unable to do more than take a very hasty peep into the volume, and may have overlooked new points, and others that are handled with fresh ability, to the development of novel facts and views. Still, the author's opportunities for observation appear to have been more restricted, both as relates to continuance and variety, than on the other side of the border; much of his time having been spent in passing from place to place, in boat or coach; while the towns and stations at which the traveller stops are generally in beaten tracks, which, besides, do not offer much to induce the anxious observer to transverse routes. At the same time, it strikse us, that leisure and penetration might have enabled the author to work out a fuller and more striking picture of the British Provinces, especially where the path has been but seldom or lamely trodden, as in the colonies of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

Mr. Buckingham's volumes are not the most available in respect of furnishing short passages for extract, so as to convey a clear notion of his manner, and the stores of information which he presents, or satisfy the reader upon the points handled. If the search be for novelties, the reviewer must be perplexed, seeing that the thing is not merely so rare, but so undiscernable, except by combining many parts, and weighing separate masses, as to require a careful summary to bring the germ within a narrow space. Had we time for going through the labour, we should entertain no fear about setting before the students of manners and character very distinct and nicely touched sketches drawn from the volume immediately under consideration. As it is, the book does contain, here and there, notices that bear selection, and are sufficient to stand alone; as our first cited passage exemplifies, the subject being one of contrasts, and also of positive testimony. The author is speaking of the people of the United States as compared with the Canadians:—

Of the points of dissimilarity there are many more than points of resemblance; some of them to the advantage, but others to the reproach of the Canadians. One of the first of these points that struck us, was the solicitation of beggars. We had been nearly three years in the United States without seeing an American beggar in the streets; but we had not been landed five minutes in Toronto before we were accosted by several between the wharf and our hotel. In the States, we had never women employed in manual labour; here we witnessed several instances of it; and of ragged, swearing, and profligate boys, we saw a greater number in Toronto than in the largest cities of the Union. On the other hand, we saw no persons here who chewed tobacco; there was less of hurrying and driving to and fro in the streets; the shopkeepers were all more civil and obliging, the servants were more respectful and attentive, and all classes more polite. Even at the hotel, when the ladies rose to retire from the table, the gentlemen all rose,

and stood till they had withdrawn; a custom we had never once seen observed at the public tables in America; though there the respect and deference to the sex is shown in another way, by no gentleman being permitted to take his place until the ladies are first seated.

The state of society in Toronto appeared to us peculiarly agreeable. We had the advantage, it is true, of mingling with the best; but I may say, with the strictest truth, that these appeared to me to combine all the requisites of the most perfect social intercourse—elegance without ostentation, competency without extravagance, learning without pedantry, politeness without frivolity, hospitality without intemperance, and a manly frankness and candour without undue familiarity. We dined out more frequently at Toronto, in the course of the three weeks we passed here, than in the United States in the space of three years; and there was a heartiness and cordiality, which seemed to indicate the most perfect confidence in the good sense and honour of all present—the very opposite of the cold and cautious look and manner so frequently observable in the intercourse of Americans with their English visitors in the United States.

Society is not so favourably spoken of when witnessed in Montreal.

The general society of Montreal did not appear to us to be as elegant and refined as that of Toronto. There is a large body of official personages and professional men, and a still larger admixture of the military, but the former did not seem to us to bring the same degree of excellence, in attainments or manners, into society, as we had observed at Toronto; while the military have the character, and many of them had the appearance, of being intemperate and dissipated. The manner in which many of these had comported themselves towards ladies, both married and single, was spoken of in terms of severe reprobation; and it was said that many serious and painful dissentions had been occasioned in hitherto happy families, in consequence of the improper correspondence and intercourse between the officers and members of several of the most respectable houses. By many, this laxity of domestic morals was attributed to the influence of evil example in high places; and it was thought that while those who occupied the highest stations, and who ought therefore to be examples of private as well as public purity to their inferiors, lived in utter disregard of the domestic proprieties, it was not to be wondered at that persons of inferior station and authority should indulge their evil propensities, and hope to pass uncensured with impunity.

These passages have been pointed out to us as affording favourable and extractable specimens of the book. In accordance with another suggestion we quote the following relative to the walks and roads of Toronto:—

The side-walks are chiefly, though not entirely, of wooden plank, placed longitudinally, as on a ship's deck, and forming a far more clean, dry, elastic, and comfortable material for walking on, than any pavement of stone or brick. In the few instances, indeed, in which flat stone pavement is used instead of wood, it is extremely disagreeable to pass from the latter to the

former; the difference being quite as great as that experienced in passing from the rough stone pavement of the centre of Broadway, at New York, to the smooth and noiseless wooden pavement opposite the City Hall and Park, where this transition takes place.

Not only are these wooden side-walks in general use here, but, in one instance, planks of fir have been used for making an extensive road into the country leading eastward from Toronto to Kingston. We drove about six miles out on this road beyond the river Don; and I never remember to have travelled so smoothly. The planks composing the road are about fifteen feet in length, a foot in breadth, and an inch in thickness: they are sawn smoothly, but are not planed. The road is first levelled, and on the bed thus formed these planks are laid across transversely, and not lengthwise as in the side-walks. A small portion of soil and dust is strewed over the whole, to prevent unnecessary friction on the wooden surface; so that unless the attention of the traveller was called to the fact, he would not perceive the planks over which he was driving, though he would recognize the unusual smoothness of the road by the motion. But while to the casual observer it presents the same earthy and dusty appearance as any other road, there are no ruts or pits in it—scarcely, indeed, a mark of the horses' feet or carriage-wheels that pass over it. On close examination, however, he will see the separate planks and trace their lines of junction; and he will also hear the peculiar, dull, smooth sound, given out by the low rumbling of his vehicle over this wooden platform. In addition to the great comfort of driving on such a road as this, I was glad to learn that it is so much less expensive here, where pine wood is abundant, than the Macadamized roads, that it is likely to be extensively used over all the country in future. A road of the former description costs at least 1,000*l.* per mile, and requires repair in this climate almost every year. A road of the latter kind can be well made for 500*l.* a mile in the first instance and would not require to be repaired more than once in ten years. The present road has been laid down for six years, without a single plank having been required to be removed; and the general impression here is, that it would last six years longer if left untouched, before it would require any reparation whatever.

Mr. Buckingham's "Plan of National Colonization" is not novel as a theory. Let those who have taste and time for the business, examine and discuss its practicability.

ART. XIV.—*The Jubilee of the World; an Essay on Christian Missions to the Heathen.* By the Rev. JOHN MACFARLANE, Minister of Collesie, Fifeshire. Collins, Glasgow,

THIS volume has been published at the recommendation of four of the adjudicators of the Missionary Prize Essay Society, and under the sanction of the Committee. The adjudicators are chosen to represent the different churches that have practically acknowledged the obligation to engage in the high enterprize of Christianizing the world,—viz., the Church of England, the Church of Scotland, the

Independents, the Baptists, and the Wesleyans; the idea being entertained that friendly competition may operate beneficially towards the unanswerable proclamation and advocacy of the paramount cause just mentioned.

A great number of essays were received competing for the prizes offered; nor was Mr. Macfarlane the first or even the second of the successful authors. "The Jubilee of the World," however, appears to us to be the most comprehensive, powerfully argued, and truly eloquent work that we have perused on the great subject. Remarkably clear and convincing are his facts and his reasonings; commanding as the scriptures themselves are his doctrines; while there is a total absence of mere sentimentality, the whole being in a tone of manly earnestness and fervour worthy of a Christian champion.

Mr. Macfarlane throws his essay into three great divisions;—first, the Objects and Resources of the Missionary Work; secondly, the Duty of Christians towards the Heathens, and the Means of its Performance; and thirdly, the Motives and Encouragements to promote the Diffusion of the Gospel; each of these divisions breaking into subordinate chapters.

It is not our purpose to follow the author from division to division, but merely to confine ourselves to one of the chapters, which appears to us to have more of novelty and force in it than have ever attracted our attention on this momentous theme: we allude to that branch of the essay under the third grand division, which treats of the Reflex Influence of the Missionary Enterprise as a motive to increased activity. This chapter will furnish us with samples quite sufficient to test the ability and manner of the author, and also to recommend the cause of missions to the heathen to persons who may have thought lightly or even hostilely on the subject.

What are some of the positive benefits which missionary enterprise has conferred on the civilized nations of the earth—of Christendom?

It has increased the range of human knowledge; it has replenished museums with relics and curiosities illustrative of the condition and habits of remote and barbarous nations; it has presented man under new aspects and shades of character, and has enlarged the field of research, both in physical and moral science. It has produced descriptions of regions little known before,—journals, narratives of voyages, travels, and adventures, which, while they equal in the general information they display, infinitely surpass in interest and usefulness most works in the same department of literature. It is preparing the way for the extension of commerce; has given rise to a taste for British manufactures, where they had never formerly been introduced; has communicated a new impulse to industry, by which the unknown resources of other climes are to be developed, and a wider circulation of mutual benefits promoted among men. Already has it been the means of establishing a friendly intercourse with reclaimed savages, and of opening a

field for British enterprise in those distant seas where Cook was murdered and Magellan slain. It has in a great degree prepared the Negroes in our West India colonies for a transition from a state of slavery to the enjoyment of their just rights as men and fellow subjects; so that Christian Missionaries, who not long ago were looked upon with jealousy, or who were actually arraigned as the promoters of discord or insubordination, have been recognised and congratulated by the public functionaries of the State, as the instruments of the peace and good order that prevail. It may be safely asserted indeed, that independently of the ulterior and principal object of the undertaking, in these, and similar collateral results, if it has not already repaid, it will most amply repay the whole expenditure employed in conducting it.

The missionary work, proceeds Mr. Macfarlane, has elicited some of the best and noblest qualities of the human heart; and has led to the culture of capabilities that might have for ever remained latent for want of an occasion to exercise themselves. One of the results of this display has been to confirm the wavering and the suspicious with regard to the truth and power of the Gospel. The essayist continues:—

It is impossible to read some of the works of Christian Biography to which the Missionary undertaking has given rise, or to mark the bearing of many who are engaged in conducting it, without experiencing some such salutary influence. That labour of love has been the means of manifesting more strikingly than any occasion or crisis that has arisen in an age wanting in stirring incident, the purity, self-denial and benevolence, the energy and elevation of character to which the religion of Christ can conduct its disciples. If not exactly occurring under our own eye, at least in our own day, and upon testimony that brings to the mind a certainty as great as if we had been actual spectators of the scenes that are described, we know what the force of Christian principle has done in the person of many a devoted Missionary. We have seen him leave his native land,—forego the ease and the comforts of home,—labour in season and out of season, in the midst of whatever is discouraging, depressing and apparently hopeless, till he sunk into the grave, which became the solemn monument of his fidelity and zeal. We have seen even a female nature acquire new intrepidity and power without losing aught of its grace and tenderness, when going forth as an angel of mercy, to cheer with the accents of celestial truth the desolate abodes of heathenism, and to teach the tongue of little Pagan children to lisp the Redeemer's name; pursuing her self-imposed task of benevolence till her fragile frame drooped and withered under the intense rays of a burning sun, and the exhaustion of toil requited by no human hand. We scruple not to say, that in some of our recent sketches of Missionary character, there is exhibited a holy love to Christ and to His cause; a purity and stedfastness of purpose, —a patient endurance,—an enlightened and indefatigable benevolence, only equalled by the confessors and martyrs of the early Church, and scarcely less confirmatory of Christian faith, than the edifying testimony they bore to the divine power of "truth as it is in Jesus."

The missionary work is advantageous to the Church, not merely by indirectly enlivening her zeal and preventing a still greater stagnation of the vital principle of piety, but by nature and immediate influence; for it tends directly to encourage and promote the growth of personal religion.

The work, as it implies to a certain amount, so is it fitted to promote, PERSONAL RELIGION in all who are engaged in it, and that in a two-fold way. It can scarcely fail, in the first place, to suggest to the mind the flagrant inconsistency between indifference as to one's own spritual character and condition, and his professed solicitude, as to the salvation of remote nations. I do not say that this is always its effect. The deceitfulness of sin sometimes sadly appears, in a too successful attempt to substitute outward activity for the inward graces of the Christian character,—to deck itself in the tinsel ornament of a busy and a bustling zeal, to cover under the gorgeous robe of a showy and superficial philanthrophy, a distaste for the devout and purifying exercises of the heart. Men may, and often do, pervert and abuse the best instrumentality. But it will scarcely be denied, that there is a direct and powerful *tendency* in the Missionary work, to bring before the tribunal of conscience the momentous subject of a personal interest in the gospel salvation.

In the case of a number of people met, in whatever capacity, whether as a Church, or as a miscellaneous assemblage, or as a Committee, for deliberation or prayer in behalf of heathen lands, what question is more natural to arise in the mind of each than this:—do I myself stand in the relation to Christ in, which it is my professed desire, that others should be brought? Upon the slightest reflection, a feeling of incongruity must be awakened in every bosom, between real carelessness upon the one point, and professed anxiety upon the other. If the topic be evaded, or the just and salutary reflection suppressed, the very fact of such language being applicable implies, that an effort is necessary, to resist the practical effect which the enterprise is fitted to produce. Whatever, therefore, has a tendency thus to keep alive a salutary suspicion, and to guard against self-deception in a matter of eternal moment, must be regarded as no inconsiderable ingredient in the spiritual healthfulness of a Christian community.

The work operates in another way, it impresses the obligation on the part of each individual to manifest his own personal devotedness and obedience. And what would be its effects if the purity and consistency of Christian character were displayed but by one country, or even one section of the Church? But the display of these beauties will never be witnessed until each member be practically convinced that the Church is formed of individuals, every one of whom has his particular part to perform.

Nor may any justly suppose that he is individually too inconsiderable or minute a particle to contribute at all to this general result. He may one do it imperceptibly, but he does it really. The addition of a single ounce to the gravity of the earth would affect the motion of the whole system. A

very small infusion of active antiseptic matter may retard or prevent the corruption of a large mass. Ten righteous men would have saved the cities of the plain from destruction. He, therefore, who feels a lively interest in the progress and establishment of the truth throughout the world, has, in the existence of that very interest, a pure and sublime motive present to his mind, to the vigorous cultivation of Christian qualities, in addition to all the other considerations which invite to personal holiness. To elevate by his influence or example the standard of religious sentiment and feeling within his own circle or neighbourhood,—among his own dependents or children, is to furnish the means and materials of propagating the truth, and of perpetuating its advancement to remotest generations. And is not every addition that is thus made to the moral forces, which impel to Christian activity and attainment, to be numbered among the greatest blessings that can be conferred upon the world?

One of the most cogent motives and arguments is well put by starting with the assertion, that foreign missions have exercised a favourable influence at home, "by directing attention more fully to the spiritual condition of our own country." This is quite in accordance with human nature, not to speak of the enlargement and countenance which theology teaches,—of the Scriptural doctrine, that a divine blessing is poured upon those who fulfil the commands of God; for what is more true than that charity is generative, were it but from the remunerative pleasure which flows from its exercise, or more in agreement with what is to be witnessed daily, than that he who considerately gives to one needy individual or institution, is the most prompt and cheerful in forwarding the interests of another,—it may be not with his purse, but at least by the sunshine of his countenance, and the attractive harmony of his benevolent life? Well does Mr. Macfarlane observe, "did you dry up the fountain of missionary benevolence, you would at the same time dry up the fountain and stop the stream which would spread moral verdure and beauty over the entire surface of our native soil."

As the feeling of incongruity is strongly produced by a sense of actual carelessness for one's own salvation, and professed solicitude for the salvation of the heathen; so, an incongruity no less palpable occurs to the mind as being involved in active endeavours to enlighten and reclaim the Hottentots of Africa, combined with a total neglect of the scarcely less ignorant heathen at home. The claims of ignorance and guilt having found access to the heart in one case, prepare for estimating and feeling the force of similar claims in another case. When a man is once awakened, he becomes conscious of the objects in his own immediate neighbourhood still more fully than of those at a distance. When his eyes are once opened, he sees what is near still more distinctly than what is far off. If the sleep of the Church was first disturbed by the loud and bitter cry of distress, wafted upon the breeze from the distant and perishing millions of Asia and Africa, the piercing note which reached the dull ear and opened the heavy eye has at the same time awakened a regard to similar necessities at our own door. The

active endeavours made for our own country are in no small degree to be referred to the energies which foreign objects called into wakeful existence. And we may venture to propound it as an incontrovertible truth, entering into the very nature and essence of the Missionary enterprise, and to be developed in its future history,—that in the same proportion that the gospel is zealously propagated abroad, will the interests of religion be zealously protected and promoted at home.

Again, whatever gives honour to Scripture, and inspires confidence in its power and efficacy, has a wholesome influence upon the state of the Church.

The Missionary work is an experiment of the efficacy of Scripture truth made under new circumstances. It is undertaken in simple and entire reliance on the innate and omnipotent power of that truth. In so far as it succeeds, it goes to demonstrate the undiminished quality of vegetation that there is in the good seed of the word, when committed even to a hitherto untried soul. That seed has, it is true, long taken root and brought forth fruit in Christendom, and every instance there of its power in "converting the soul" will be gratefully acknowledged by the devout mind, and regarded as a new evidence of its unchangeable character. But there are many circumstances that tend to conceal its inherent energy from human observation. Its direct and immediate efficacy, proclaiming and vindicating its divine origin, does not stand forth so palpably to the public eye as to constrain universal attention, and to dispel prejudice and unbelief. Its simplicity has in many cases been corrupted, and its strength impaired, by the intermixture of human invention. The assent which it receives is rather that of education than of conviction. Acting for successive ages through those institutions which itself has been the means of calling into existence in Christian lands, men are apt to give to the secondary means and instruments by which its influence is conveyed, the honour which is due to truth alone. Modifying the condition of society by a secret and silent power, the subordinate agents which it brings to its aid are too often looked upon as the primary and procuring causes of the blessings which it bestows.

This argument is pursued in the following happy strain of eloquence, and with a pertinent recognition of facts which prompt to further efforts:—

The Missionary with the Bible in his hand goes to break up the fallow ground of heathenism. All the arrangements and habits of society, as well as the tastes of the natural heart are against him. The success that attends his efforts therefore can never be referred to any of those subsidiary means, which in a Christian country promote the continuance and support of a system that has long held an undisputed sway. What is done in heathen lands is undeniably effected by the force of Scripture truth, aided only by the influence of the spirit of truth. Every spot that is enlightened,—every waste place that is reclaimed,—every idol that is renounced,—every heart that is renewed,—every ingredient that is shed into the cup of human enjoyment, is a new and striking evidence of the inherent power of divine truth. The same kind and manner of evidence is brought back to the Church and the

world, which in the primitive age arose from the first triumphs of Christ i anity. Whatever conviction was produced in favour of gospel truth, from the energy it displayed in subverting the previously existing systems of superstition that prevailed, that conviction may now be produced in proportion to the amount of energy it displays in a similar field. In so far as the word of God prevails in heathen lands, is there a visible and palpable proof brought under the observation of all men, that there is a divine efficacy in that word, —that it has a heavenly Author,—that we follow no cunningly devised fables,—that "holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost."

Already have some such trophies been won to the honour of the Bible. The light of a new and fresh conviction has thus been poured into the Christian mind. Little as has been done, principally because little has been attempted in modern times,—the inherent power of the religion of Jesus has been exhibited to the public eye in scenes where it has accomplished its triumphs unaided and alone. We do not now need to derive our sole conviction from the evidence of history, we have seen with our own eyes the evidence of facts. We have seen, in cases too few indeed to meet the wishes of Christian benevolence, and upon a scale as yet too limited to attract the observation of the world,—we have seen enough to prove the superhuman power and the celestial origin of Christian truth. We have seen it subdue and renovate the human heart, and exert an energy which only requires to be more fully developed, in order to transform the wilderness into a fruitful field. And, if we shall suppose that its progress in the same direction shall advance and its triumphs accumulate, how salutary we may expect that progress to become in its effects upon Christian States. May we not reasonably hope, that by the visible demonstration thus afforded of the unabated virtue and vigour of the Bible, a wavering faith shall be rebuked and strengthened, indifference shall be awakened and arrested, and infidelity itself shall be made to acquiesce and adore? We do not step a hairbreadth beyond the line of a fair and rational expectation when we say, that in this form the precious seed with which the anxious sower is sent forth to heathen lands is likely to return with an increase of an hundred-fold to our own bosoms.

We would with pleasure accompany Mr. Macfarlane while he maintains that a zealous and judicious prosecution of the missionary work tends to promote unity among the various sections of the Christian world. But we must desist. We had marked certain passages in the parts of the essay where the author undertakes to answer the current objections to the grand enterprise under consideration, on account of the triumphant character of his arguments and evidences. But our limits forbid; so that we are obliged to conclude, and do so by fearlessly repeating Mr. Macfarlane's assertion, when he declares that the cause of missions has not only outlived, but lived down most of the objections and calumnies with which it was wont to be assailed.

ART. XV.—*The Life of Joseph Addison.* By LUCY AIKIN. 2 vols. Longman.

MISS AIKIN is favourably known as the author of "Memoirs of Charles the First," of "Elizabeth," and some other royal personages. But her name has not of late been pressed upon the notice of the public so often as it merits. Consequently we gladly hail her reappearance, for the strong the presumption is that she comes forward with a matured production, something that will abide and reward examination. Nor will the anticipation be over-stretched, if she is to be tried according to the merits of the present volumes; for they are the result of great care and research, of a predominating admiration and an able delineation of their celebrated subject. It adds to the attractiveness of the work that the author is Addison's warm and thorough apologist, however much this may detract from its historical value. She is in fact his zealous advocate, not unfrequently displaying the art of a special pleader. Still it is the completest life that has yet been published of the Essayist, not merely because it takes the fullest view of his character and career, but because of the new lights that have been brought to his history from sources not previously investigated or duly considered.

A few passages at the late period of the month that these volumes have come under our notice, with the slenderest connecting links possible, must suffice to indicate to our readers the abundance of the materials in them, and the way in which they are adjusted. Addison was born in 1672, on May-day, and was the eldest son of the Dean of Lichfield. He was at an early period of his life sent to the Charter-house, where he soon formed a friendly intimacy with Richard Steele. From being a private pupil at this institution Joseph passed to Oxford, where he distinguished himself, and was promoted accordingly. His Latin verses were the pieces which appear first to have attracted attention. But ere long he attempted poetry in his mother-tongue. Dryden's translations must have particularly captivated the youth, and similar performances would tend to equip him for ready composition in both languages. He dedicated to "glorious John" in 1693 what are considered to be amongst the very first of his English verses. And, we are told,

> Soon afterwards, the ambition of emulating what he praised, engaged Addison himself in a translation of the second Georgic, of which the elder poet complaisantly remarked, after this, "my second swarm is scarce worth the hiving." This courtesy was again requited on the part of the younger, by the humble but welcome service of supplying arguments to most of the books of the Æneid, and by the present of a critical essay on the Georgics which Dryden printed as a preface to his own translations, but, by the specia, desire of the author, without his name.

By-and-by Addison gave tokens of critical judgment and taste; but still, according to the fashion of the age, he indulged in dedications lavish of praise and of flattery, and addressed for the most part to illustrious persons, or prudently taking advantage of such public events for his themes as to obtain political countenance by the powerful. The fruit of these efforts and opportune selections was high patronage, which ere long procured for him a pension from the crown of £300 a-year. The Whigs were at that time in power, and Addison was not slow to profess his adhesion to the party. The pension was granted on the condition that he should betake himself to foreign travel, in order to qualify him for office. Accordingly he undertook the grand tour. This was in 1699. Early after starting his letters indicate an observant spirit and turn. For example, he writes from Paris in the following terms:—

As for the state of Learning; There is no Book comes out at present that has not something in it of an Air of Devotion. Dacier has bin forc'd to prove his Plato a very good Christian before he ventures upon his Translation, and has so far comply'd with ye Tast of the Age that his whole book is over-run with Texts of Scripture, and ye notion of præ-existence supposed to be stol'n from two verses of the prophets. Nay ye Humour is grown so universal that it is got among ye Poets who are every day publishing Lives of Saints and Legends in Rhime.

He remained in France for a considerable time, in order to become conversant with the language of the country. His eye was beginning too to scan with critical nicety the beauties of scenery, affording means of pronouncing upon the gradual development of his mind and tastes. He thus writes of Fontainebleau:—

It is situated among rocks and woods that give you a fine variety of Savage prospects. The King has Humour'd the Genius of the place, and only make use of so much art as is necessary to Help and regulate Nature without reforming her too much. The cascades seem to break through the Clefts and cracks of Rocks that are cover'd over with Moss, and look as if they were piled upon one one another by Accident. There is an Artificial Wildness in the Meadows, Walks, and Canals, and ye Garden instead of a Wall is Fenc'd on the Lower End by a Natural mound of Rock-work that strikes the Eye very Agreeably. For in my part I think there is something more charming in these rude heaps of Stone than in so many Statues, and wou'd as soon see a River winding through Woods and Meadows as when it is toss'd up in such a Variety of figures at Versailles.

It was a happy idea in furtherance of enviable introductions to lettered foreigners to carry with him a copy of his best Latin pieces, contained in one of the volumes of the "Musæ Anglicanæ." Boileau was of the celebrities whom these poems won over to the tourist. The following are some of the notices which Addison gives of this eminent writer:—

Among other Learned 'men I had y^e^ honour to be introduc'd to Mr. Boileau, who is now retouching his works and putting 'em out in a new Impression. He is old and a little Deaf but talks incomparably well in his own calling. He heartily hates an Ill poet and throws himself into a passion when he talks of any one that has not a high respect for Homer and Virgil. I don't know whether there is more of old Age or Truth in his Censures on y^e^ French writers, but he wonderfully decrys y^e^ present and extols very much his former contemporarys, especially his two intimate friends Arnaud and Racine. I askt him whether he thought Telemaque was not a good modern piece: he spoke of it with a great deal of esteem, and said that it gave us a better notion of Homer's way of writing y^n^ any translation of his works could do, but that it falls however infinitely short of y^e^ Odyssee, for Mentor, says he, is eternally Preaching, but Ulysses shows us everything in his character and behaviour y^t^ y^e^ other is still pressing on us by his precepts and Instructions. He said y^e^ punishment of bad Kings was very well invented, and might compare with anything of that nature in y^e^ 6^th^ Eneid, and that y^e^ deceit put on Telemaque's Pilot to make him misguide his master is more artful and poetical than y^e^ Death of Palinurus. * * He talk'd very much of Corneille, allowing him to be an excellent poet, but at y^e^ same time none of y^e^ best Traigique writers, for that he declaimed too frequently and made very fine Descriptions often when there was no occasion for 'em. Aristotle, says he, proposes two passions y^t^ are proper to be rais'd by Tragedy, Terrour, and Pity, but Corneille endeavours at a new on w^h^ is Admiration. He instanc'd in his Pompey (w^h^ he told us y^e^ late Duke of Condy thought y^e^ best Tragedy y^t^ was ever written) where in y^e^ first scene y^e^ King of Egypt runs into a very pompous and long description of y^e^ battle of Pharsalia, tho' he was then in a great hurry of affairs and had not himself bin present at it.

A letter to Mr. Chamberlain Dashwood from Geneva will afford a specimen of the graceful wit, in which the traveller became such a proficient:—

Dear Sir.—About three days ago, Mr. Bocher put a pretty snuff-box in my hand. I was not a little pleas'd to hear that it belonged to myself, and was much more so when I found it was a present from a Gentleman that I have so great an honour for. You did not probably foresee that it wou'd draw on you y^e^ trouble of a Letter, but you must blame yourself for it. For my part I can no more accept of a Snuff-box without returning my acknowledgments, than I can take snuff without sneezing after it. This last I must own to you is so great an absurdity that I should be ashamed to confess it, were not I in hopes of correcting it very speedily. I am observ'd to have my Box oft'ner in my hand than those that have bin used to one these twenty years, for I cant forbear taking it out of my pocket whenever I think of Mr. Dashwood. You know Mr. Bays recommends Snuff as a great provocative to Wit, but you may produce this Letter as a standing Evidence against him. I have since y^e^ beginning of it taken above a dozen pinches, and still find myself much more inclin'd to sneeze than to jest. From whence I conclude that Wit and Tobacco are not inseparable, or to make a Pun of it, tho' a Man may be master of a snuff-box,

"Non cuicunque datum est habere Nasum.'

I should be afraid of being thought a Pedant for my Quotation did not I know that y^e^ Gentleman I am writing to always carrys a Horace in his pocket. But whatever you may think me, Pray S^r^ do me y^e^ Justice to esteem me.

Addison returned to England towards the close of 1703, dispirited by the downfall of the administration that had dealt so handsomely towards him, and the suspension of the annual gift from the crown. He was thus more than ever induced to betake himself to literature. But good fortune was not pertinacious in her estrangement; for the field of Blenheim offered its triumphs to the pen of our man of letters; and so highly to the satisfaction of persons in power did he acquit himself by "The Campaign," that in a short time he obtained an under-secretaryship. He was now thirty-four years of age, and his fortunes made, both in respect of pecuniary independence and also of influence with the rich and the exalted in rank. We find him, for example, beginning to be on the familiar and playful terms with a member of the Warwick family, exhibited in the letter now to be cited:—

My dearest Lord.—I can't forbear being troublesome to your Lordship whilst I am in your neighbourhood. The business of this is to invite you to a concert of music, which I have found out in a neighbouring wood. It begins precisely at six in the evening, and consists of a blackbird, a thrush, a robin-redbreast and a bullfinch. There is a lark that by way of overture sings and mounts till she is almost out of hearing; and afterwards, falling down leisurely, drops to the ground as soon as she has ended her song. The whole is concluded by a nightingale that has a much better voice than Mrs. Tofts, and something of the Italian manner in her divisions. If your Lordship will honour me with your company, I will promise to entertain you with much better music and more agreeable scenes, than ever you met with at the opera.

The birth of the "Spectator" ere long followed, together with the renewal of intimacy with Steele, in spite of the wide difference between their habits and condition. Miss Aikin thus disposes of certain transactions between the friends, which have been left in such obscurity that very opposite inferences have been drawn from their supposed nature:—

There are traces in these letters of some pecuniary transactions between the friends: Steele informs his wife, in August 1708, that he has "paid Mr. Addison the whole 1000*l.*," and at a later period he says, "Mr. Addison's money you will have to-morrow noon." No part of the correspondence affords the slighest confirmation of the story willingly received by Johnson, but discredited by Thyer, of Addison's having put an execution into the house of his freind to recover a hundred pounds which he had lent him. Steele, in one account, is said to have told the circumstance with tears in his eyes; another version of the story makes the debt 1000*l.*, and represents

Addison as remitting to Steele the balance of the produce of the execution "with a genteel letter," informing him that he had taken this step in order to awaken him to a sense of the inevitable ruin awaiting him from his habits of negligence and profusion; Steele, it is added, took the warning in good part, and believed the proceeding designed to do him service. Tales thus contradictory carry their refutation with them; but when, at a later period, Steele, in one of his frequent exigencies, informs his wife that he has raised money elsewhere, "but was denied by his friend," it is no improbable conjecture that Addison might be the person referred to. The accurate Dr. Birch had doubtless some grounds for the observation, that their friendship endured to the end, "with a few little bickerings on economical occasions." When we consider the profligacy—almost the insanity—of Steele's profusion in contrast with the undeviating economy and prudence by which Addison preserved himself free from temptations to private dishonesty or political baseness which might have proved too strong for his virtue, it will appear certain that his purse could not at all times have been opened so freely as we find that it had once been, to the selfish and unprincipled importunities of his reckless associate.

The development and career of Addison's authorship, and the peculiar traits of his literary triumphs, afford themes for elaborate and interesting discussion. The influence of the "Spectator" alone on life and manners, as well as in the department of criticism and letters, is a subject of no mean compass, and susceptible of nice disquisition. How powerful must have been the authority, and how much envied the praise of such a journal! Pope's joy and gratitude when his "Essay on Criticism" was flatteringly noticed, seem to have known no bounds, if one is to judge from the figurative terms, and the many strong expressions of the following document:—

Sir,—I have past part of this Xmas with some honest Country Gentlemen, who have Wit enough to be good natured, but no manner of Relish for Criticsm or polite writing, as you may easily conclude when I tell you they never read the Spectator. This was the Reason I did not see that of y^e^ 28^th^ till yesterday at my Return home, wherein tho' it be y^e^ highest satisfaction to find myself commended by a Person whom all y^e^ world commends, yet I am not more obliged to you for that, than for your Candour and Frankness in acquitting me with y^e^ Errour I have been guilty of in speaking too freely of my Brother-Moderns. Tis indeed y^e^ common method of all counterfeits in Wit, as well as in Physic, to begin with warning us of others' Cheats, in order to make y^e^ more way for their own. But if ever this essay be thought worthy a second edition, I shall be very glad to strike out all such strokes which you shall be so kind as to point out to me: I shall really be proud of being corrected; for I believe 'tis with y^e^ Errors of y^e^ Mind, as with y^e^ Weeds of a Field w^h^ if they are consumed upon y^e^ Place, enrich and improve it more, than if none had ever grown there. Some of y^e^ Faults of that book, I myself have found, and more (I am confident) others have, enough at least to have made me very humble, had not you given this public

approbation of it, which I can look upon only as y^e^ effect of that Benevolence you have ever been so ready to show to any, who but make it their endeavour to do well. But as a little Rain revives a flower, which too much overcharges and depresses, so moderate praise encourages a young writer, but a great deal may injure him; and you have been so lavish in this Point, that I almost hope (not to call in Question your Judgement in y^e^ Piece) that 'twas some particular partial Inclination to y^e^ Author which carried you so far. This would please me more than I can express, for I should in good earnest be fonder of your Friendship than the World's applause. I might hope too to deserve it better, since a man may more easily answer for his own sincerity than his own Wit. And if y^e^ the highest Esteem built on y^e^ justest ground in y^e^ World, together with Gratitude for an obligation so unexpectedly conferred, can oblige a Man to be ever yours, I beg you to believe no one is more so than, Sir, your most Faithful and ob^t.^ servant,

A. Pope.

Our next extract gives the biographer's version of Addison's temperate political consistency, as opposed to Steele's violence, on the peace of Utrecht; and also of a confidential interview with Bolingbroke:—

While Addison chid, without being able to moderate, the headlong zeal of his old associate, and lamenting in vain the ruin in which it was contributing to involve him, his own moderation, which was in reality the result of good sense, not indifference, inspired one of the opposite leaders with hopes of his conversion. The value of such an accession to a party now shaken at once by assaults from without and dissensions within, justified a decided effort; and Bolinbroke, to whom he was previously no stranger, asked of him a confidential interview. They conversed freely together for two hours, but parted with the full knowledge that "they differed *toto cœlo* in politics." Addison indeed, had long since penetrated into the true character of this accomplished man, but ambitious, resentful, and totally unprincipled politician. Spence relates from Pope, that on Parnell's having been introduced into Lord Bolinbroke's company, and speaking afterwards of the great pleasure he had in his conversation, Mr. Addison came out with his usual expression, "If he had but as good a heart as he has a head," and applied to him that "cankered Bolinbroke" from Shakespeare.

Was Addison the author of "The Drummer?" Our closing extract will present Miss Aikin's reasoning on the question, and exemplify the painstaking and neatness with which she discourses of the merits and honour of her hero.

It was coldly received, although it was said to have been "exquisitely acted;" but Steele, believing it, from the delicacy of its strokes of humour, better fitted for the closet than the stage, published it soon after with a laudatory preface. No hint of the author was given to the public, but Tonson paid what was thought the high price of fifty guineas for the copyright, under the impression that it was by Addison, after whose death Steele appears to have made a direct assertion to that effect. When therefore this comedy

was found to be omitted in Tickell's posthumous edition of Addison's works Tonson complained of having been imposed upon by Steele, who made his defence in that letter to Congreve, already cited, which he printed as an introduction to a second edition of the Drummer. In this piece, after making the general assertion that "no one who reads the preface which I published with it will imagine I could be induced to say so much as I then did, had I not known the man I best loved had had a part in it, or had I believed that any other concerned had much more to do with it than as an amanuensis,"—he proceeds to defend this judgment on the ground of internal evidence, affirming that had he known nothing of the circumstances, he should have seen the humour of his friend in every page of it. Then after digressing to some il-founded censures of Tickell's account of the author's delays in the completion of Cato, he thus proceeds: "If I remember right, the fifth act was written in less than a week's time; for this was particular in this writer, that when he had taken his resolution, or made his plan for what he designed to write, he would walk about the room, and dictate it into language with as much freedom and ease as any one could write it down, and attend to the coherence and grammar of what he dictated. I have been often thus employed by him; and never took it into my head, though he only spoke it, and I took all the pains of throwing it upon paper, that I ought to call myself the writer of it. I will put all my credit among men of wit for the truth of my averment when I presume to say, that no one but Mr. Addison was in any other way the writer of the Drummer; at the same time I will allow that he sent for me, which he could always do, from his natural power over me, as much as he could for any of his clerks when he was Secretary of State; and told me, "that a gentleman then in the room had writtten a play that he was sure I would like; but it was to be a secret; and he knew I would take as much pains, since he recommended it, as I would for him." This it will be observed, is no very cogent assertion of Addison's claim to the piece; but we have in corroboration both the plot, which has a striking point of resemblance with that of Rosamond,—there being in each a husband who visits his wife when she believes herself his widow,—and the style, in the humorous scenes, which bears strong marks of Addison. What is still more conclusive, Theobald has recorded, that he himself told him, that he had taken the character of Vellum from the steward in Fletcher's Scornful Lady,—to which the similarity is very conspicuous. It might indeed be a joint work; but the total silence of Tickell on the subject during his life, and the fact that no hint to this effect exists among his papers, or in the traditions of his descendants, seems to award the authorship to Addison solely.

NOTICES.

ART. XVI.—*Hints to Servants; with twelve Illustrations.* By KENNY MEADOWS.

Not any unworthy version of Swift's celebrated advice to servants. The satire is keenly as well as amusingly pointed by the clever illustrater.

ART. XVII. *Felix Summerly's Recreation Hand Book Guides.*

Mr. Summerly has writen a series of Hand-books to some of the more remarkable buildings, and most distinguished national exhibitions in this country. "Westminster Abdey," and the "Temple Church" are of the number, there being for several of the subjects of these elegantly got up, and well illustrated works, editions of larger and smaller dimensions and price, to suit the pockets of purchasers. A general observation will hold good of every one of the Guides that we have looked into: the historical notices, the descriptions, explanations, and criticisms, are sufficient; the remarks pertinent and tasteful; and the tone all that could be wished—neither too smart nor too sentimental.

ART. XVIII. *A Dream of a Queen's Reign.*

Adopting the threadbare fiction of having discovered a manuscript some two centuries old, containing a narrative of the Dream, the author touches on sundry occurrences in Queen Victoria's reign, which appear to him to offer salient points for the display of his humour and a lavish use of compliments to her Majesty. The effort looks like one of labour rather than of spontaneous satire, and is therefore pointless and tiresome.

ART. XIX. *The Teeth Physiologically Considered, their Development, Diseases, Preservation, and Replacement.*

A little treatise presenting a plain and popular exposition of the matters indicated by the title. We have not met with anything that is very new in it; but that which is stated, has the merit of being sensible and satisfactory, and is altogether removed from quackery.

ART. XX. *The Christian Philosopher; or, the Connexion of Science and Philosophy with Religion. Illustrated with engravings.* By THOMAS DICK, L.L.D. English Edition.

A revised, corrected, and greatly enlarged edition of a work that has not only obtained extraordinary repute in this country, but in America, where it has been stereotyped. Were it merely the clearness with which it expounds natural science, for the benefit of the general reader, the book would merit all the popularity that it has acquired. It has, however, other and higher excellences; for it plainly and forcibly shews how the study of nature properly pursued, becomes subservient to a knowledge, and the practical interests of revealed religion. Electro-Magnetism, Geology, and some other departments have received that additional attention and illustration in the present edition, which recent discoveries and progress demanded. The work is calculated to be of the most lasting service to two classes: those who despise the study of scripture on, the presumed ground that its doctrines and statements are incompatible with scientific truth; and those, on the other hand, who shun science and the study of the laws of nature, from the dread lest their faith in the sacred records may be thereby staggered.

ART. XXI.

1. *The Works of Burns, with Notes and Illustrations.*
2. *The Book of Scottish Song.*

We have received the *fourth, fifth, and sixth* parts of the former of these publications, and, of the second, parts *five* to *ten* inclusive; Messrs. Blackie, quite in accordance with their usual principle and attention, keeping prompt faith with the purchasers of first numbers in regard to regularity of appearance on each succeeding month. We must refer our readers to our Reviews for January and February, for an account of the plan and peculiar attractions of these works. All that was promised continues to be fulfilled; so that when finished, the Burns and the Book of Song, are sure to maintain the superiority laid claim to.

ART. XXII.—*Ancient Irish Pavement Tiles; with Introductory Remarks.* By T. OLDHAM, A.B., F.G.S.S.L. and D.

THIRTY-TWO patterns of figured tiles are here illustrated by engravings "after the originals existing in St. Patricks Cathedral, and Howth, Mellifont, and Newton Abbeys." They are of three distinct kinds,—the Impressed,—the Encaustic, where the pattern is produced by a differently coloured substance inlaid, the surface of the tile continuing flat and smooth, —and the pattern in low relief. Into the probable dates of these varieties Mr. Oldham goes at some length; fairly confessing that with regard to the two first at least, there has not yet appeared any positive evidence. However, his researches and judicious inferences from collateral circumstances are to an approximating degree satisfactory. He speaks of the era of the third variety with more assurance, placing their date,—at any rate as regards general use,—not before the early part of the sixteenth century, instead of in the twelfth as some antiquaries have fixed them. It appears, indeed, that although attention has been paid to this archæological subject for the last few years in England, suggested in the course of restoring churches, where tile pavement has been revived,—the old examples being copied for that purpose,—not a single published notice of such tiles, as occurring in Ireland, can be named prior to Mr. Oldham's richly illustrated work; a work which both in an artistic and historical sense has adequate importance and sufficient interest to merit investigation and study. The shapes, the colours, and the condition of the present illustrated specimens; as well as the figures, devices, and emblems which they bear are subjects for a generous curiosity, and will reward patience and intelligence. It is worthy therefore of Mr. Oldham to proceed with his inquiries as far as the Irish tiles are concerned; and he expresses anxiety to bring together as complete a collection as possible in order to arrive at the most satisfactory conclusions that can be derived from these ornamental relics. We wish him all success, and hope to meet with him again, as he half promises, in the further pursuit of the desired data. He already possesses many pavement tiles which he has not been able to give in the publication before us; while, he also intimates, numerous other specimens still exist in many of the old, and, he regrets to add, ruined

churches of the country. The subject touches closely the adornment of ecclesiastical buildings during the middle ages, and therefore addresses itself to the restoring and renovating spirit that has recently quickened in England. May a like reviving spread through the sister-island.

ART. XXIII.—*Etchings.* By WILLIAM COLLING, R.A. Part 1.

Mr. Colling is rightfully regarded as a master in the purely English School of Art. How natural and truthful, how graphic and picturesque are these Etchings, even the smallest of the *six* which make up the complement in this *first part!* The subjects belong to a fishing village, and are really every-day figures, presenting without exaggeration or an apparent effort, just such little incidents and scenes as everybody can in a moment recognize as perfect, who has ever been in a locality of the kind mentioned, that is to say, on the beach of old England. Nothing can be more genuine than the entire expression of face and figure; more native than the purpose, the attitude, and the costume, whatever be the age or the sex of the figures, the branch of their calling, or the occasion on which they appear. "Buying Fish" is a complete performance telling its own business and attractive story at the first glance. But along with all this simplicity and unforced feeling or effect, there are such adjuncts as lend a fuller tone than the actual can ever reach, and which carry the pure satisfaction alone to be derived from the ideal, the essence of pictorial truth. While so chaste and simple is the conception in these Etchings, the execution is of a worthy style, being free but firm, delicate but decided.

We have not learned to what extent the series is to reach. However, let collectors and amateurs bear in mind that only 500 impressions will be taken, after which the plates are to be cancelled.

ART. XXIV. *Hydrotheraphia; or the Water Cure.* By THOMAS SMETHURST, M.D.

It needs little more than to quote in full the title-page, to describe the contents of this publication. There we are told the book gives "a practical view of the cure in all its bearings, exhibiting the great utility of water as a preservative of health and remedy for disease, founded on observations and experience made at Grafenberg. To which is added, a description of Grafenberg, and the system there, as practised by Vincent Priessnitz. Illustrated with a portrait, several engravings, and many cases; together with a short history of the water cure from the remotest antiquity, and remarks on sea-bathing." Wonderful, both as to variety and inveteracy, are the cures wrought by the proper use and application of water, according to our disciple's account; and these miracles have taken place from the days of Moses downwards.

ART. XXV. *Church Poetry; or, Christian Thoughts in Old and Modern Verse.*

Really a choice selection from a wide range. There is nothing here that is not sterling.

ART. XXVI.—*Magic and Mesmerism; an Episode of the Eighteenth Century, and other Tales.* 3 vols.

The late hour of the month at which these Tales were put into our hand[s] renders it impossible that we can do more than glance in the most summary manner at a few of the pages, or gather any other than an indistinct notion of the current of each of the stories. This much we have learned of the first of them, which bears the title of "Magic and Mesmerism," that a Jesuit priest, of the name of Girard, had obtained unhallowed influence over a young and beautiful girl of good family, whohad been subject to somnambulism from her infancy; and that having got her placed in a convent he carried on by means of his mysteries and mesmeric charms the most villanous purposes to the undoing of the lady. At length she is rescued and taken home to her family, when the trial of the father for his abominations is instituted, which down to the last day of its proceedure, promised most distinctly to issue in his conviction. At the eleventh hour, however, a change comes over the spirit of the plaintiff; for Girard regains his satanic power over his frail victim, by contriving that she should drink a glass of water after he had breathed upon it. These few words may serve as an introduction to the following powerfully depicted scene; the father of the person who is supposed to narrate the story, having been the advocate of Mademoiselle Catherine Cadières.

"On every day of this eventful trial,—and it was an unusally protracted one,—the people had never ceased crowding to suffocation every approach to the hall of justice; but on the last day the press was fearful, and it was with the utmost difficulty that ingress or egress could be obtained to or from the court. An expression of unusual animation pervaded every face, which, in many of those ardent southern countenances, was deepened into ferocity,—a peculiarity not altogether foreign to their impassioned natures.

The Jesuits, ever since the beginning of the affair, had scarcely ventured to pass through the mob, so intense was the execration in which they were held at that moment by the very people who had worshipped them with slavish respect but a few short days before. The excitement within and without the court was at its height.

The spectators had nosegays of white flowers at their breasts, as if in joyous expectation of the triumph of that innocence for whose emblem they had been selected. Catherine looked still more beautiful than on the previous days, though somewhat more moved than usual. A slight blush diffused her face at almost every alternate minute, and her eyes more frequently sought those of her trembling mother, who was scarcely less an object of deep sympathy and interest than herself.

The judges seemed more perturbed and gloomy than ever, and turned no friendly glances towards the plaintiff and her advocate. Their collision with the Jesuits was too evident to make it doubtful which way their judgment would go, had they but dared to follow their inclinations,— perhaps their fears would be the truer interpretation of their feelings,—in the undeniably critical position in which they were placed. But my father heeded not their frowning aspect. Although the eighteenth century yet retained all the seeds of the feudal and justiciary system of the dark ages, and justice was yet almost syn-

onlmous with barbarity,—power with abuse,—still so flagrant and outrageous an act as the condemnation of Catherine, especially considering the ferment of the spirit throughout the town, he could not bring himself to believe possible.

The proceedings of that day he estimated as mere child's play, to delay as long as possible an unavoidable sentence, which, however, older practitioners warned him not to look forward to so very sanguinely. Once and once only did his eye light perchance upon the Jesuit's countenance, whose every movement he had hitherto watched, nevertheless most carefully. He seemed moody and absorbed, but in a great measure recovered from the abject consternation and terror which had overwhelmed him throughout the proceedings of this harrassing trial.

My father remarked that in the course of that morning he had helped himself repeatedly from a water flask that stood near, in order, as he thought, to calm his inward perturbation: and when his glance fell on him he was in the very act of raising a glassful of the pure element to his lips. There was nothing in his simple movement to excite any attention, and my father soon turned his thoughts to other objects. Shortly afterwards, Catherine feeling much exhausted, one of the inferior officers about the court approached her with a tumbler of fresh water, which was accepted, and drained at a draught. As she returned the glass to the man, who waited for it with extended hand, she observed to him—and many, besides my father, who scarcely heeded it at the moment, heard the remark—that the water had a very salt and disagreeable taste, and rather excited than slacked her thirst.

The examination of other witnesses went on, and finally Catherine was again confronted with Father Girard. Her behaviour in public had been, until that moment, in such perfect accordance with the sentiments she expressed in private, that my father no longer watched her with the same keen sickening apprehenaion which at first his doubts of stability had occasioned. But now there was something so strange and unsteady in the sound of her voice as to cause him to start and look round, when the change that he beheld in her whole mien and bearing riveted at once his eye and his attention.

Had the wan of an enchanter touched her, and that wand invested with all the mysterious qualities ever bestowed on it by the most generous imagination, it could not have wrought a change more complete, and to her friends and well-wishers more appalling. Her eyes wandered with uncertain dreamy gaze, from object to object, or sought the ground, not, however, from natural bashfulness, but from a heaviness that seemed to press the lids forcibly down; her lips and brow were contracted as if by an intense effort at collecting thought; her answers were broken, dark, vague, unconnected, and the light from within, that had irradiated her countenance, and diffused its brightness into every lineament, seemed fading away from her complexed brow, on which the mists that had lain so heavy on it at St. Clare, were slowly again gathering.

Gradually as Catherine lost her self-command, and that too at the most critical moment of her fate, Father Girard assumed an air of growing courage, as much at variance with his hitherto abject timidity and unmanly incoherency. His manner grew proportionably assured, and that of his opponent lost firmness. My father gazed in speechless amazement, whilst the judges

exchanged smiles that showed how much this change relieved their minds at that decisive hour.

The rest passed with the rapidity, and, my father has often assured me, with the indistinctness of a dream. He more than once made a violent effort as if to awake from some troubled vision, as he heard Catherine in a hurried confused manner recant one by one every word she had before spoken, deny every fact that had been proved by irrefragable evidence, assert herself a mean impostor, the tool of a vile conspiracy,—Father Girard an injured saint, herself, her friends and supporters, the vilest of sinners that ever trod the earth.

Father Girard's scowling glances, fraught with darkest malignity int he hour of victory, the exclamations of uncontrollable wonder that burst from the spectators, the sobs of the agitated mother, the indignant rustle of the veils of the nuns of St. Clare as they drew them closer to their faces in speechless indignation, at the unconscionable shameless prevarication of the plaintiff, whom they had hitherto regarded with feelings of the purest commisseration, —the thundering eloquence of Monsieur Thoraine, as it came pouring down from the Alps of his imagination like a headlong avalanche—his own weak and confused refutation spoken in a hoarse indistinct tone of voice,—the summing up of the judges—the fatal condemnation itself—all that passed around him sounded to my father like the horrid mockery of a dream. But an hour ago a victor, standing proudly opposed to humble foes, whose evil designs he had so valiantly combated, now prostrate and vanquished without a final struggle—taken by surprise—thrown off his guard—never had knight fallen so low, or lady proved so false. How he left the court and reached home he could scarcely tell,nor was it before a few hours of calm and solitude had restored his wonted elasticity and energy of spirit, that he felt himself again able to look about him and to think.

Whatever may be thought of the doctrine of Mesmerism, or whatever may be the fact with regard to the author's reliance upon its claims, unquestionably he has worked out by means of such speculations, traditions, and facts, as the creed suggests and furnishes, a tale of no ordinary vigour, stirring interest and originality. With regard to the other two pieces in these volumes, we are led to believe that they are worthy of the author of "Magic and Mesmerism," and that they, like the first tale, have facts and authenticated occurrences for their ground-work.

ART. XXVII.—*Rural Chemistry; an Elementary Introduction to the Study of the Science in its relation to Agriculture*, By ED. SOLLY, Jun., F.R.S. &c.

The contents of this small volume formed the substance of a series of articles on Chemistry, which originally appeared in the Gardener's Chronicle; the object of the author being to present such an elementary sketch as will enable those who are ignorant of the subject, more readily to comprehend the works of the various authors who have written on Agricultural Chemistry. The work however, is calculated to be of direct service independently of clearing the way to the study of larger and more complex treatises. To practical men we would particularly recommend the chapter which is devoted to manures. But every page is suggestive or directly informing.

ART. XXVIII. *Religious and Moral Sentences culled from the Works of Shakspere, compared with Sacred Passages drawn from Holy Writ.* By a Member of the Shakspere Society.

Here we have "a selection," as the title of the elegant volume more fully setteth forth, "of religious sentiments and moral precepts, blended in the dramatic works, &c. of our immortal bard." A principal feature of the publication is the design to prove that Shakspere was a member of the Protestant Church of England; and that he could not have written the will, a copy of which is shewn in his house at Stratford-upon-Avon. This document would make it out that the poet was a Papist. But without going to Doctor's Commons, internal evidence we think must clearly indicate to any person of thought and general research, that the copy is a gross forgery. Still, the compiler is not satisfied with this mode of testing its truth; for in the first part of his volume, he has collected a great number of phrases, sentences, and passages, in which the dramatist uses no measured language of assault, and where he certainly spares neither the Pope nor the Popish priesthood. A question here to be considered, however, is how far the dramatist identified himself with the characters in his plays, when he made them utter the speeches and words quoted. On the other hand one would be led to think, that had his heart recoiled, many of his denunciations might, without affecting the purposes he had in view, been avoided or greatly modified.

In the second division of the volume, the compiler has been at great pains to muster extracts from Shakespere in order to shew from the similarity of idea, as well as of verbal use, that the poet was deeply read in Scripture; and that therefore he could not have been an adherent of the Church of Rome. We must confess that the identity of sentiment, or the derivative nature of many of the instances are not manifest to us, and not, we think, by any process of ingenious interpretation, to be set down as imitations. The third section of the volume consists of the religious and moral sentences that may be culled from Shakspere's works. And here, as in almost every department of thougth and life, the reader must be astonished at the variety and riches that characterize the productions of the poet.

There is much in the volume to attract, and also to lead to extended reflection. The preface contains curious and informing matter. There are also notices of Shakspere as connected with the high personages, who, when he was living, appreciated and patronized his genius. Portraits of the poet, of the Earl of Southampton, and an engraving representing Queen Elizabeth listening to her favourite dramatist, embellish and illustrate passages of the appendix. The work is dedicated to the Shakspere Society, and is published for the benefit of the Benevolent Funds of the Theatres Royal, Drury Lane and Covent Garden. All who are solicitous to know how much may be learned of the poet, and who are choice in their selection of *Shaksperiana* will be gratified on calling at the publishers, Messrs. Calkin and Budd, to find one monument more erected in this beautiful volume to the immortal bard.

THE

MONTHLY REVIEW.

JULY, 1843.

ART. I.—*The Irish Sketch-Book.* By Mr. M. A. TITMARSH. *With numerous engravings.* 2 vols. Chapman and Hall.

GENTLE reader! be not for this time at least repelled by the title and the subject-matter which the pseudonymed author has affected for these volumes. Ireland, it appears, had not been exhausted: it was possible once more to traverse the emerald isle, and to cram a sketch-book with Irish pictures and portraits, and to show up to Mr. Bull certain and sundry things, which he had either never seen before, or never viewed so distinctly and clearly. Nay, it needed not any very protracted sojourn, nor formally mapped scheme of travel, to furnish Mr. M. A. Titmarsh with studies for his pen and pencil. His tours, to be sure, though rapid, and taken, it would seem, pretty much at random, were in such different and opposite directions, and conducted from a few such central points, as to supply him with tolerably complete notions both of the South and of the North; and seeing that his volumes derive their character, and establish their excellence, rather by the sketches which they contain of persons and manners, than of landscapes and localities, it was the less necessary that the author should thread every country and take up his temporary residence in every *big* town, than it would have been had his business been that of a thorough surveyor or a painstaking gatherer of statistical information. Indeed, many of Mr. Titmarsh's most effective pictures have that degree of exaggeration about them imbuing the spirit of caricature, but nevertheless at the same time imparting a highly-striking sketch, which he who may be a total stranger to the original, feels at once to be truthful not merely to an individual subject or group of figures, but faithful to that which is the type of a class and of an entire national section.

Again, it is true, Mr. T. has prejudices, is on various points straightlaced, and by no means remarkable as a logician. But then,

on the other hand, his one-sidedness is that of a thorough Englishman—it may be added—if not of an out-and-out Londoner, at least of one who has long been in the successful practice of serving cockney-land with fare, happily seasoned to the palate of its teeming population; and therefore what he intends, and what he does, is fully understood and clearly appreciated. Besides, although by constitution and habit widely removed from the flatterer and hypocrite,—smartly critical, and the fearless reprover of every sort of cant,—there is such an abundant spring of generous sentiment, such a flow of honest expression, and so many pleasant unlooked-for side touches, in what he says and shows, that his very severity must be taken in good part by the persons whom he exposes; for it is wholesome, and his roughest pencillings will be found to soften and to better. Hence it becomes us to promulgate this happiest of all sketch-books which we have met with, that has taken Ireland and the Irish for its ground-work. Nowhere have we seen pictures of these subjects so smart, and yet so fresh,—so clever in an artistic sense, and yet so graphically faithful; at the same time that each comprises a sphere of life and character broad and deep. Not that Mr. T. perplexes himself with elaborate summaries of what in the way of philosophy may be derived from his detailed inquiries; or speculates disquisitionally concerning the remedies to be applied for the cure of the abounding and appalling evils which he describes. This is a formidable task, which greater pretenders may undertake: nor can they do more wisely than consult for their guidance, among other authorities, the witnessings which he furnishes. Even beyond the staple of facts which he supplies, there are implied reflections and reasonings that embrace and teach more than was, perhaps, intended,—for our sketcher is a remarkably shrewd observer.

The subjects which he affects, were it not for his talents of close scrutiny, and his practised hand for extracting from obvious and common-place things their essential prominences, and the indices which they furnish of pervading characteristics of great importance, would be tiresome and monotonous in the extreme. What could be expected from an ordinary tourist in Ireland, who almost exclusively limited himself to the outward shows which roads, towns, fairs, inns, and schools offer to the notice of the passer-by,—the coachings, the beggarings, the dinnerings, and so forth, which every man must encounter, who, like Mr. Titmarsh, extends his journey from the capital through the South and West of Ireland to Westport, and thence back again to Dublin,—who next makes a trip to Wicklow,—who pays a visit to the Giant's Causeway,—who, in short, glances both at the Catholic and the Protestant divisions of the land, as seen on highway and in congregated masses? Cork, Limerick, Galway, and a peep into Connemara, Armagh, Belfast, Londonderry, &c. &c., would be but worn-out studies and topics for most men's portfolios, at this

period of the nineteenth century. Not so, however, will it be realised when you examine "The Irish Sketch-book," as the following miscellaneous pieces will incontinently manifest. Begin with a notice and a snatch belonging to the rapid ride in Wicklow, which not only indicate Mr. Titmarsh's conception of the exactions of his themes, but furnish a sample of his selections and manner of treatment:—

The little tour we have just been taking has been performed, not only by myriads of the "car-drivingest, tay-drinking, say-bathingest people in the world," the Inhabitants of the city of Dublin, but also by all the tourists who have come to discover this country for the benefit of the English nation. "Look here!" says the ragged-bearded genius of a guide, at the Seven Churches; "this is the spot which Mr. Henry Inglis particularly admired, and said it was exactly like Norway. Many's the song I've heard Mr. Sam Lover sing here—a pleasant gentleman entirely. Have you seen my picture that's taken off in Mrs. Hall's book? all the strangers know me by it, though it makes me much cleverer than I am." Similar tales has he of Mr. Barrow, and the transatlantic Willis, and of Crofton Croker, who has been everywhere.

Mr. T. took quite a novel method, on setting himself down in *ould Ireland*, of studying his ample subject: he hastened to the newspapers of the morning, and this, by the bye, not at once to the political disquisitions, or the more stirring reports, but to the advertisements, from which he culls sundry characteristic specimens, a few of them being the more amusing and suggestive in that they purport to have emanated from the instructors of youth to *the fullest extent*:—

Of all these announcements that of Madame Shanahan (a delightful name) is perhaps the most brilliant. "To Parents and Guardians.—Paris. —Such parents and guardians as may wish to intrust their children for education *in its fullest extent* to Madame Shanahan, *can have the advantage of being conducted to Paris* by her brother, the Rev. J. P. O'Reilly, of Church-street Chapel," which admirable arrangement carries the parents to Paris and leaves the children in Dublin. Ah, Madame, you may take a French title; but your heart is still in your country, and you are to the *fullest extent* an Irishwoman still. * * *

A century hence some antiquary may light upon a Dublin paper, and form marvellous calculations regarding the state of education in the country. For instance, at Bective-House seminary, conducted by Dr. J. L. Burke, Ex-Scholar T.C.D., no less than *two hundred and three* young gentlemen took prizes at the Midsummer examination. A Dr. Delamere, Ex-Scholar T.C.D., distributed three hundred and twenty rewards to his young friends, and if we allow that one lad in twenty is a prizeman, it is clear that there must be six thousand four hundred and forty youths under the Doctor's care. Other schools are advertised in the same journals, each with its hundred of prize-bearers; and if other schools are advertised, how many more

must there be in the country which are not advertised! There must be hundreds of thousands of prizemen, millions of scholars: besides national schools, hedge-schools, infant schools, and the like.

Advertisements serve the master of the Sketch-book as a theme for comment as well as illustration:—

Some hundred years hence, when students want to inform themselves of the history of the present day, and refer to files of *Times* and *Chronicle* for the purpose, I think it is possible that they will consult, not so much those luminous and philosophical leading articles which call our attention at present, both by the majesty of their eloquence and the largeness of their type, but that they will turn to those parts of the journals into which information is squeezed into the smallest possible print, to the advertisements, namely, the law and police reports, and to the instructive narratives supplied by that ill-used body of men who transcribe knowledge at the rate of a penny a line. The papers before me (the *Morning Register*, Liberal and Roman Catholic, *Saunder's News-Letter*, neutral and Conservative,) give a lively picture of the movement of city and country on this present fourth day of July, and the Englishman can scarcely fail, as he reads them, to note many small points of difference existing between his own country and this. How do the Irish amuse themselves in the capital? The love for theatrical exhibitions is evidently not very great. Theatre Royal—Miss Kemble and the Somnambula, an Anglo-Italian importation. Theatre Royal Abbey-street,—the Temple of Magic and the Wizard last week. Adelphi Theatre, Great Brunswick-street—the Original Seven Lancashire Bell-ringers, a delicious excitement indeed! Portobello Gardens—THE LAST ERUPTION BUT SIX, says the advertisement in capitals. And, finally, "Miss Hayes will give her first and farewell concert at the Rotunda, previous to leaving her native country." Only one instance of Irish talent do we read of, and that, in a desponding tone, announces its intention of quitting its native country. All the rest of the pleasures of the evening are importations from cockney-land. The Somnambula from Covent Garden, the Wizard from the Strand, the Seven Lancashire Bell-ringers from Islington, or the City-road, no doubt; and as for The last Eruption but Six, it has *erumped* near the Elephant and Castle any time these two years, until the cockneys would wonder at it no longer.

It would be an injustice to Mr. Titmarsh, when on the subject of newspaper intelligence, to deny a space to his remarks on the report of a judge's address on a criminal trial for a capital offence. There is matter of reproof as well as for prolonged reflection in the passage:—

Long ere this is printed, for instance, Byrne and Woods have been hanged: sent "to face their God," as the Chief Justice says, "with the weight of their victim's blood upon them,"—a just observation; and remember that it is *we who send them*. It is true that the judge hopes Heaven will have mercy upon their souls, but are such recommendations of particular weight because they come from the bench? Psha! If we go on killing people with-

out giving them time to repent, let us at least give up the cant of praying for their souls' salvation. We find a man drowning in a well, shut the lid upon him, and heartily pray that he may get out. Sin has hold of him, as the two ruffians of Laffan yonder, and we stand aloof, and hope that he may escape. Let us give up the ceremony of condolence, and be honest like the witness [who apathetically witnessed the murder], and say, "Let him save himself or not, it's no business of ours."

What gentleman is denied the opportunity of picturing the inns and hotels of the country he traverses? and yet how few of those who wield the quill or brandish the brush, have indicated striking points so briefly and plainly as is done frequently in the pages before us. For example,—

If these comforts and reminiscences of three days' date are 'enlarged' upon at some length, the reason is simply this—this is written at what is supposed to be the best inn at one of the best towns of Ireland, Waterford: dinner is just over; it is Assize-week, and the table d'hote was surrounded for the chief part by English attornies—the cyouncillors (as the bar are pertinaciously called) dining up stairs in private. Well, on going to the public room, and being about to lay down my hat on the sideboard, I was obliged to pause—out of regard to a fine thick coat of dust, which had been kindly left to gather for some days past, I should think, and which it seemed a shame to misplace: Yonder is a chair basking quietly in the sunshine; some round object has evidently reposed upon it, (a hat or plate probably,) for you see a clear circle of black horse-hair in the middle and dust all round it. Not one of those dirty napkins that the four waiters carry would wipe away the grime from the chair, and take to itself a little dust more! The people in the room are shouting out for the waiters; who cry, "Yes Sir!" peevishly, and don't come, but stand bawling and jangling, and calling each other names, at the sideboard. The dinner is plentiful and nasty: raw ducks, raw peas, on a crumpled tablecloth, over which a waiter has just spirted a pint of obstreperous cider. The windows are open, to give free view of a crowd of old beggar-women, and of a fellow playing a cursed Irish pipe. Presently this delectable apartment fills with choking peat smoke; and on asking what is the cause of this agreeable addition to the pleasures of the place, you are told that they are lighting a fire in a back-room.

Pages is the term we are compelled to use; but if we could insert the engraved illustrations, how richly would the subject be developed; as, for instance, when our tourist, on returning to an inn, discovers that his bed-room window is held open by a hearth-broom:—

You don't see such windows commonly in respectable English inns—windows leaning gracefully upon hearth-brooms for support. Look out of that window without the hearth-broom and it would cut your head off; how the beggars would start that are always sitting on the steps next door Is it prejudice that makes one prefer the English window, that relies on its own ropes and ballast (or lead if you like), and does not need to be propped by

any foreign aid? or is this only a solitary instance of the kind, and are there no other specimens in Ireland of the careless, dangerous extravagant hearth-broom system?

Irish character, of course, abounds in these sketches; individual portraits just as single scenes affording you a picture of the nation and a whole chapter of the country's history. The following is the representative of a class.

And likewise in the midst of this wild tract, a fellow met us who was trudging the road with a fish basket over his shoulder, and who stopped the coach, hailing two of the gentlemen in it by name, both of whom seemed to be much amused by his humour. He was a handsome rogue, a poacher, or salmon-taker, by profession, and presently poured out such a flood of oaths, and made such a monstrous display of grinning wit and blackguardism, as I have never heard equalled by the best Billingsgate practitioner; and as it would be more than useless to attempt to describe. Blessings, jokes, and curses, trolled off the rascal's lips with a volubility which caused his Irish audience to shout with laughter, but which were quite beyond a Cockney. It was a humour so purely national as to be understood by none but natives, I should think. I think it rather served to frighten than to amuse; and I am not sure but that I looked out for a band of jocular cut-throats of his sort, to come up at a given guffaw, and playfully rob us all round. However he went away quite peaceably, calling down for the party the benediction of a great number of saints, who must have been somewhat ashamed to be addressed by such a rascal.

We may here insert a short account of Irish distress.

In the midst of your pleasure, three beggars have hobbled up, and are howling supplications to the Lord. One is old and blind, and so diseased and hideous, that straightway all the pleasure of the sight round about vanishes from you—that livid ghastly face interposing between you and it. And so it is throughout the South and West of Ireland: the traveller is haunted by the face of the popular starvation. It is not the exception, it is the condition of the people. In this fairest and richest of countries, men are suffering and starving by millions. There are thousands of them at this minute stretched in the sunshine at their cabin-doors, with no work, scarcely any food, no hope seemingly. Strong countrymen are lying in bed "*for the hunger*"—because a man lying on his back does not need so much food as a person a-foot. Many of them have torn up the unripe potatoes from their little gardens, and to exist now must look to winter, when they shall have to suffer starvation and cold too. The epicurean and traveller for pleasure had better travel anywhere than here—where there are miseries that one does not dare to think of—where one is always feeling how helpless pity is, and how hopeless relief, and is perpetually made ashamed of being happy.

Take a national picture of higher pretensions. Westport is the locality.

There was a long, handsome pier (which, no doubt, remains at this present minute), and one solitary cutter along side it, which may or may not be

there now. There were about three boats lying near the cutter lying along side it, and six sailors, with long shadows, lolling upon the pier. As for the warehouses, they are enormous; and might accommodate, I should think, not only the trade of Westport, but of Manchester too. There are huge streets of these houses, ten stories high, with cranes, owners' names, &c., marked Wine Stores, Flour Stores, Bonded Tobacco Warehouses, and so forth. The six sailors that were singing on the pier, no doubt are each admirals of as many fleets of a hundred sail, that bring wines and tobacco from all quarters of the world to fill these enormous warehouses. These dismal mausoleums, as vast as pyramids, are the places where the dead trade of Westport lies buried—a trade that, in its lifetime, probably was about as big as a mouse. Nor is this the first nor the hundredth place to be seen in this country, which sanguine builders have erected to accommodate an imaginary commerce. Millowners over-mill themselves, merchants over-warehouse themselves, squires over-castle themselves, little tradesmen about Dublin and the cities over-villa and over-gig themselves, and we hear sad tales about hereditary bondage and the accursed tyranny of England.

Commercial dealings at Cork are texts for our following extract.

That the city contains much wealth, is evidenced by the number of handsome villas round about it, where the rich merchants dwell; but the warehouses of the wealthy provision-merchants make no show to the stranger walking the streets: and of the retail-shops, if some are spacious and handsome, most look as if too big for the business carried on within. The want of ready money was quite curious. In three of the principal shops I purchased articles, and tendered a pound in exchange—not one of them had silver enough: and as for a five-pound note, which I presented at one of the topping booksellers, his boy went round to various places in vain, and finally set forth to the bank, where change was got. In another small shop I offered half-a-crown to pay for a sixpenny article—it was all the same. "Tim," says the good woman, "run out in a hurry and fetch the gentleman change." Two of the shopmen, seeing an Englishman, were very particular to tell me in what years they themselves had been in London. It seemed a merit in these gentlemen's eyes to have once dwelt in that city; and I see in the papers continually ladies advertising as governesses, and specifying particularly that they are "English ladies."

I received six 5*l.* Post-office orders: I called four times on as many different days at the Post-office before the capital could be forthcoming, getting on the third application 20*l.*, (after making a great clamour, and vowing that such things were unheard of in England,) and on the fourth call the remaining 10*l.* I saw poor people who may have come from the country with their orders, refused payment of an order of some 40*s.*; and a gentleman who tendered a pound-note in payment of a foreign letter, told to "leave his letter and pay some other time." Such things could not take place in the hundred and second city in England; and, as I do not pretend to doctrinize at all, I leave the reader to draw his own deductions with regard to the commercial condition and prosperity of the second city in Ireland.

But to return to a sample of characteristic character: a speaker in an inn, "dressed in deep black, worn however with that *dégagé* air peculiar to the votaries of Bacchus," and whose dashing black satin waistcoat which "generously disdained to be buttoned," called for its share of whiskey punch "that trickled from the chin above," is addressing a young English officer:—

"Sir," says he, "as I was telling you before this gentleman came in (from Westport, I preshume, sir, by the mail; and my service to you!), the butchers in Chume (Tuam)—where I live, and shall be happy to see you and give you a shake-down, a cut of mutton, and the use of as good a brace of pointers as ever you shot over—the butchers say to me whenever I look in at their shops, and ask for a joint of meat—they say: "Take down that quarter o'mutton, boy, IT'S NO USE WEIGHING IT for Mr. Bodkin. He can tell with an eye what's the weight of it to an ounce!" And so, sir, I can! and I'd make a bet to go into any market in Dublin, Tchume, Ballinasloe, where you please, and just by looking at the meat decide its weight."

Mr. Titmarsh warns all English to be on their guard against Irish whiskey. But we must not yet part with the orator who sported the black satin waistcoat.

The honest gentleman proceeded with his personal memoirs; and (with a charming modesty that authenticated his tale, while it interested his hearers for the teller) he called for a fresh tumbler, and began discoursing about horses. "Them I don't know," says he, confessing the fact at once, "or if I do, I've been always so unlucky with them that it's as good as if I didn't. To give you an idea of my ill-fortune: me brother-'n-law Burke sent me three colts of his to sell at this very fair of Ballinasloe; and, for all that I could do I could only get a bid for one of 'em, and sold her for sixteen pound. And d'ye know what that mare was, sir?" says Mr. Bodkin, giving a thump that made the spoon jump out of the punch-glass for fright,—"D'ye know who he was? she was Water-Wagtail, sir,—WATER-WAGTAIL! She won fourteen cups and plates in Ireland before she went to Liverpool; and you know what she did *there?*" (we said, oh! of course.) "Well, sir, the man who bought her from me sold her for four hundre' guineas; and in England she fetched eight hundre' pounds! Another of them very horses, gentlemen, (Tim, some hot water—screeching hot, you divil—and a sthroke of the limin)—another of them horses that I was refused fifteen pounds for, me brother-'n-law sould to Sir Rufford Bufford for a hundre'-and-fifty guineas Wasn't *that* luck? Well, sir, Sir Rufford gives Burke his bill at six months, and don't pay it when it come jue. A pretty pickle Tom Burke was in, as I leave ye to fancy, for he paid away the bill, which he thought as good as goold; and sure it ought to be, for Sir Rufford had come of age since the bill was drawn, and before it was due, and as I needn't tell you had slipped into a very handsome property. On the protest of the bill, Burke goes in a fury to Gresham's, in Sackville-street, where the baronet was living, and (would ye believe it?) the latter says he doesn't intend to meet the bill, on the score that he was a minor when he gave it. On which Burke was in such a rage, that he took a horsewhip, and vowed he'd beat the baronet to a jelly, and post him in

every club in Dublin, and publish every circumstance of the transaction." "It *does* seem rather a queer one," says one of Mr. Bodkin's hearers, "queer indeed; but that's not it, you see; for Sir Rufford is as honourable a man as ever lived; and after the quarrel he paid Burke his money, and they've been warm friends ever since—but what I want to show you is our infernal luck. *Three months before, Sir Rufford had sold that very horse for three hundre guineas.*"

Certainly we have met with this self-same worthy: he stands out distinctly in our mind's eye, and cannot be forgotten. Nor is there a particle of bitterness in the portaiture, although the exaggeration may be sharply true. Some of the sketches in these volumes indeed put one in love of the Irish. The ladies, for example, "appear to be full as well educated and refined, and far more frank and cordial, than the generality of the fair creatures on the other side of the Channel." Mr. M. did not hear anything about poetry, and only in one house met with an album. But he heard "some capital music, of an excellent family sort—that sort which is used, namely, to set young people dancing, which they have done merrily for some nights."

We have not treated our readers to anything of the landscape sort, bating what the ragged bearded genius of a guide uttered at the Seven Churches be taken as an exception. The fact is that Mr. T. has an eye more towards urban scenes and life than those of country, unless you go with him into the more frequented haunts, such as those offered by agricultural meetings and social occasions. Glendalough and its religious fanes may therefore detain us for a moment, affording a picture pretty in itself, and drawn in the artist's prettiest style. First of Irish scenery in the general, where the landscape is tender.

I think the Irish scenery just like the Irish melodies—sweet, wild, and sad even in the sunshine. You can neither represent one nor other by words; but I am sure if one could translate "The Meeting of the Waters" into form and colours, it would fall into the exact shape of a tender Irish landscape. So, take and play that tune upon your fiddle, and shut your eyes and muse a little, and you have the whole scene before you. I don't know if there is any tune about Glendalough: but if there be, it must be the most delicate, fantastic, fairy melody that ever was played.

There "is a little lake and little fords across it, surrounded by little mountains, and which lead you now to little islands where there are all sorts of fantastic little old chapels and graveyards; or again into little brakes and shrubberies where small rivers are crossing over little rocks, splashing and jumping, and singing as loud as ever they can."

There are seven churches, whereof the clergy must have been the smallest persons, and have had the smallest benefices and the littlest congregations

ever known. As for the Cathedral, what a bishoplet it must have been that presided there!—the place would hardly hold the Bishop of London, or Mr. Sidney Smith—two full-sized clergymen of these days—who would be sure to quarrel there for want of room, or for any other reason. There must have been a dean no bigger than Mr. Moore, and a chapter no bigger than that chapter in Tristram Shandy which does not contain a single word, and mere pop-guns of canons, and a beadle about as tall as Crofton Croker, to whip the little boys who were playing at taw (with peas) in the yard.

Somewhat in the landscape line are certain of the characteristics of the North as compared with the South.

The ride of ten miles from Armagh to Portadown was not the prettiest, but one of the pleasantest drives I have had in Ireland; for the country is well cultivated along the whole of the road, the trees in plenty, and villages and neat houses always in sight. The little farms, with their orchards and comfortable buildings, were as clean and trim as could be wished; they are mostly of one story, with long thatched roofs and shining windows, such as those that may be seen in Normandy and Picardy. As it was Sunday evening, all the people seemed to be abroad; some sauntering quietly down the roads—a pair of girls here and there pacing leisurely in a field—a little group seated under the trees of an orchard, which pretty adjunct to the farm is very common in this district; and the crop of apples seemed this year to be extremely plenty. The physiognomy of the people too has quite changed: the girls have their hair neatly braided up, not loose over their faces, as in the South; and not only are bare feet very rare, and stockings extremely neat and white, but I am sure I saw at least a dozen good silk gowns upon the women coming along the road, and scarcely one which was not clean and in good order. The men for the most part figured in jackets, caps, and trousers, eschewing the old well of a hat which covers the popular head at the other end of the island, the breeches, and the long ill-made tail-coat. The people's faces are sharp and neat; not broad, lazy, knowing-looking, like that of many a shambling Diogenes who may be seen lounging before his cabin in Cork or Kerry. As for the cabins, they have disappeared; and the houses of the people may rank decidedly as cottages. The accent, too, is quite different; but this is hard to describe in print. The people speak with a Scotch twang, and as I fancied, much more simply and to the point: a man gives you a downright answer, without any grin or joke, or attempt at flattery. To be sure, these are rather early days to begin to judge of national characteristics; and very likely the above distinctions have been drawn after profoundly studying a Nothern and a Southern waiter at the inn at Armagh.

Ere closing our paper, we have to state that neither of the North nor of the South,—we mean particularly at present, of Protestantism nor of Catholicism, as witnessed by Mr. T. in Ireland, do we receive a favourable impression. In one passage he tells us, he has had the pleasure of sitting under a minister in the northern division, "who insulted the very patron who gave him his living; discoursing upon the sinfulness of partridge shooting, and threatening hell-fire as the

last "meet" for fox-hunters; until the squire, one of the best and most charitable resident landlords in Ireland, was absolutely driven out of the church where his fathers had worshipped for hundreds of years, by the insults of this howling evangelical inquisitor."

The Bible, Boniface, and psalm-singing at Coleraine:—

The town of Coleraine, with a number of cabin suburbs belonging to it, lies picturesquely grouped on the Bann river; and the whole of the little city was echoing with psalms as I walked through it on the Sunday morning. The piety of the people seems remarkable: some of the inns even will not receive travellers on Sunday; and this is written in an hotel of which every room is provided with a Testament, containing an injunction on the part of the landlord to consider this world itself as only a passing abode. Is it well that Boniface should furnish his guests with Bibles as well as Bills, and sometimes shut his door on a traveller who has no other choice but to read it on a Sunday? I heard of a gentleman arriving from ship-board at Kilrush on a Sunday, when the pious hotel-keeper refused him admittance; and some more tales, which to go into would require the introduction of private names and circumstances, but would tend to show that the Protestant of the North is as much priest-ridden as the Catholic of the South,— priest and old-woman-ridden, for there are certain expounders of doctrine in our church, who are not, I believe, to be found in the church of Rome; and wo betide the stranger who comes to settle in these parts, if his "seriousness" be not satisfactory to the heads (with false fronts to most of them) of the congregations.

Lastly, of the Trappists, &c.

They have among themselves workmen to supply all their frugal wants, ghostly tailors and shoemakers, spiritual gardeners and bakers, working in silence, and serving Heaven after their way. If this reverend community, for fear of the opportunity of sinful talk, choose to hold their tongues, the next thing will be to cut them out altogether, and so render the danger impossible—if, being men of education and intelligence, they incline to turn butchers and cobblers, and smother their intellects by base and hard menial labour; who knows but one day a sect may be more pious still, and rejecting even butchery and bakery as savouring too much of worldly convenience and pride, take to a wild-beast life at once? Let us concede that suffering, and mental and bodily debasement, are the things most agreeable to Heaven, and there is no knowing where such piety may stop. I was very glad we had not time to see the grovelling place; and as for seeing shoes made or fields tilled by reverend amateurs, we can find cobblers and ploughboys to do the work better. By the way, the Quakers have set up in Ireland a sort of monkery of their own. Not far from Carlow we met a couple of cars drawn by white horses, and holding white Quakers and Quakeresses, in white hats, clothes, shoes, with wild maniacal-looking faces, bumping along the road. Let us hope that we may soon get a community of Fakeers and howling Dervises into the country. It would be a refreshing thing to see such ghostly men in one's travels, standing at the corners of roads, and praising the Lord by standing on one leg, or cutting and hacking themselves with knives

like the prophets of Baal. Is it not as pious for a man to deprive himself of his leg as of his tongue, and to disfigure his body with the gashes of a knife, as with the hideous white raiment of the illuminated Quakers?

ART. II.—*A History of the Life of Rhchard Cœur-de-Lion.* By G. P. R. JAMES, Esq. Vol. III. Saunders and Otley.

The first two volumes of this history were occupied chiefly with events that occurred during the reign of the second Henry. The book opened with an elaborate treatise on the feudal and chivalrous institutions of Europe in all their memorable bearings, and presenting a comprehensive view of the condition and annals of England from the times of the Conqueror to those of the father of the lion-hearted prince. To a work of the pretensions and extent of that before us, this treatise is a necessary preface to the life of Richard. Very little indeed is mentioned in the first volume, of Mr. James's hero; the purpose being to clear the way for a proper appreciation of his character, policy, and position, when he comes to figure in his rightful dimensions, and full development; the historian going carefully into every branch of his ample subject, and disdaining to be indebted to authority taken from mere compilers. The second volume entered into the biography of Cœur-de-Lion, with some minuteness, but still had to deal with the earlier and less brilliant periods of his history, a very large portion of the pages preceding those now before us, being devoted to the quarrel that arose between Henry and Thomas à Becket, and to the origin and progress from the beginning, of the Crusading wars; these prominent points and extraordinary epochs affording the historian an admirable opportunity for tracing the advancement of English commerce, municipal institutions, political enlargement, and national civilization. The second volume, in fact, conducted us no farther in the history of Richard and his times than the period of the capture of Antioch; and therefore can hardly be pronounced to have accomplished more in respect of his career, than to have prepared us for brilliant exploits and the glorious eclat with which chroniclers and romance writers have encircled and emblazoned his name. Nay, even volume the third, which concludes with the fall of Jerusalem, is but in a sense introductory to the portion of Richard's life which is chiefly contemplated in our times by popular readers, as well as by the devourers of fiction; and therefore we have to look forward to another contribution to the series of tomes, ere the effulgence and renown of the great champion of the Cross can be measured or adequately contemplated, and ere the completeness and harmony of the author's performance can be properly tested and appreciated.

With regard, however, to the historian's eventual and even early successful termination of a work which must be called great, whether

plan, scope, or execution be considered, a shadow of doubt need not remain on any mind. That Mr. James is singularly qualified for a triumphant performance of the kind, every person at all acquainted with this extraordinary voluminous writer will be ready to admit, before perusing a page of the work under review. Whether it be in the realms of fiction, or the more exacting sphere of sober and philosophical history, he has already approved himself to be one of the most industrious and painstaking authors that have ever written largely. His research is as unwearied as his knowledge with regard to the *where* and the *how* to prosecute his investigations is sufficient. For the enrichment and correction of all former histories of the life and era of Richard, he brings perhaps an unexampled familiarity with the annals of France; nor can we fail to add, without great injustice to him, that the present work earns eminent distinction, by the lights which he brings to bear upon its pages from the records that have been bequeathed by eastern as well as western writers. With regard to his capacity and habits for the delineation of character, for divining motives, or estimating results upon the minds and doings of his actors, not a word of criticism need now be uttered; for the reading world has years ago pronounced its verdict of applause. As little is it necessary to characterize the tenderness of fancy, the vigour of thought, or the constancy of intellectual and moral purpose that are displayed in all that he does ; strong and sustained pinions of imagination are perhaps not less essential to the historian who casts himself upon obscure periods, and strives to delineate personages who figured in rude times, than integrity of conduct in delivering the amount of the stray but real lights that have been collected, or fearless honesty in giving utterance to the opinions and spontaneous reflections that have arisen during the prosecution of the task. Dignity and purity of sentiment can be as ill dispensed with, as practised skill in unravelling knotty questions, whether these pertain to the actual in respect of human character or of historic events.

Perhaps there is no period and no name within the scope of authentic history that could offer such attractions to the more peculiar complexion and habits of Mr. James's mind, than those of Cœur-de-Lion; a mind not more addicted to trace the career of heroes and to mark their dazzling exploits, than nicely to discriminate between the glare and the substance, the false and the true. Were we required to suggest an obvious and readily-arrived-at test, in order to enable a total stranger to our author's previous productions to give judgment relative to his merits as a historical painter, we could not do better than at once to invite attention to the style of composition, and the manner of expressing himself, exhibited in the volume before us. We think it is not more manifest that he displays in these pages the judgment and taste of a master-artist, in suiting his language to the occasion, with a self-shaping ease,—be the requirement that of

clear and rapid narration, close yet considerate authoritativeness, chaste description, beautiful embellishments, and gorgeous colouring, or magnanimous appeals to the heart,—than it is that the traits which he developes are near to the truth, that the greatness he blazons is built upon sterling worth, that the lessons which he sets in array with the effectiveness of nature are for all times and all men's study. Hence it is that this history must take rank with those best esteemed for attractiveness and permanent value; that, in short, it will probably become the most distinguished piece in the workmanship of the pedestal of Mr. James's future fame, that has yet emanated from his head and hand, his imaginings and heart-feelings.

The few passages which we cite will not satisfy; but, we think, they will do something not less desirable on our part, viz., send a number of our readers not only to the volume itself from which these are taken, but to the perusal of the entire work. Take first Mr. James's vivid description,—but based most carefully on the information which he has collected with such exemplary scrupulousness,—of the emotions of the crusaders when the Holy City first burst upon their sight.

During their march from Archas, all the associations of the land had been crowding upon the imaginations of the pilgrims of the cross. The names of Ramula, Sidon, Emaus, had all awakened the memories of what had passed in those places in earlier days; and at the latter town, when they encamped for the evening, the host was joined by envoys from the Christians of Bethlehem, beseeching the leaders to send forward a body of men to protect that town from the threatened vengeance of the Saracens. Tancred was accordingly dispatched with a hundred lances, to give the assistance required, but during the whole of that night the host of the crusade knew no repose. The name of Bethlehem, Bethlehem! passed from mouth to mouth, recollections were awakened that banished sleep, all the enthusiasms of their nature were aroused, zeal and tenderness, and love and hope, and indignation, for that sweet religion which they all professed, scared away slumber from every eye; and some hours before darkness disappeared, the excitement became so great, that the army arrayed itself spontaneously, and began to move towards Jerusalem. It was a beautiful summer morning, we are told, in the month of June, and ere the great body of the crusade had proceeded many miles, the day broke in all the majesty of eastern light. They had just reached the summit of a gentle hill, when starting up with the rapidity which characterises the dawn of Syria, the sun rushed forth, and they beheld in the distance a rocky steep, crowned with towers, and walls, and domes, and minarets. "Jerusalem! Jerusalem!" became the cry throughout the army, as the object of all their toil, and labour, and strife, and suffering appeared before their eyes. All that they had endured up to that moment, weariness, thirst, famine, pestilence, and the sword, were forgotten in exceeding great joy, or only remembered to render that joy more ecstatic and overpowering. The effect could scarcely be borne: some laughed, some wept, some shouted "Hierosolyma!" some cast themselves on the ground, some fainted, and some died upon the spot.

We next quote a longer passage, carrying the reader to the walls of Jerusalem, in company with the conquering Saladin; and even into its sacred streets, to mingle and to sympathize with the besieged.

At the time when the defeat of Tiberiad became known in the Holy City, it contained few, if any, military defenders, and no leader of renown. But Balian of Ibelin, whose wife had taken refuge there, hastened from Tyre to convey her to a place of security, having obtained a safe conduct from Saladin for that purpose. He had given his promise, it would seem, not to remain in Jerusalem above one night, but the people of the city, rejoicing in the presence of so famous a commander, would not permit him to execute his engagement. The patriarch absolved him from his vow, and the citizens watched him so closely that it was impossible for him to quit the place. His high and chivalrous qualities had excited the admiration and even the friendship of Saladin, and when the Christian knight sent messengers to the Sultan, then under the walls of Ascalon, to explain his situation, and to entreat that his wife and children might be permitted to pass in safety to Tripoli, while he remained to defend Jerusalem, the Syrian monarch received his excuses as valid, and sent an Emir with a party of cavalry to escort the lady and her family to a place of safety.

The difficult task of holding out the city against the arms of Saladin was now confided to Balian of Ibelin, and the presence of a considerable party of Templars and Hospitallers encouraged the people, and gave them hope of successful resistance. As a constant friend and supporter of the count of Tripoli, however, Balian was not likely to be very popular with the Knights of the Temple or with the patriarch; and unsupported against a powerful faction, having no experienced nobles within the walls on whom he could rely, no knights on whose co-operation and valour he could depend, the Lord of Ibelin had recourse to an act of a very singular and extraordinary character. Choosing out fifty young men, the most promising and distinguished that he could find amongst the class of burghers, he knighted them for the defence of the Holy City. His next step was an endeavour to provide for the multitude of women and children which had taken refuge in the place; but so great were the numbers, that even after all had been done that was possible to lodge them in the houses, many were still obliged to sleep in the streets. The Queen Sybilla, indeed, with her train, received notice from Saladin that she might retire in safety to Naplouse, to which place he had sent her husband, Guy of Lusignan; and she accordingly quitted Jerusalem under a safe conduct from the Sultan; but none of the rest of the unfortunate fugitives dared to show their faces beyond the walls, round which the parties of Arabian horsemen were hovering night and day.

It is a lamentable, though perhaps not an extraordinary fact, that moments of great difficulty and danger generally bring dissension rather than concord; and such would appear to have been the case in Jerusalem at this time, the only resolution in which all the inhabitants seemed to unite being the determination of resisting to the last. From beneath the walls of Ascalon, Saladin summoned the Holy City to surrender, pointing out to the citizens that every post in the realm had fallen with the exception of Tyre and Carac,

considered by many the two strongest places in the land. The people of Jerusalem replied that by God's will they would defend it to the last; and Saladin then swore that if they drove him to take the city by storm, he would put the whole of the male inhabitants to the sword, and reduce the women to captivity. The Christians, however, remained undaunted; and as soon as he had obtained possession of Ascalon, the Sultan began his march towards Jerusalem. The mighty army by which he was accompanied, and the complete state of subjection to which he had reduced the neighbouring country, left little probability that a town crowded with inhabitants, and scantily supplied with provisions, torn with factions, and unsupported by any external allies, would be able to resist his arms. Nevertheless, by some Arabian accounts we find that Saladin hesitated, and that there were persons who attempted to dissuade him from the enterprise; while from every statement we learn that the Christians were full of resolution, if not of confidence. When his determination was once formed, however, the Sultan showed himself immovable therein; and on being told by an astrologer that he would take the city if he attempted it, but that it would cost him an eye, he replied, "Were it to cost me both I would take it."

Marching on then from Ascalon with the whole force of his mighty army, preceded by clouds of light horsemen, and displaying all the pomp of eastern war, the Sultan commenced his advance on Jerusalem, on Monday, the 21st of September, 1187, having employed less than three months in subjugating the whole country after the battle of Tiberiad. The first day he arrived at Beersheba, the second he paused at Bethlehem, and on the third his vast host looked forward upon Jerusalem from the hills by which it was surrounded. Joy and satisfaction took possession of the Mussulmans, and shouts of gratulation rent the sky as they beheld the city not less holy in their eyes than in the eyes of the Christians. At the same time, from the walls of Jerusalem might be seen the innumerable standards of the Mussulman host, yellow, white, and brown; their floating garments, their glittering arms, and their light Arabian chargers, amidst clouds of dust, which, to use the expression of the historian, "turned the light of the morning into the twilight of night." But the resolution of the Christian did not give way before the sight. The cry in the city, according to the account of Al Siuti, was, "Beneath the Sepulchre of our Lord we will die, and on account of the dread of its separation from us will we be strong. From it will we procrastinate the evil day, and towards the relics in the city and the sepulchre will we hasten. Wherefore shall we not fight? Wherefore not do battle in this quarrel?"

Here follows the description and an estimate of the character of Cœur-de-Lion.

Richard I., on his accession to the throne, was in the thirty-second year of his age, and endowed by nature with many high qualities of body and of mind. In person he was tall, strong, and active, long in the arms, straight and flexible in all his limbs, graceful of form, and peculiarly powerful in frame. His complexion was fair, his hair approaching red, but not exactly of the colour which is generally called so, and probably of the hue which we name auburn. No man, we are told, possessed more perfect symmetry, or more dignity of air and demeanour. He was famous for

every sort of martial exercise; and we find the wielding of the sword particularly named as an art in which he excelled at this period. His skill in war, too, had been proved upon various occasions; and that the arts of peace were also cultivated by him, is shown by the fact, that in his own day he obtained much celebrity in what was then called the gay science, or in other words, the composition of small and somewhat rude pieces of verse, the first effort of reviving poetry on the north of the Alps. Besides these qualities, Richard had displayed a degree of moderation and even gentleness in his dealings with all men since he had succeeded to the dominions of his father, which might have been expected, from the clemency which he had generally shown to his vanquished enemies, during the various struggles in Poitou and Aquitaine, but which seems to have taken his subjects by surprise, when, having unbounded power to chastise, he used it, but with two exceptions, to soothe, to recompense, or to forgive.

A dreadful passage in the history of the lion-hearted king.

Whether to gratify the zeal of his faithful subjects, or to guard against any of those acts of tumult and violence which sometimes took place when the wandering traders of the children of Israel were mixed with the Christians at any public ceremony, Richard had published a proclamation, forbidding the Jews, who were then very numerous in London, from entering the church or the precincts of the palace on the day of his coronation. Notwithstanding this prohibition, the Israelites, it would seem, were determined, either from motives of interest or curiosity, to enter the banquet hall, and witness the festivities which were going on. While the king was still at table, several of the Hebrew people, amongst whom was a wealthy Israelite named Benedict of York, passed the gates on the pretence of offering the king gifts on the occasion of his coronation; but as soon as they were perceived, the inferior persons who crowded the lower part of the hall, attacked and drove them out with blows, following them furiously into the space before the palace. Benedict, the Jew of York, was nearly killed upon the spot, and only saved from death by crying out that he wished to become a Christian; upon which he was baptized, apparently without any decent delay, by William, Prior of St. Mary's, of York. The crowd on the outside of the hall seeing the Israelites thus driven forth from the presence of the king, became possessed with the idea that it was by Richard's order they were attacked, and not content with striking them with the fist, caught up sticks and stones, killing several, and leaving others half dead upon the ground. The report spread like lightning through the city, that a general massacre of the Jews had commenced. It unfortunately happens, that in every great town multitudes are found ready to follow any example of mischief which may be given to them; crowds speedily collected in various parts of the capital, and pouring into the quarters in which the houses of the Jews were situated, commenced the work of pillage and murder in the most brutal and remorseless manner. Few were suffered to escape, but those who, having friends amongst the Christian population, were permitted to fly to their houses for shelter. Such was the mad rage of the excited people that the houses of the Hebrews were fired, even at the risk of burning the capital, a great part of which was then built of wood; and if we

may be permitted to form a conception from the writings of many of the contemporary monks and priests, what was their own conduct at at the time, it is probable that these abominable acts were, in most instances, countenanced and encouraged by the clergy. Nor was the offence confined to London alone. The news of the massacre of the Jews spread through the whole country with the rapidity and malignity of a pest. One city emulated another in rapine and violence; and it would seem that of all the great towns throughout the kingdom, Winchester alone displayed the true spirit of Christianity towards the unfortunate Israelites, for which lenity she is severely blamed by some of the contemporary historians.

Expensive frenzies were these same crusades. And what were the contrivances for equipping and maintaining the said mis-named *Holy Wars?* We copy out not merely an answer to the question, but something to convince the reader that the ingenuity of our living statesmen can hardly, on great emergencies, get out of the track of the dark ages.

In moments of great and pressing difficulty the same measures generally present themselves to all states, however different may be their habits and customs at other periods; and things that strike us as novelties, produced by the exigences of our own situation, will often be found upon the page of history, adopted by men under similar circumstances in various remote ages. At a general assembly of the nobles and people of the kingdom of Jerusalem, with the consent and approbation of the king, it was determined, in the imminent necessity of the time, to have recourse to a property and income tax. Assessors were appointed to estimate the property and income of each person in the realm; measures were taken to insure individuals against surcharge and afford them the power of appeal; the assessors were bound by oath not to reveal the secrets of any man's fortune, which they might discover in the execution of their duty: and the lower class were in some degree protected against the pressure of the tax. The impost was fixed at one per cent. upon property, and two per cent. upon income derived from ordinary revenues, [this included all revenues of landed proprietors, monasteries, churches, &c.] while those who laboured for their bread, and whose income was derived from pay or salary, were with justice imposed only to half the amount, though they were not absolutely exempted from bearing a share in the burdens of the state.

ART. III. *Austria: its Literary, Scientific, and Medical Institutions. With Notes upon the present state of Science, and a Guide to the Hospitals and Sanatory Establishments of Vienna.* By W. R WILDE. Longman.

MR. WILDE is a Licentiate of the Royal College of Surgeons, in Ireland, and may be known of the author of a very readable and informing work, of a professional character, entitled a "Narrative of a

Voyage to Madeira and the Mediterranean." In 1840 and 1841, he made a tour on the Continent, his main object being to visit the principal medical institutions, and to obtain that knowledge with regard to the modes and extent of study required, the manner in which the schools were conducted, and the various circumstances of the profession, which every person of liberal inquiry would naturally desire, and which to one of the *cloth* must be particularly interesting. The schools and the profession in Austria were the especial objects of Mr. Wilde's investigations, for, neither before he visited the country, nor after his return from it, could he meet with a book that lent him any information upon the points about which he felt so anxious. Having therefore set out to examine for himself, by reading whatever he could find in the laws and publications of the land, by personal inspection, and by oral inquiry, that bore upon his purpose, he proceeded to put his notes into such a shape as would have been most welcome for his own guidance when he commenced his tour, and which, of course, will be highly serviceable to all future medical travellers to Austria and the imperial city of Vienna.

As a guide book, indeed, this volume is particularly full and satisfying; although to the general reader many parts present subjects and details that are not of the most inviting nature; their dryness being in some degree heightened by the statistical precision with which they are conveyed. But one of the most important *desiderata* will be discovered in these pages, viz. the proofs of earnest and personal examination, by an individual competent for the due performance of the task, and who has overlooked no accessible source of information necessary to the fulfilment of his purpose. To every one in our own country who takes an interest in the progress of science, medical study, and practical eminence; or who contemplates reform in the schools; and especially to all who may take an active share in legislating for the improvement of these institutions, and the elevation of the profession,—Mr. Wilde's book is clearly a valuable suggestive work. It is true that Austria is not celebrated for its science and literature in any department; this *mediocre* condition being attributed to the want of patronage on the part of the *paternal despotism*, and the practical character of the Government. The regulations for study, and the qualifications demanded, as laid down by authority, are excellent, and, according to the letter, might be with certain modifications, most advantageously adopted in Great Britain. But then, those inducements are wanting that give an impulse, or offer a tempting scope for the enterprise of original genius, and that would not only lead to great discoveries, but would animate the entire profession with a high and progressive spirit. Every thing in Austria must be done by rule, and according to the measure meted out by Imperial will; and so long as the thing goes on in its regular, level, soberly working style, the utmost is attained that is desired; so that an era

closes pretty nearly just as it commenced. We quote a statement descriptive of the grades of the Austrian medical profession.

As it now stands, the medical profession in Austria is divided into the first class physicians and first-class surgeons (*Doctoren der Meditzin und Chirurgie*); the town and country surgeons (*Civil und Land Wundärzte*)—analogous to the general practitioners in Great Britain; those who practice specialities, as accouchers, (*Geburtshilfer,*) oculists, (*Augenärzte,*) dentists, (*Zahnärzte*): the *Pharmaceurs*, who are divided into the apothecaries, (*Apotheker,*) and the doctors of chemistry, (*Doctoren der Chemie*); and lastly, the veterinary surgeons, (*Thierärzte*)—a class very superior to any other of a similar calling in Europe, and a large portion of whom are at the same time physicians and surgeons of the first grade. The veterinary college and hospital now form a portion of the university direction, and come under the general oversight of the medico-chirurgical faculty. In addition to the above, there are a certain number of educated licensed midwifes, (*Hebammen*), as shall be explained in describing the obstetric clinique of the general hospital. Each of these classes undergoes a certain fixed course of study.

The fixed course of study for each of these classes is very extensive and well arranged; the routine of subjects being not only accurately defined, but the student is obliged strictly to adhere to them in the manner and according to the order marked out by the board of medical directions. Mr. Wilde proceeds to recommend the adoption of a similar system of study and exaction in this country:

I cannot too strongly admire and recommend this practice, more especially as it is one whose adoption in Great Britain would be a vast improvement in the present system of medical education there. In England, with few exceptions, (and even in those exceptions the kind of instruction is very meagre,) there is little or no preparatory education required by the different colleges and licensing bodies. The student is at perfect liberty to choose what lectures, and how many, he will first attend; the object not being how he can best prepare his mind, by initiatory degrees, for the more mature branches of study, but how he can soonest, easiest, and cheapest, become possessed of the *certificates of attendance* upon these lectures; a large majority of which said lectures he has never heard, nay, may never have seen the lecturer till he comes to purchase from him the necessary certificate. There being no tests required as to his knowledge of any of the subjects he is *supposed* to study till the hour of his examination, (still some years distant,) a great number of them have never cost him an hour's thought or reading; and when this examination does arrive, the chances that he is never asked a question except upon anatomy and surgery, and a little physiology, are, in the chief licensing institutions in Great Britain, so slight as almost to amount to a certainty. Again, in the order (if the term can be so applied) of these studies, what difficulties do not hourly present themselves in the student's path. Hospitals and practical subjects are attended to long before their theory has ever been learned. Here the pupil really *walks* the hospital without acquiring a definite knowledge of any one thing; he witnesses ope-

rations of which he neither understands the rationale nor the cause, except by his grinder, during a few months' hard study prior to his examination; the result of which more frequently depends upon his memory than his practical knowledge; he is never once called upon to test or exercise his acquirements until the hour before he receives a license to practice, and too frequently he finds, at the conclusion of his studies, that he has begun at the wrong end. As matters now stand in this country, this is not the student's fault, but the fault of those who have, or ought to have, the direction of his studies and pursuits. The contrast with Austria, and the medical schools of the Continent generally, may be learned by an examination of the programme of the different lectures.

In the Austrian system of division of science and labour, the department of Pharmacy seems to be particularly worthy of notice:—

There is no division of medical science in Austria that is better managed, or that might with greater advantage be imitated in many respects by ourselves, than that of pharmacy, for it is there studied and practised as a separate and distinct branch of knowledge; the apothecary neither aspiring to the character of a medical practitioner on the one hand, nor descending to the trade of a druggist or retail grocer on the other. There, the apothecary is solely a compounder of physicians' and surgeons' prescriptions. He dare not, under the severest penalties, prescribe even the most simple remedies, nor perform the most insignificant surgical operations; nay, more, he cannot sell a dose of physic without the written order of a physician or surgeon who is recognised by the university of his country. Under this order of things, the prescriber and the taker of medicine have the advantage of having that medicine accurately compounded by a properly-educated pharmacean, whose whole time and ability are devoted to the subject. Only a certain fixed number of apothecaries are permitted to dispense and sell medicine in the empire: in Vienna the number is limited to forty, and never varies; for the *Apotheke*, or shop, like the title of monarchy, never dies, but merely changes masters. These establishments are known by their signs, and not by the names of their owners: who may be, and often are, widows of apothecaries, or merely tenants of the relatives or executors of such. The apothecary has no connexion whatever with the patient: he never leaves his shop to apply his remedies or perform the minor operations of surgery, such as bleeding, cupping, leeching, &c., as with us; these being, as I have shown, the exclusive province of the *Wundärzt*. Each medicine has a certain stated price fixed by authority, and marked in the pharmacopœia and medical tax-book, so that no exorbitant demand can possibly be made; and, as has been already stated, no apothecary dare, under a heavy penalty, compound the prescription of any medical man whose name is not set forth in the printed list of authorised practitioners. The poor of this country being everywhere so well provided for by the state, the great number of hospitals that exist, and the smallness of the fees received by the practitioner, enabling the middle classes to procure proper medical advice, render unnecessary the system of self-doctoring or quack-doctoring, in use in Great Britain. The department of pharmacy consists of doctors of chemistry and master apothecaries; and these latter are again subdivided into the *Apo-*

theker, who is *bona fide* possessor of a shop, the *Pächter*, or tenant who hires such of an apothecary or his relatives, and the *Provisor*, who is a dispenser employed by an apothecary unable to manage his own concerns, or by his widow or friends, &c.; and, finally, the *Gehülfe*, or journeyman employed under any of these. No apothecary or doctor of chemistry can hold two establishments.

And the following are some of the principal rules concerning the duties of apothecaries, and the sale as well as composition of medicines:—

All poisons are required to be kept under lock and key, and can only be compounded by the head of the establishment. All powerful medicines, as emetics, drastic purges, strong mercurial compounds, and narcotics, and all the preparations marked thus + in the tax-book, are not permitted to be sold without the recipe of an authorised practitioner. No apothecary dare, under the severest penalties, alter any item in a prescription. It is likewise set forth in the regulations, that unless the prescription is clearly written, and the apothecary fully understands it, he is forbidden to compound it. On the death, sickness, or absence of an apothecary, the director sends a provisor at once to fill his place: until such is done, no medicine can be sold or compounded in the establishment. Apothecaries known to sell medicines that *might* procure abortion, without the order of a physician, are punished in the severest manner.

In the remote and country parts of Austria there are but few apothecaries; for, not being allowed to prescribe or practise themselves, and the law permitting their selling but a few simples without a written order, they are almost wholly dependent on the medical practitioner. In such places where both exist, the apothecary dispenses the medicines ordered by the practitioner for the poor of the neighbourhood; his accounts are audited and taxed according to the printed tariff at the end of the year, and he is paid by the local civil authorities.

But it would be impossible to institute similar stringencies and restrictions in Great Britain. Equally impracticable would be the attempt to regulate by act of parliament the fees to be paid to the doctor. This, however, is done in many instances to a nicety in the Austrian dominions:—

The usual fee to a doctor of medicine or surgery is a *Gulden münz* (two shillings) for each visit; but this sum varies according to the business or the celebrity of the practitioners, to a ducat or even more. The consultation fee is always a ducat. (A ducat is about 9*s.* 6*d.*) The law makes strict provision for the remuneration of medical men: in posthumous cases the physician and the apothecary take precedence in this respect of the relatives and legatees. The highest sum made by any physician or surgeon in Vienna is from fifty to sixty thousand florins a year. (About 3,000*l.*)

The general practitioner also has his fees and duties particularly defined for his guidance.

These practitioners are remunerated according to a regular scale of fees—thus, for bleeding, ten to seventeen kreutzers (a farthing is the nearest English coin to the kreutzer;) for dressing a flesh wound, twenty-four kreutzers; if the wound be of any magnitude, forty-five kreutzers; for the whole attendance on such, from one to two florins in the country, and fifteen to twenty kreutzers in towns; for fractures or lacerated wounds, or injuries of the head, the fees are greater, and also for the general attendance on fractures, &c., as well as for the operation of trepanning,—the latter being, by the medical laws of Austria, within the province of persons who are not permitted to prescribe a dose of medicine! If a fire occurs in the neighbourhood, the *Wundärzt* in whose district it happens is obliged to attend, to be prepared for any accidents that may take place; and in case of the appearance of epidemics, he is obliged immediately to notify such to the head physician and the Local Government office.

The number of these general practitioners in each district is not only limited, but none others are permitted to locate themselves in it, without a special license from the Government; that is, unless the inhabitants of the place desire it.

Each *Wundärzt* has under his care a certain number of villages, and no other surgeon is allowed to encroach upon his walk, unless sent for by the desire of the patient. Unless the *Wundärzt* belongs to the *Gremium* he is not permitted to keep an *Officin*, or shop, nor to hang out his sign; and he is forbidden to treat any internal disease if there is a physician in his district. Circumscribed as is his practice, yet he enjoys an immunity from all quacks, who are punished with six months' imprisonment for every offence; and physicians are not allowed to bleed, cup, or in any way interfere with the province of the *Wundärzt*. If there is not an apothecary within one hour's ride of his residence, then the *Wundärzt* is permitted to compound and sell a certan limited quantity of medicine.

Perhaps the most novel features in the Austrian medical institutions for the contemplation of British readers, are connected with the lying-in hospitals. The following extraordinary particulars are detailed, relative to the institution at Vienna.

Pregnant women of all grades and of every religious persuasion can avail themselves of the advantages of this asylum: the poor and destitute are admitted gratis, and the rich by paying a certain stated sum: thus it is well adapted to the circumstances of all classes, where poverty and necessity, or where fear and a desire of secrecy induce such to apply for refuge therein, during their hour of trial. Here every comfort is supplied—no visiter can intrude, no law affect, and no authority reach its inmates; nay, more, the very fact of their having been delivered there is inadmissible either as documentary or personal evidence in a court of justice. The whole institution is divided into two great divisions, the paying and non-paying. The former is perfectly distinct from the latter, and consists of three classes: to the first, or highest class, are allotted five neat, well-furnished, and secluded chambers, perfectly distinct and separate from each other, and from the rest of the

establishment: they are guarded with the greatest strictness, and are inaccessible to all but the attendant physician, and if necessary the nurse. Each of these is occupied by one person alone, who pays one florin, twenty kreutzers, or about two shillings and eightpence daily for its use. These are said to be for the young ladies of the Imperial city; and are, I have been credibly informed, sometimes the resort of females from among the highest circles of society.

Then with regard to the system of secrecy here practised, the security even against the vigilance and prying eyes of the police, and the encouragement afforded to the lax in morals, be the grade what it may to which the female applicant belongs, who seeks for the shelter and assistance of the lying-in establishment:

Not only in the first, but in all the three paying classes, no admission is permitted; none are allowed on any pretext whatever to enter therein, except the immediate attendants; and besides this, the localities of this part are so arranged as to secure those residing therein from the gaze of the curious. The principle of secrecy is imposed as one of the strictest duties on all those in any way engaged in the institution. Should a female desert her family and take shelter here, the vigilance of the police or the inquiries of her friends may trace her to the door of the *Gebäranstalt*, but no further. Here the executive enters not: such is the law, that not only is a father, or a husband denied an entrance, but he cannot, as has been already observed, receive from the records of the hospital, or any one connected therewith, any testimony of her reception or delivery. Indeed, in many instances, and in almost all the cases occurring among the first or highest class, such evidence could not possibly be obtained; as a female may enter, accomplish her delivery, and depart from the hospital, without her name being known, or even her face seen by the physician or any of the attendants. The entrance into these paying wards is not the same as that leading into the general hospital, but by a private way, ending in a small *cul-de-sac*, that runs between the ancient Spanish cloister and an adjoining barrack; and as it is forbidden to have any windows looking into this lane, persons approaching that way are perfectly secure from observation. At the end of this *cul-de-sac* there is one small door, with a bell attached to it; a porter remains at the entrance day and night, and conducts the persons requiring admission to whatever apartment or division they require or their means afford. Persons are allowed to appear masked, veiled, or otherwise disguised; they may enter at any time previous to their delivery, and remain as long as they wish; they may carry their infants away with them, or send them to the foundling hospital through the medical attendant. The names and address of persons admitted into this division are not required; but each female must write her name and residence upon a billet which she seals, and on the back of which the physician inscribes the number of the room and bed she occupies. This ticket is then placed in a small locked-up cabinet beside her bed, and at her departure it is returned to her unopened; its object being, that in case of her death the institution may inform her friends, or be able to produce this testimony of her decease on the demand of her relations, or the police.

Females entering the first class departments of this division are not required to apply to the porter in the usual manner, but may, if they wish, go to the apartments of the attending accoucheur direct, who will conduct them to their appointed chamber; and with similar secrecy and precaution they may go out. The rooms of this class are likewise provided with cradles and every necessary comfort. Here the patient is permitted to bring her own servants and linen if she desire it; or she can be supplied from the stores of the hospital with every such requisite, &c. Without her own desire, no one except the doctor, not even a nurse or midwife, is allowed to enter her chamber; and in case of severe illness, she is at liberty to call in another physician along with the usual house-attendant. In the year 1840, twenty-two females were delivered in this part of the establishment.

Illegitimate births are exceedingly numerous throughout the Austrian dominions; but especially in Vienna, where not much short of the half is the proportion; and this, it would appear, countenanced and encouraged by the Government. But what end can there be imagined for a policy which involves such a social laxity and so many grievous evils? Mr. Wilde's answer is, "the Austrian state, whose political web extends not only into the paths of literature and science, but sends its far-stretching fibres into every domestic circle in the land, has an object in thus countenancing illegitimacy—it is that of "*checking over-population;* as those who are informed upon the subject of population well know it has the power to do, by decreasing the number of births and increasing the infantile mortality." Such, says our author, is the purport of the information he received on the subject, and such he believes is the true solution of the anomalous policy described. But whatever may be thought of the immorality or inexpediency of the doctrine, or of the enormity deliberately perpetrated by the Austrian state, the volume in which we have found these things detailed, furnishes such a clear and precise account of professional regulations as may very considerably assist our own ministry in framing their measures of medical reform.

Mr. Wilde has enlivened his book with sketches of the more distinguished practitioners of Vienna, and notices of their methods.

ART. IV.—*George Selwyn and his Contemporaries, with Memoir and Notes.* By J. H. JESSE. 2 Vols. Bentley.

SELWYN, it appears, was born in 1719, and was the son of a gentleman at Ludgershall, who returned to Parliament a member for that borough. George was therefore an aristocrat by birth and breeding. He was at Eton with Gray and Walpole; went to Oxford, but was expelled on account of some irregularity, yet not unfitting a youth of gaiety, according to the class notions of the day; entered the House of Commons; and enjoyed several places of a sinecure nature,

such as Clerk of the Irons in the Mint, Registrar of the Court of Chancery in Barbadoes, and Surveyor-general of the Crown lands.

Selwyn was a wit, a man of pleasure and polish, the associate and favourite of the leaders of fashion about town, and several of the *celebrities* in a better sense; a devoted frequenter of the gaming-table; of great good-nature, and not without his amiable points, such as a remarkable fondness for children. But his life and character exhibited some strange contradictions.

With brilliant wit, a quick perception of the ridiculous, and a thorough knowledge of the world and human nature, he united classical knowledge and a taste for the fine arts. To these qualities may be added others of a very contradictory nature. With a thorough enjoyment of the pleasures of society, an imperturbable good-humour, a kind heart, and a passionate fondness for children, he united a morbid interest in the details of human suffering, and, more especially, a taste for witnessing criminal executions. Not only was he a constant frequenter of such scenes of horror, but all the details of crime, the private history of the criminal, his demeanour at his trial, in the dungeon, and on the scaffold, and the state of his feelings in the hour of death and degradation, were to Selwyn matters of the deepest and most extraordinary interest. Even the most frightful particulars relating to suicide and murder; the investigation of the disfigured corpse, the sight of an acquaintance lying in his shroud, seem to have afforded him a painful and unaccountable pleasure. When the first Lord Holland was on his death-bed, he was told that Selwyn, who had long lived on terms of the closest intimacy with him, had called to enquire after his health. "The next time Mr. Selwyn calls," he said, "show him up:—if I am alive I shall be delighted to see him, and if I am dead he will be glad to see me."

There are but very few features or passages in Selwyn's own life that can be regarded as worthy of recording; and it is almost solely as the correspondent of persons more or less celebrated, some of them being of notorious repute, that he is to be regarded,—as the recipient and careful custodier of whatever letters were addressed to him, even down to the most trifling notes and unimportant memoranda. This mass of documents forms the materials over which Mr. Jesse's editorial knowledge and judgment have presided; the business of arrangement in chronological order, of suppressing such passages as might give offence to the living, and of inserting those notes and brief biographical particulars deemed necessary in the way of information and illustration for the benefit of the general reader, being the extent of his undertaking.

Perhaps the most remarkable particulars in Selwyn's life are those of which we are immediately to take notice; and even these require to be combined with certain facts to which reference has already been made, before they can amount to what is deserving of remembrance even in the shape of anecdote. We have heard that he was passionately fond of children. Add to this the following statement:—

The last years of Selwyn's life were enlivened by the society of an interesting child, whom he adopted as his daughter, and who resided under his roof. That child was Maria Fagniani, the reputed daughter of the Marquis and Marchioness Fagniani. It would be a false affectation of delicacy, were we to pass over in complete silence the mysterious reports respecting the true parentage of Selwyn's infantine charge, which at the period were in common circulation. According to general rumour, the Duke of Queensberry and George Selwyn each believed himself to be the father of the child; and the impression that such was the fact was rendered still stronger, when the Duke of Queensberry subsequently bequeathed her the sum of 150,000*l.*, besides other property, and George Selwyn the sum of 33,000*l.* As the writer of the present memoir has had access to Selwyn's most private papers, it might be expected that he would be enabled to clear up the difficulty; however, though there are passages which unquestionably lend weight to the supposition that either the Duke of Queensberry or Selwyn was father of the child,—or rather that each severally believed himself to be so,—yet in fact, there is far from being certain proof that such was really the case.

Although addicted to the gaming-table, at least this one thing is clear, that he could not have been a deep loser; and should any of our readers feel very curious to know what became of the adopted Maria Fagniani, who benefited so amply by Selwyn's savings, and still more largely by the bequest of the Duke of Queensberry, our answer is, that we have Mr. Jesse's word for saying that she became Marchioness of Hertford.

With regard to Selwyn's wit, neither the memoir nor the correspondence affords any means of forming a high estimate. Mr. Jesse himself observes, that no task can be more unsatisfactory than that of collecting the scattered *bon mots* of a man of professed wit, with a view to prove that his reputation is well deserved; for that many of his best sayings have probably been lost; others, perhaps, have suffered in the repetition; and, besides, the charm of manner, which must have greatly enhanced their value at the moment when they first sparkled, can now only be taken on credit. "The manner which Selwyn more especially gave utterance to the workings of his fancy, is said to have been distinguished by a ludicrous gravity of voice and countenance which never failed to excite laughter in every one but himself." We quote a specimen or two.

Soon after the celebrated coalition between Fox and Lord North, the former was boasting at Brookes's of the advantageous peace he had ratified with France, adding, that he had at length prevailed on the Court of Versailles to relinquish all pretensions to the gum trade in favour of Great Britain. Selwyn, who was present, and to all appearance asleep in his chair, immediately exclaimed, "That, Charles, I am not at all surprised at, for having permitted the French to draw your *teeth*, they would be indeed d——d fools to quarrel with you about your *gums*." When the affairs of Charles Fox were in their more than usually embarrassed state, his friends raised a subscription among themselves for his relief. One of them remarking, that

it would require some delicacy in breaking the matter to him, and adding that, "he wondered how Fox would take it."—"Take it?" interrupted Selwyn, "why, *quarterly*, to be sure."

Selwyn took the duties of a representative in the House after the easiest fashion. In fact, his attendance was most irregular, sporting his person nearly as frequently in the capital of France, as in the Chapel of St. Stephen's. Says Mr. Jesse,—

The only anecdote, indeed, which we possess of his conduct in Parliament was his habit of amusing the House, during a long debate, by snoring in unison with the first minister, Lord North. At the time when Burke was wearying his hearers by those long speeches, which obtained for him the name of the "Dinner-bell," a nobleman (who is still living, and who sat in the House of Commons with Selwyn) happened to be entering the House just as Selwyn was quitting it. "Is the house up?" was the inquiry. "No, but Burke is."

Numerous, of course, were George Selwyn's correspondents; but, with few exceptions, the letters are remarkably destitute of everything having a grave character, or real importance. Trifles, frivolities, aristocratic vices, and the every-day sayings and doings of men of fashion and rank, constitute the staple of these volumes. To be sure there are names of note attached to a considerable portion of the collection; but scarcely ever but on matters of the most familiar nature, or in a manner that is to a degree sportive and playful; gracefulness, the unaffected ease of good breeding, and the sort of dignity that results from conscious elegance, generally characterizing the epistles. Classical education, the display of natural abilities, and an established repute, frequently contribute to the reader's pleasure; although, we regret to have it to remark, that vice is thus in very many instances softened, if not made alluring in these letters; that selfishness and want of principle are shown to have been regarded as things of course, and quite compatible with respectability; and that the entire tone of the grandee-society of the bygone age, has the opposite tendency of elevating human nature, of giving an impulse to civilization, or of producing a healthy and life-breathing refinement of thought and expression.

However barren Selwyn's history may be of events that can by themselves figure as landmarks in any important relationship, or that can even stand out prominently in a personal sense; nay, although his correspondents for the most part as they appear in the pages before us, must have stood distinguished as the primest of triflers, and the pink of the unoccupied flutterers in the metropolis, at a period too when frivolity, heartlessness, and privileged vice scorned to be schooled by sacred authority, and would have held in still deeper contempt the utterances of the million, had it entered the heads of the masses to give expression to their judgment of right and wrong, regardless of the rank and pretensions of the objects of their vigilance and verdict,

—still, George Selwyn and his Contemporaries furnish us with tests whereby to form judgments that take a wide stretch, and that guide to facts and views of great moment when endeavouring to arrive at a just estimate of the manners and the characters of the foregone age.

First of all, it is to be remarked, the parties and personages who figure in the present pages, may be regarded as the representatives of the British aristocratic body, especially the branch of it that made the capital of the empire their head-quarters; or, to describe the scene and subjects of action by another form of expression, who looked upon themselves as the custodiers and distributors of political power and party influence. Now, although the present letters may not often treat with much regard to gravity, of the questions or persons that one would expect to hear of in the correspondence of parliament-men and other public characters, yet they,—as being the unpremeditated utterances of the writers' minds, communicated in perfect private confidence, without the remotest idea that what was said would ever appear in print,—betray in many significant ways the spirit and pressure of the period. And how different from the tone and the form of the present were the conditions and the modes of thinking that characterized an age not further removed from that in which we live than the era of the fathers of many who are still active, and who must take a keen interest in whatever affords them the means of instituting comparisons relative to persons and dates that are separated by narrow intervals, but that are also remarkably dissimilar in a multitude of respects.

Let it merely be borne in mind that the French Revolution intervened, and then it will be instantly accorded that wonderful must be the change and the contrasts that mark the era of George Selwyn, when it is arrayed in parallelism with our own. Just reflect on the utter disregard shown, by unmistakable intimations in these letters, to popular rights as well as popular sentiments, three quarters of a century ago—on the dormancy of the democratic principle, on the quiessence of the middling classes,—on the total want of movements and lights to declare that the working people had entered upon a transition process, and would ere long force the proudest of the lordlings to respect their intelligence, to feel the approach of their influence, and to make exertions of a nature akin to theirs, to maintain a supremacy. The day has in fact arrived when aristocracy finds itself obliged to keep in advance of even the working classes by some surer and more exacting distinctions than those which mere wealth and birth can support,—by some more comely and sterling exhibitions than those of gilded vice and privileged pleasures. Business and business-habits are no longer sneered at by our *noblesse;* and, however reluctantly, both by deed and word,—by profession, at least, in legislative assemblies,—and in private bearing, the titled of the land are now forward to prove that their highest and most

constant endeavours regard the well-being of the masses, have a respect towards the fullest development of their minds, the permanent bettering of their condition, and the most enlightened method of enlarging the sphere of their rights.

While, however, one cannot but be led to reflect on the contrasts which the two eras present, in regard to the manners and character of the aristocracy; and while it must be confessed that a vast transition has not only taken place in the attitude of the middling and working classes, but in the profession of the privileged and ennobled, promising something like the eventual realization of the supremacy of mental greatness and moral worth, no matter what be the rank in artificial life to which the highest exhibitions of these qualities belong, yet it is equally certain that the age of George Selwyn was distinguished on the part of men who were the observed of all observers, who had hold of the public ear, by far less affectation, and more real grace of manner at least than the material and utilitarian present. Nay, the easy, and what one might almost term the perfectly natural refinement which characterizes the letters of the men of pleasure in the volumes before us, was of such a sort as frequently to lend a grace to vice, and to make what was essentially gross appear shorn of half its offensiveness. We leave it to each considerate reader to say for himself which state and manner of society should be preferred; whether that of gilded profligacy and witty laughter at an exacting code of morals, or that in which there is vulgar pretension and a feigned sincerity?

Having handed over for the decision of others a question of importance, and one too which ought to be followed by an anxious regard to the future and the fashion of its development either for better or for worse, we proceed to lay before our readers a few extracts in which distinct traits of character may be observed, or indications of manners and sentiments which no longer exist, or no longer are avowed. Just think, for example, of the contempt and the ridicule which the landed aristocracy of Selwyn's days harboured towards mere men of mercantile business and of manufacturing greatness. Steam and trading enterprise had not as yet begun to shoulder out of the political field your men of ancient family; hereditary wisdom had not listened with bitterness and helpless fury to the arguments which maintain that the doctrine of a lord doing what he likes with his own, even were it as a great boroughmonger, was execrable. The first of the following passages relates to a contest for the city of Gloucester, which a timber-merchant was hardy enough to undertake in opposition to Selwyn:—

I am heartily sorry, my dear George, that this d—d carpenter has made matters so serious with you; but in the end it will only make your return more expensive to you. However, let your confusion be ever so great, it is composure to the city of London. Wilkes is at the head of a thousand

people, a declared candidate, and the bets in Change Alley, whether he will succeed or no, make another regular stock, and find as much employment for the brokers as ever the India business did. To day they gave sixty to return one hundred if he was elected. Mackereth was in the Alley, and had various negotiations.

Again, and having a reference also to *squinting* Wilkes, as designated by the aristocratic writer, against whom it is declared "it is scarce safe to go the other side of Temple Bar:"

I have nothing to say, my dear George, but to wish you joy on being safely landed. Wilkes succeeds just as you wished him to do. To-day he is one hundred and seventy-two, while all the others are between five and six hundred. I believe the opposition was nibbling at this precious child to see what could be made of him, and now he is——, they will leave him so. The mob of both cities, [Gloucester and London] equally drunk, insulted his Majesty last night with "Wilkes for ever, and no Jack Bute!" but it is all English liberty, at which the foreigners stare, but the natives perfectly understand. They have all been to see what they call the Election, and some of them stood up on the hustings by Wilkes himself. If Lauraguais had been here, I am not certain that he would not have proposed himself a candidate, and with almost as good pretensions as the other. Indeed, my dear George, I received a very great pleasure from your note of yesterday. I hope you gave the carpenter a duster in his retreat, which will teach him not to be so frolicsome for the future. I hear he was tempted by Leadbeater's men, who had often found you napping on great occasions in the middle of your constituents. Is not this a proper time to mark Alderman Harris's services to you with something lucrative from the D. of Grafton? I believe he would join with me, that some such thing would be a great encouragement to your friends.

And Lord Carlisle thus writes with a jocular contempt:—

I was very sorry to find by your last you had an opposition at Gloucester. Why did you not set his timber-yard a fire? What can a man mean, who had not an idea separated from the foot-square of a Norway deal plank, by desiring to be in Parliament? Perhaps, if you could have got any body to have asked him his reasons for such an unnatural attempt, the fact of his being unable to answer what he had never thought about, might have made him desist. But these beasts are monstrously obstinate, and about as well bred as the great dogs they keep in their yards. But I hope to hear soon that you have chained this animal, and prevented him from doing you much harm.

Hear next how triflingly Selwyn and his friends contrived to spend their days and nights, and with what minuteness their labours are recorded:—

I am just got home from a cock match, where I have won *forty pounds* in ready money; and, not having dined, am waiting till I hear the rattle of the coaches from the House of Commons, in order to dine at White's; and now

I will begin my journal, for in that style I believe my letters will be best received, considering our situations. I held my resolution of not going to the Ridotto till past three o'clock; when, finding nobody was willing to sit any longer but Boone, who was not able, I took, as I thought, the best of two evils, and so went there rather than to bed, but found it so infinitely dull that I retired in half an hour. The next morning I heard there had been extreme deep play, and that Harry Furnese went drunk from White's at six o'clock, and won the *dear memorable* sum of one thousand guineas. He won the chief part of Doneraile and Bob Bertie. * * *

I supped that night, *tête à tête* with Metham, who was d—d angry with Hubby Bubby for having invited all the Musquetaires to supper but him. He went to sleep at twelve, and I to White's, where I stayed till six. Sunday I dined out of town, at Chelsea College, with Mr. Winnington and Mr. Townshend, whom I think a good agreeable man. Yesterday I spent good part of the day with my Lord Coke at a cock-match, and went, towards the latter end of Quin's benefit, to Marianne, where I found he had not greatly pleased.

We shall here quote a note of some value in a theatrical sense, and relative to Garrick's failure in the character of Othello:—

Determined to judge for himself, in regard to the merits of Garrick's acting, Quin, on the night on which his rival was announced to perform Othello, secured himself a place in the pit of the rival theatre. About this period had been published Hogarth's famous prints of "Marriage à la Mode," in one of which, it will be remembered, is introduced a negro foot-boy entering the apartment with a tea-equipage. To the quick fancy of Quin, (naturally on the watch to turn his rival into ridicule,) it may readily be imagined that there appeared a ludicrous similarity between the appearance of the foot-boy and the blackened face and diminutive figure of Garrick. Accordingly, when the latter made his re-appearance in the third or fourth act, Quin suddenly exclaimed, loud enough to afford amusement to half the pit, "Here is Pompey, but where are the tea-things?"

Perhaps none of the letters in the present volumes convey a clearer idea of the social laxity of the pleasure-seeking aristocracy of Selwyn's era, than those of the notorious Lord March, afterwards Duke of Queensberry, who must have found the worthy George a capital negotiator; the business upon which he was put being, no doubt, a great deal more pleasant and more precisely performed than anything which the House of Commons exacted, or the Prime Minister either, when the amour of a brother duke was on the boards:—

The muff you sent me by the Duke of Richmond I like prodigiously; vastly better than if it had been *tigré* or of any glaring colour; several are now making after it. I send you by this post full directions about all my commissions, as I quite despair of coming to you. I wish I had set out immediately after Newmarket, which I believe I should have done if I had not taken a violent fancy for one of the opera girls. This passion is a little

abated, and I hope it will be quite so before you and the Rena come over, else I fear it will interrupt our society. But whatever is the case, as I have a real friendship and affection for the Rena, I shall show her every mark of regard and consideration, and be vastly happy to see her. I consider her as a friend, and certainly as one that I love very much, and as such, I hope she will have some indulgence for my follies. A contrary behaviour will only separate us entirely, which I should be very sorry for, and upon the footing that we have lived for some time past, it would be quite ridiculous and affected. You may talk to her a little about this at a distance. I spoke to the Duke of Grafton about your being in France, and I will take an opportunity of saying something about it to him again, only to show your attention as to the Parliament. This moment my servant brings me your letter by le Roi. I will inquire for a lodging for the Rena, for I agree with you entirely, that you have no room for her in your house, and it is as well to avoid all the nonsense that would be said about it. I shall have everything in readiness, that she may immediately go to her own hotel, for she certainly cannot come either to yours or mine.—&c. &c.

A muff was at that period a part of a gentleman's full dress. A change, however, was about to take place in this department of manners and fashion. Says Mr. Jesse,—

The costume, which is now confined to the levee, or drawing-room, was then worn by persons of condition, with few exceptions everywhere and every day. Mr. Fox and his friends, who might be said to dictate to the town, affecting a style of neglect about their persons, and manifesting a contempt of all the usages hitherto established, first threw a sort of discredit on dress. From the House of Commons, and the clubs in St. James's Street, it spread through the private assemblies of London. But, though gradually undermined, and insensibly perishing of an atrophy, dress never fell till the era of Jacobinism and of Equality, in 1793 and 1794. It was then that pantaloons, cropped hair, and shoe-strings, as well as the total abolition of buckles and ruffles, together with the disuse of hair-powder, characterized the men; while ladies exhibited heads rounded "*à la victime et à la guillotine*," as if ready for a stroke of the axe.

One of the most distinguished and worthy of Selwyn's correspondents was Horace Walpole. We cite a specimen in his best style, abounding with celebrated names, or concerning such persons as one must be ever pleased to receive the slightest information of.

I was in your debt before, for making over Madame du Deffand to me, who is delicious; that is, as often as I can get her fifty years back; but she is as eager about what happens every day as I am about the last century. I sup there twice a week, and bear all her dull company for the sake of the Regent. I might go to her much oftener, but my curiosity to see every body and every thing is insatiable, especially having lost so much time by my confinement. I have been very ill a long time, and mending much longer, for every two days undo the ground I get. The fogs and damps which, with your leave, are greater and more frequent than in England, kill me. How-

ever it is the country in the world to be sick and grow old in. The first step towards being in fashion is to lose an eye or a tooth. Young people I conclude there are, but where they exist I don't guess: not that I complain; it is charming to totter into vogue. If I could but run about all the morning, I should be content to limp into good company in the evening. They humour me and fondle me so, and are so good natured, and make me keep my armed chair, and rise for nobody, and hand out nobody, and don't stare at one's being a skeleton, that I grow to like them exceedingly, and to be pleased with living here, which was far from the case at first: but then there was no soul in Paris but philosophers, whom I wished in heaven, though they do not wish themselves so. They are so overbearing and so underbred. Your old flame, the Queen, was exceedingly kind to me at my presentation. Madame Geoffrin is extremely what I had figured her, only with less will and more sense than I expected. The Duchess d'Aiguillon is delightful, frank, and jolly, and handsome and good-humoured, with dignity too. There is another set in which I lived much, and to my taste, but very different from all I have named, Madame de Rochford, and the set at the Luxembourg. My newest acquaintance is Monsieur de Maurepas, with whom I am much taken, though his countenance and person are so like the late Lord Hardwicke. From the little I have seen of him, we have reason I believe to thank Madame de Pompadour for his disgrace. At the Marquis de Brancas' I dined with the Duc de Brissac, in his red stockings: in short, I think my winter will be very well amused, whether Mr. Garrick and Mr. Pitt act or not. I beg your pardon, my dear sir, for this idle letter; yet don't let it lie in your work-basket. When you have a quarter of an hour, awake, and to spare, I wish you would bestow it on me. There are no such things as *bons mots* here to send you, and I cannot hope that you will send me your own. Next to them, I should like Charles Townshend's, but I don't desire Betty's. I forgot to tell you that I sometimes go to Baron d'Olbach's, but I have left off his dinners, as there was no bearing the authors, and philosophers, and savants, of which he has a pigeon-house full. They soon turned my head with a new system of antediluvian deluges, which they have invented to prove the eternity of matter. The Baron is persuaded that Pall Mall is paved with lava or deluge stones. In short, nonsense for nonsense, I like the Jesuits better than the philosophers.

The correspondence conducts us to 1770. But Selwyn lived for about twenty years longer, and therefore we may look for another instalment, probably as large and no less interesting, ere Mr. Jesse has finished the task which he has imposed upon himself. An opportunity will then be offered for expressing a more deliberate opinion on the merits of the editor's share in the work, as well as upon the character of the letters published and the virtues of them.

ART. V.—*The Dream of Life; Lays of the English Church, and other Poems.* By JOHN MOULTRIE. Pickering.

"THE Dream of Life" is Mr. Moultrie's principal poem, and has merits sufficient to sustain a volume: for though unambitious in its subject, and even common-place be its materials, there is yet such a happy prominence given to the poetic points and capabilities of what every cultivated mind must have tenderly felt, and must continually be ready to sympathize with, that the universal and unaffected character of the topics, along with their accumulated associations, will but the more extensively recommend the production to readers of judgment and taste. The manner in which our bard fulfils his design and puts into shape conceptions that have reality and life in their nature, is equally admirable.

"The Dream of Life" presents the more salient and memorable passages and transitions in what will very readily be supposed to have marked the author's own unobtrusive career; being the history rather of a contemplative mind's development, reflections, and remembrances, than of outward events of remarkable moment, or of any unusual situations. "Childhood," "Boyhood," "Youth," and "Manhood," are titles of chapters which obviously point to an ordinary career, which will be still more accurately pre-defined by the mind's eye, when that career has been exemplified by one bred in a rural district of England, when the village and the domestic manners as well as characters were of the good old-fashioned cast. Eton and the second stage naturally unite; and the university with the third; while marriage and manhood, the young clergyman's appointment to a parish, with such things and characters as must arrest a person so situated and settling for life, properly follow out and fill up the mind's history, and Mr. Moultrie's Dream.

Such may appear an exceedingly inartificial plan for a poem, and to offer scope only for the tamest and most hackneyed details. And so it would in ordinary hands. Everything, however, depends upon the workman's fancy, range of thought, and skill in execution. At the same time, let it be observed that nothing is more common than to hear prosaic and level persons asseverating that were their histories put into a book, they would read as the strangest of romances; and hence it may be concluded that there is within the chambers of any one's breast, within the circle of his reminiscences and among the multitudes of his treasured observations and sentiments, such touching, beautiful, and marvellous materials, that were they marshalled and brought forward with a Mr. Moultrie's spirit, selection, and taste in giving to each passage, principle, and recollection, its due proportion of space and prominency, the result would be anything but a series of commonplace and bald images in the estimation of the in-

dividual personated, and would more than probably be effectually addressed to the feelings and the experience of all.

Were it asked what can childhood and a rural village suggest that has not been a thousand times told and sung, or that every fancy may not picture with a liveliness and sweetness which cannot be surpassed by the use of audible language?—the best way to answer this question, a question that can never be put by any person who is cognizant of the magical power of poetic thought, or even of the charms of the coy language which adapts itself to poetic imaginings, will be to point to the author of the pieces before us. How happily does Mr. Moultrie show that childhood's years abound with the richest seeds for the muses's culture, and that the impressions and memories of that period are susceptible of being treated in a manner to arrest the experienced mind, as well as to touch and to gladden the youthful fancy. What more needeth it than Mr. Moultrie's mode of contrasting and combining the experiences of a very early stage of life, —his pleasures, his curiosities, his longings, and his first amazing discoveries,—with the reflections and recollections which have crowded his soul when in after and matured years he revisited his childhood's haunts, and trod the old familiar ways? Just listen to a sample of his story and of his philosophy, yet belonging to nothing more extraordinary than the effect which theatricals had at first upon him.

> Yonder barn,
> Secluded from the street a little space,
> And in no wise distinguish'd outwardly
> From others of its class, was once to me
> A scene of strange enchantment; for a troop
> Of startling players built up beneath its roof
> Their rude and rustic theatre. Till then,
> The drama was to us an unknown world,
> Save that when last our family had gone
> To visit the metropolis, (a rare
> And wonderful occurrence,) we all went
> To Sadler's Wells and Astley's. Ne'er again
> Was such intense illusion to beguile
> Our senses and our souls as seized us then.

The faithful picturing of these marvels and artistic illusions is continued; but we hasten to the moral of the passage:—

> There did mimic talent, with all aid
> Of outward show dispensing, in our hearts
> Awaken childhood's earnest sympathies.
> There we rejoiced with them that did rejoice,
> And wept with them that wept; there learned to feel
> The dignity of Virtue in distress,
> And with her triumphs sympathize; there grieved
> For Woman's bitter wrong, and burnt with zeal

Heroic to avenge it. Were such thoughts
And feelings sinful all? In sober truth,
When I review those hours, I deem them not
Misspent or useless; and if riper years,
Instructing me more fully in the lore
Of good and evil, have reveal'd a world
Of mischief in the stage—if I forbear
To breathe its dangerous atmosphere, or soil
My priestly garments with the taint it bears,—
Such sacrifice I grudge not, but exult
With thankfulness that I have better joys
To gladden me on earth: but then no doubt
Or dim misgiving e'er had cross'd my mind;
No dark suspicion of inherent guilt
Estranged me from its magic: all the ill
(If ill there was) by me was unperceived;
The good, I think, remain'd with me: some thoughts
And feelings were develop'd, which perchance
In after years have sway'd my inner man
With no unwholesome influence; some power
Was given me to perform my task on earth.

Or if you wish to learn how our bard can deal with plain domestic scenes, and unobtrusive character of the true old English stamp, let him discourse of the tradesman and his mate in their retirement,—in their comforts, their placid joys, and intense sympathies:—

Twenty years
Were they our next-door neighbours. As a child
I well remember, when the parsonage
On rare occasions oped its festal doors
To guests invited, how amidst the throng
His was the gravest face, the stateliest step,
The hoariest head; with what a solemn grace
He at quadrille or whist would take his seat,
Confronted with some bulky dowager,
Or spinster of threescore. The dark brown coat,
White waistcoat, breeches of demurest drab,
And hose of spotless cotton, (for as yet
Silk was, with us, a luxury only known
To clergymen and squires,) the polished shoes
Of rustic make, and thicker than need was,
Still dwell in my remembrance. On his arm
Hung his good-humour'd partner, all bedight
In finery, such as fifty years before
Had shone in metropolitan saloons.
Herself ungraced by the accomplishments
Of modish education, and, in truth,
What some call vulgar, but, beyond her peers,

From all vulgarity of soul exempt;
Kind-hearted, full of charity, unchill'd
By niggard thrift, for all the neighbouring poor
Prompt ever both to spend and to be spent;
Alike unfit to hear and to repeat
The scandal of the tea-table. They lived,
She and her mate, a blameless, peaceful life,
Through fifty years of wedlock, till at last
Disease, in cancerous shape, assail'd the wife,
Marring her features, and extending wide
Its fibres though her flesh. For some few years
She pined and wasted; with assiduous care
Still tended by her husband, whose whole life
Was so entwined with hers, that, when she died,
The old man's heart seem'd broken. From that hour
He never cross'd the threshold of his door,
Save when he went to church, but sat and sat
Beside his lonely hearth from morn to night;
Now poring o'er his Bible, now absorb'd
In dreamy thought, his eyes suffused with tears,
His heart with her whom he had lost, in heaven.
Nor sought he other company; though oft,
When friends or neighbours came to visit him,
He would converse in no uncheerful tone,
Nor close his heart to sympathize with those
Who sympathized with him. Some habits form'd
In happier days, some customs shared with her,
He still retain'd; still every Sunday eve,
The service done, he with his kinsman dined;
Whose jovial humour soften'd now by years,
Was, in his presence, temper'd to a grave
And reverential sadness: each with each
Held soothing fellowship, till life's frail thread
At last, in one, gave way. His race is run;
His story told; he rests with her he loved.

There is nothing forced and unusual here; nothing but truth and natural tenderness. It only required a soul and an observation such as Cowper would have brought to such homely themes, to turn them to the best account for our instruction and bettering both for this and a future state.

We see no necessity for anxious selection in order to allow Mr. Moultrie to recommend his own effusions by means of specimens; but have taken such examples as we find have on the instant attracted the notice of other readers. We accordingly quote one sample more where the poet becomes a landscape painter, the scene being as truthfully conceived as the drawing is simple and the colouring chaste:—

There is a little town, within short space
Of England's central point, of various brick
Irregularly built, nor much adorn'd
By architectural craft—save that, indeed,
As you approach it from the South, a pile
Of questionable Gothic lifts its head
With somewhat of a grave collegiate air,
Not unbefitting what in truth it is,
A seat of academic discipline
And classic education. At its base
Stretches a broad expanse of verdant turf,
With stately trees bestudded—the resort
Of schoolboys from their studious toil released,
And bent on sport athletic: but for this,
The place might pass unnoticed—to speak truth,
As insignificant a market-town
As may be seen in England. Far around
Extends a pastoral glade, to numerous herds
Yielding abundant herbage, but ungraced
By much of rural beauty—featureless,
And to the poet's and the painter's eye
Alike insipid; a wide, weary tract
Of hedgerow upon hedgerow. Rock nor hill
Nor graceful undulation here is seen;
The very stream which waters the fat meads
(Shaksperian Avon) hath not yet attain'd
The breadth and beauty of his later course,
But winds between his flat and reedy banks
A thin, meandering, melancholy thread
Of slow, dull, slimy water: the sole charms
Of which, with truth, the unvaried landscape boasts
Are verdure and fertility: the grass
Grows freshly, and the hedgerow trees present
Masses of summer foliage, with rich tints
Diversified in autumn; there is nought
To seek or shun, to hate or fondly love,
For miles and miles around. Amidst such scenes
The lines are fallen to me.

Mr. Moultrie's other poems have a miscellaneous character, and cannot be expected to have uniformly the completeness or finish of the principal piece. All of them, however, give proofs that the same unpretending yet adequate genius has been at work upon them,—a genius that is thoroughly imbued with the national character, with that life-like breadth and depth of tone that belong to strength when honestly and cordially put forth.

ART. VI.—*Letters from the Pyrenees.* By T. CLIFTON PARIS. Murray.

FEW tourists have the adventure of Mr. Clifton Paris, and perhaps still fewer have the eye, the fancy, and the spirit to give the lively and authentic account of the scenes and the emotions inseparable from climbing the break-neck precipices, threading the giddy paths, and skirting the shelving rocks which look down and lead by one fell swoop to the tremendous yawning gulphs that characterize Alpine regions. This gentleman has indeed a peculiar liking for daring the gateways of the thunder; and he dwells upon the reminiscences of his fearful ascents, and the awful dangers upon the edge of which he trod, as well as of the sublime panoramas which opened up to him, with a gratification that is extraordinary. Most people would turn dizzy at the remembrance of the scenes and the escapes which he describes; that is, supposing they had had the good fortune ever to have returned from the eagle-heights which our tourist tempted. The equanimity, the self-possession, the gladsome minuteness with which he details his adventures will be remarkable to most persons; furnishing ample internal proof that all he narrates is in perfect faithfulness, not only in respect of what he performed, but of what his performance enabled him to scan. In short these letters are a series of sketches that are picturesque and graphic in spite of their particularity, are suggestive of thought while they arrest the eye, and are informing even when the writer's aim may have been merely to fill the imagination.

A book of this kind does not require to be analyzed in order to arrive at a critical judgment of its qualities; neither would our readers feel gratified were we to trace with the tourist the exact route which he took, or mark the stages at which he halted. We therefore do not accompany him through France, especially as there does not appear to us anything particularly striking in this part of his journey or story. It is to one or two of his letters from the Pyrenees that we direct notice,—to his adventures and encounters amongst the mountains. The ascent to the Lake of the Bear, in the vicinity of Gabas, will afford a good beginning. By the bye Mr. Paris likes to look upon crystal waters, such as issue from the everlasting adamant and the walls of the world. To every eye indeed, that has speculation in it, the limpid translucent lake, the meandering stream, and swelling fountains far removed from the intrusion of all but hermits and hermitage-seekers, must suggest a poetry that abounds with images of primeval purity, enduring beauty, and life's renovation. A water-nymph is not a bad creature of the fancy; and sundry of the bathing stations, not very distant from the scenes of our tourist's exploits, may have been chosen for the healing which reaches the body through

the channel of mere association of ideas. Perhaps the bathing-place at Biaritz may have had this potency and good fortune; the water being "as clear as the brightest crystal," so that through "its azure depths the eye can discern the white sand that sparkles at the bottom." The nymphs and the swains practise a system that is worthy of notice; for sayeth Mr. Clifton Paris,—

This constitutes the famous bathing-place, and here the *beau monde* of Biaritz are to be seen during the heat of the morning executing their watery purposes; *beaux* and *belles* alike, sporting and flirting as though the sea were their native element. The ladies are dressed in the thinnest linen garments, with gigantic hats of straw as a protection from the sun's rays. They are kept in a buoyant position by bladders passed under their arms, while expert bathing-men push them over the bay, by holding their feet with one hand and swimming with the other.

But we must not pass by the narrative of the ascent to the Lake of the Bear; our tourist's landlady having informed him on his arrival in the vicinity, that though the object of his curiosity was a long way distant, and the road to it was a ladder of broken rocks, and also that the hour at which he proposed to set out was too late to allow him time to return before sunset, that yet "there is an old man below who is on the point of starting for the lake, and he will no doubt be happy to act as guide, should you wish it."

He was one of a party who were tending a herd of three hundred cattle on the higher mountain-pastures, and he was about to return, with his donkey and a supply of bread, from a foraging excursion to these lower regions. His appearance was agreeable: he wore a highland garb—the round cap of Bearn, a jacket, which he now carried over his shoulders, knee-breeches and leggings, all of the same rough woollen materials, and of a russet-brown colour; long black hair flowed down his back; he was exceedingly deaf, and appeared of extreme age. He said I must make up my mind to sleep in his *cabane*, and be content with black bread and milk, his only fare; and he warned me of a mist on the morrow that might obstruct my plan of ascending to the lake: I nevertheless joyfully accepted these conditions, being quite ready for any adventure, and equally indifferent as to food and lodging. Accordingly, we sallied forth, at about half-past one, for the wild residence of my "Old Man of the Mountain."

After climbing and winding for a considerable space, the labour of the excursion became more exciting.

We ascended by a crooked path of rock, through wild furs, and immediately opposite to the Pic du Midi; so you may well imagine the grandeur of the scenery. This famous mountain is bare and precipitous, soaring aloft in a huge cone, and having a notch in its impending crest like a pair of gaping jaws, with which it would seem eager to grasp the heavens. I should think it impossible to find a better point for viewing it than that afforded by

this ascent; and to those who, being struck by their singular form and wild aspect as seen from the *Parc* at Pau, may wish to view the giant nearer, I could give no better advice than that they should undertake a pilgrimage to the *Lac de l'Ours*. Among the rocks of this wilderness we met three young mountaineers conducting a white steed to the country below. As a matter of course they took off their caps to me,—for such even is the universal custom among these sons of nature,—and they then laughed and joked with the old man, with whom they seemed on terms of familiarity, probably belonging to the same settlement. I was very much struck with the magnificent appearance of one of them: he was upwards of six feet in height, with dark curling hair, full expressive eyes, and with a mouth that disclosed a row of teeth as white as they were regular. He inquired where I was going, and then wished me every delight and happiness: such is the innate politeness of a Frenchman, even in his most uncivilized condition. The air became now sharp and chilly; we had left the shelter of the pine-woods and had entered the open regions of pasture, where nothing met the eye but huge rocks, gorges deep and dangerous, wherein the snow yet lay unmelted, and a wild expanse of grass bedecked with the purple flower of the *Iris*. About five o'clock in the day my aged guide and his donkey came to a sudden pause in the midst of an assemblage of granite boulders, but my eye, unacquainted as yet with mountain dwellings, did not comprehend the object of our delay: the old man, however, began to unpack, and upon observing a pile of stones that appeared to be artificially arranged, I was told that it was the hut where I was to pass the night. This wild habitation, composed of pieces of rock roughly piled together to the height of four or five feet, was covered in by rude planks of pine-wood, which in turn were kept in their places by an outer layer of stones. Stooping low I entered, and found two highlanders asleep, covered with bear-skins and heavy cloaks upon a raised platform composed of the leaves of the fir, which occupied the whole *cabane*, with the exception of a narrow strip at the end, where a wood-fire was burning, before which I eagerly seated myself, and was soon joined by my venerable guide, who invited me out to eat some black bread and drink a bowl of milk with him after our fatigues. Upon issuing forth the air felt both cold and wintry, and was strongly contrasted with the temperature to which I had been lately accustomed, whence I inferred the great elevation of my present position. I perceived that we were among barren summits and dreary hills of grass, and at length I discerned the tawny cattle hitherto lost to my careless eye from the immensity of the slopes upon which they were feeding. The dews now began to fall and the mists to boil up from the deep gulph below, and ere I had finished my rude repast they came careering along the mountain sides, and shortly involved us in a premature night.

The hut was not without abundance of occupants for its dimensions. Conversation, of course, as best could be done, was kept up. A supper of boiled milk and black bread was also hospitably furnished.

Having satiated our appetites we retired to rest, but it was stifling work, the *cabane* being far too small for five men and a stout boy; for we lay

close to each other like *niggers* in a slave-ship, the heels of the alternate bodies being placed in juxta-position with the heads of their neighbours, and the entire mass being then covered with cloaks and the skins of sheep and bears. You may well imagine that sleep came with some reluctance: I was desperately cramped, the cattle-bells rang incessantly, and the fleas came in troops and marked me as their own. At length the Lethean dew fell upon me, and I tossed about in disturbed slumbers, pursued with agony through my dreams by wild goblin clouds, or by mountains quickened into life and preparing to smother me. I awoke at sunrise with most unpleasing sensations of cold; the *cabane* was empty, and the doorless aperture gave access to the heavy mist of the morning. At about half-past five my old friend returned from the cattle, and we then sat down to bread and milk; after which, having received from him all proper instructions, I started for the lake, which was about an hour's scramble distant. The day overhead promised fairly, but bodies of mist were whisking and flying round the shoulders of the Pic du Midi, like the giant's dress fluttering in the wind: I, however, commenced by climbing a steep hill of stones and slippery grass, and then traversing the sloping side of a most dismal and barren ridge. There was a very awqward place to pass, where the rock was smooth and slaty, and ran down with an inclination that was almost perpendicular towards the torrent: it was luckily only about six yards across, but yet of sufficient width to render its passage unpleasant. I crept over that distance on the sides of my feet, but not without the expectation of being shot like an arrow to the regions below. I found the lake as I had supposed, a small sheet of water, with the attributes of the mountain element,—transparency and beauty of colouring; it was surrounded also by savage summits of austere aspect, sprinkled with snows and strewed with *débris*. I looked around in vain for the bears which have given it their name; they no longer range the mountains unmolested, and it is but seldom that one visits even this remote spot. I gazed, however, with infinite satisfaction upon the desolate scene, where not a sound disturbed the air save the rushing of water, neither did a living object present itself except an eagle, whose majestic movements I watched with much interest; but soon the rising mists shrouded the prospect and heavy clouds came battling up the hollows, reminding me that I had to recross the slaty pass which I had before encountered. It was lucky that I took the hint; for suddenly so dense a fog enveloped me, that I could see only a few yards in advance; however, I reached the herdsman's hut in safety.

Another and a still more hazardous excursion will detain us a few seconds. The journey and ascent was from Gavarnie to the Brèche de Roland, "generally considered the most difficult adventure in the Pyrenees." Our adventurer reaches a point surrounded with "black precipices that rise so grimly," and which "appear as perfectly inaccessible." A spot, however, is discovered where the traveller can climb aloft with the assistance of his hands and feet and a steady head," the inclined plane consisting of *débris*. He is now at the foot of the precipice which has to be ascended, a rock-ladder offering the only assistance by which to scale the height, the adventurer being "en-

abled to invade the higher regions by grasping projections and ledges which are afforded by the crumbling strata, and following exactly in the footsteps that have been imprinted on the rock by former explorers, or by the *contrabandistas* who frequently pass by this difficult route into Spain." As Mr. Paris went aloft, he "rested now and then to look down into the huge amphitheatre, or to gaze in wonder at the cascade and glaciers." The columns of the bold-leaping torrent "are precipitated like rushing rockets or broad-headed arrows, dispersing in spray before they gain half the descent, when they again assemble on a jutting ledge and fall once more in a cloud of watery spears towards the *Oude* of the Circus." At length he reached a kind of platform "immediately below the glacier and summit."

What a stern wilderness here opened upon me,—a region of ice, torn and rent into chasms, and a series of black precipices and ranges of decomposing rocks that crumbled beneath the touch! In one place a series of slates rose in bristling ranks like so many razors, to fall upon which would have been certain mutilation, and on the right stood a jagged ridge, wonderfully fissured in the direction of its highly inclined strata, from the hollows of which I summoned innumerable echoes, and so repeatedly were my yellings bandied about, that I verily believe they would have scared a pack of wolves from the mountain; demoniacal laughter rang around me on all sides, and groans appeared to issue from the deep *crevasses* of the glacier; nor was the breathless silence that succeeded less appalling, and I was fain for mere companionship again and again to disturb it. Having reached the foot of the glacier I now turned up its side, the rock often giving way under my weight and lacerating my hands by the roughness of its surface; but however distressing this might be, it was with reluctance that I left it for a yielding mass of loose rubbish, where it was a much more difficult task to keep my legs, and where nothing lay below me but a smooth snow-field that sloped towards precipices. However, having passed this unpleasant spot, and after a climb of three hours and a half from the Circus, I reached a place where I must repose a few minutes, in order to give you a notion of the wonderful sight that there met my view,—the far-famed Brèche de Roland. Along the summit of the Marboré mountain, which forms a prominent feature in the great ridge of the Pyrenees, runs a wall of rock from 300 to 600 feet in height, dividing France from Spain, in the centre of which appears an enormous gap or *brèche* about 300 feet wide, of such regularity as to resemble a portal between the two kingdoms, though it gives ingress and egress to little else than the drifting snow and howling wind.

This *icebound* gateway is the Brèche de Roland, but is seldom used, "except by the smugglers, who care not for its difficulties, or by the few travellers who ascend Mount Perdu."

The danger lies on the French side, and I had now arrived at the point where it begins; a smooth glacier that slopes to the distant circus is to be crossed. This dizzy labour is generally effected by the traveller with a guide on each side, who have their feet armed with *crampons*, and are fur-

nished with hatchets in order to notch the slippery surface. I essayed the snow with my feet, looked at the stupendous gateway so provokingly near, and then down the huge slope of the smooth ice, which went down and down, and grew steeper and steeper, until it was lost in the hideous precipices of the Circus. The sight was too appalling: I could not summon sufficient resolution to attempt the passage, which was in distance about a quarter of a mile, and wisely, I think, abandoned it, considering I was without *crampons* or any knowledge of the proper mode of effecting it. To understand all its terrors the place must be seen; once slip, and you are gone for ever past all human aid: the death is too frightful for contemplation. The guides tell a story of an unhappy traveller who perished a short time ago in the passage of this glacier. He was crossing it with every possible precaution, when his trousers by some unaccountable accident became entangled with his *crampons*—he lost his balance, and in vain attempted to recover it, since there was nothing at which he could grasp to save himself—in an instant he shot down the sloping ice with the rapidity of a thunderbolt; while his horrified companions watched his awful career to those fearful precipices where he must have been dashed to pieces, and where of course all search for his remains would have been fruitless. When my friend O—— ascended, the whole region was covered with fresh-fallen snow, in which he had traced the course of a gigantic set of paws, which the guide declared were those of a bear; the passage of the glacier under such circumstances was of course comparatively easy. I also found the frozen mass coated with a layer of snow, with the exception of a portion in the middle, where the blue ice was laid bare and glittered in the sun: had it not been for this, I think I might have crossed to the Brèche with safety.

Mr. Paris attempts another dizzy path that was accessible, and which formed "as it were the coping of a precipice that fell perpendicularly some thousand feet." As I walked along it, he says, "I could stretch my right hand over the abyss, and touch with my left a wall of snow that constituted the crest of the great glacier I had been skirting." He now sat down "to enjoy the pleasures of so exalted a position, and to look down into the gulf at the dark blue rents and chasms in the ice," listening the while "to the strange noises in the restless glacier, or to the dull sound of falling rocks or snow which alone disturb the air" He also took to pencil sketching, "while an eagle soaring above me appeared to be taking considerable interest in my operations." The cold was too intense for the comfortable execution of this part of his task. He had now to retrace his steps, but found a difficulty he had not anticipated; for although he had before crossed a chasm where the ledge had been broken down, by keeping a light hold on the inequalities of the rock, he now found that the surface down which he must lower himself, with a precipice upwards of a thousand feet immediately beneath him, had very few projections that could render assistance, and even these upon trial yielded to his weight. We take up the narrative at this predicament, the extract with which we conclude narrating how it fared with him ere he again was comfortably situated.

I think I must have been a quarter of an hour in planning different positions for my hands and attitudes for my body, before I slid down to the narrow glacis that sloped to the precipice; but the rocks held firm, and I soon regained the ledge on the opposite side in safety. This was one of the most disagreeable places I passed on that day; the gulf being so deep, and the slope to it so inexpressibly terrific. I had left my high perch near the Fausse Brèche at five o'clock, and I reached the foot of the glacier with tolerable ease, but there I was rather startled by the view that presented itself, and I felt the imprudence of having started so late. It was really fearful to look upon the long ridges of inclined strata, running down steeper and steeper towards the gulf of the Circus, with the sudden conviction of the extreme difficulty of finding the right direction to that exact spot at which I ascended, and by which alone an exit from the mountain could be accomplished; for from the puzzling formation of the strata, it is almost impossible for the stranger to retrace his steps with certainty. I accordingly found that I repeatedly went wrong, and was obliged to scramble back again over slopes ending in precipices, and as the daylight was rapidly fading these successive failures at length began seriously to alarm me. Luckily, however, I espied at some distance a Spanish shepherd gathering together his flock, and hurrying towards him I made a signal that he should point out the right direction, which he immediately did, and I then proceeded with fresh assurance of finding my way. But I was doomed to further disappointments—the fearful labyrinth was far from being unravelled—again and again did I find myself on the brink of the gulf: but the sun was down, and I had already left the shepherd far above me; so, growing desperate at the rapid approach of night whilst I was in so dangerous a position, I clambered down perpendicular rocks at the most imminent hazard, for a yielding ledge or an incautious step would have shot me down to the regions below like an an avalanche. But this rash descent was fruitless—I could not hit the track—darkness was falling rapidly upon the mountains, and I was surrounded by the most hideous precipices without knowing whether to go to the right or to the left. My situation at that moment was certainly not enviable. I looked around at the distant ridges growing momentarily more indistinct, and searched about for some projecting crag that might afford me shelter and protection for the night; but in so doing my eye suddenly recognised a riven rock as an acquaintance I had passed in the morning: no chance of escaping from these dismal heights was to be neglected—I made another attempt, and happily descended into the Circus; but down rocks with my hands and feet and in perfect darkness.

ART. VII.—*Diary of the Times of Charles the Second, by the Honourable Henry Sidney, including his Correspondence, &c.* Edited by R. W. BLENCOWE, ESQ. 2 vols., Colburn.

HENRY SIDNEY was the younger brother of Algernon; and although neither a virtuous character nor apparently a man of ability, fortune and intrigue brought him into considerable notice at the Revolution

of 1688. He was the principal correspondent, counsellor, and confidential agent of the Prince of Orange, having been for some time resident as Envoy at the States of Holland. Honours and rewards followed his service; for when William ascended the English throne, Sidney was created Earl of Romney, and got the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland.

During the greater part of the period over which the diary and letters extend, Sidney was Envoy abroad as already stated; and as he held this office for no very long space, and hath not bequeathed details of much that reaches beyond mere personal concerns, the document is meagre and dull. Some of the letters are lively and fuller of matter, affording a degree of light relative to the manners and the pursuits of the age; although we are bound to characterize the views thus obtained as seldom other than repulsive and infamous.

Among Henry Sidney's chief correspondents were his sister, the Lady Dorothy (Waller's Sacharissa,) his nephew the Earl of Sunderland, Sir William Temple, &c. But from or to Algernon no letter appears; although he is sometimes alluded to, as if thoroughly disliked by his dissolute brother. We say dissolute, for Henry was a rake, a man of bad and heartless character, both privately and politically. Swift has said of him, that he was "without sense, truth, or honour;" nor does he seem to have been more sincere when professing attachment to the Whig interests of William the Third, than when joining in the gallantries and scandalous vices of the court of Charles the Second.

It would be easy to pick out from the pages before us many passages that shed anything but a pleasant light over the feelings and the doings of the period comprised; and if we had time to be at the pains of arranging the notices and traits so as to complete any one of the evidences, or to show how one lax feature harmonized with others, the picture would often become disgustingly indecent. King Charles's occupations and counsels may be appreciated from such entries as the following, belonging to the year when the diary opens, viz., 1679:

30th. The King christened Sir Charles Berkeley's child, and went afterwards to Windsor, which day he passed in walking about; he was very kind, and showed me everything that was to be seen.

July 1st. Little was done all day but going a fishing. At night the Duchess of Portsmouth came. In the morning I was with the King at Mrs. Nell's.

Take a picture of the city of London authorities in the same reign, who but a short time before made a violent Whig demonstration.

His Majesty and his City of London are upon very good terms. When he supped this week at the Mayor's, the people showed as much of affection and duty as the expressions at such a time could be. The Lady Mayoress

sat next to the King, all over scarlet and ermine, and half over diamonds. The Aldermen drank the King's health over and over upon their knees, and wished all hanged and damned that would not serve him with their lives and fortunes. They attended him to Whitehall at two o'clock in the morning; they would not trust him with his guards, who were all drunk, but brought some of their own, and they all went merry out of the King's cellar. The next day they came in a full body, to give both the King and Duke thanks for the honour they had done them. The Mayor is now as well affected as anybody, and was as ill.

We do not enter into the details of the time, which are frequently quite nauseous in one sense or another. Take a lady's account of popular opinions.

You must needs hear of the abominable disorders amongst us, calling all the women whores and the men rogues in the playhouses—throwing candles and links—calling my Lord Sunderland traitor, but in good company; the Duke, rascal; and all ended in "God bless his Highness, the Duke of Monmouth. We will be for him against all the world."

And this testimony to the character and influence of the Duchess of Portsmouth:—

Truly I fear there will be some scurvy patching, for the Duchess of Portsmouth is so d—d a Jade, that for my part I think it is but a folly to hope; for she will certainly sell us whenever she can for 500*l.*, and so God bless you in all your proceedings!

Illustrative of Henry Sidney's want of heart and high principle, may be instanced the negative fact, that relative to Algernon's trial and execution not a syllable of sorrow and indignation is uttered. Then with regard to the diarist's amours, we find that a woman of high birth and ancient family, "who unfortunately for herself, upon the death of her husband, fell in Sidney's way, and lived with him as his mistress for twenty years," was at length deserted by him, so as to be reduced to distress, and to the necessity of appealing to his humanity, in terms of which the following is a specimen.

"June 18th, 1689.

"My Lord,—I wish some good angel would instruct my pen to express something that would incline your Lordship to moderate your hate towards me who have loved you only too well, and would increase that slender portion of love you have for your own honour. Could your Lordship make cripples of my tongue and pen, by confining me to a jail, as well as my limbs, you might then hope for a conquest; but, my Lord, though I am perfectly lame, and have in a manner quite lost the use of my limbs, yet my pen will never lose its vigour, nor will my tongue be silent. How happy should I now esteem myself if I could say or do anything that would make you re-assume your former good-nature! but do not misconstrue me, my Lord; I mean only that part of your good-nature that would oblige you to do what is rea-

sonable, and not to return to your embraces. Your Lordship must pardon me if I still am perfectly yours without desiring your conversation. I am the best-natured fool living, but it is not to that degree as to be a silent fool neither. I would willingly, if your Lordship pleases, take a little fresh air between this time and Michaelmas, and all that at present I desire your Lordship to do is to let me have half a year's money next Monday. You know that I have lately begged that you would be pleased to send me a 100*l.* to pay some small debts. . . . . Pray, my dear Lord, do not deny me so poor a business as a little money now at Midsummer, for fear it may again transport me to do something that will go very much against the grain with me to do towards the man that in my soul I do adore and still love too well. I wish I did not. I am sure you never loved money well enough to deny me or anybody any reasonable sum out of a meanly miserable esteem for dross, but you have no other way to be revenged on me but to strip me naked and confine me; but, my Lord, how poor and how ignoble a revenge is this of yours to me, a poor, deluded woman, that hath loved you above myself, nay, above heaven or honour, and hath generously spent my youth with you in discontent and suffering! Whereas I might have had plenty and ease with others; and, if my too great confidence in your great worth and honour and generosity has betrayed me to irrecoverable ruin, yet, my Lord, you must certainly pity me, though you hate me: but I will not yet despair but that I may live to hear my Lord Sidney say, that he hates himself because he hated her, without any just cause, who is sincerely yours,

G. WORTHLEY.

P.S. My Lord, though there was too much noise in King Charles's and King James's Court, let me humbly beg of your Lordship not to be, by your continued cruelty to her (who is not envious, but happy in seeing you so,) the author of any new noise in King William's and Queen Mary's Court; for I assure your Lordship I do not desire it, for I am now wholly inclined to peace, love, and Christian amity. I hope you do not forget your hopeful son in Holland; and that you had my letter, with the enclosed bill, that came to me from him.

The same miserable woman addressed the new-created lord, in the year 1694, in the following affecting terms:

If your Lordship does attend on the King in his progress, let me beg of you to make a step to Stoak; 'tis but fourteen miles from West Chester, and I hear the King goes to Chester. You will find my cousin, Edward Mynshull, will give you a very generous entertainment, and so will my cousin, Sir Thomas Mainwaring, of Badelly; and Stanley, of Houghton; and Chemley, of Vale Royal; and forty more of my relatives there, if you please to do them the honour of visiting their innocent, clownish habitations; and when you have viewed Stoak Hall, where I was born (for so it is vulgarly called), then I must beg of your Lordship to tell me whether you don't think it was an agreeable portion for me to be attended from your door by a Constable and a Beadle. Gaysworth, too, will be able to entertain you—that was my great grandfather's: but my Lord Macclesfield complains that the old house is ready to fall upon his head. I love Gaysworth, because my mother was born there.

Here is another specimen of this woman's resolute and powerful tone of appeal and remonstrance:

I am sorry Mr. Sidney is so credulous as to believe all the idle inventions of malicious people against me and my son, which, if he were not perfectly blind, he might see is only pure spite and malice. He treats me with a great deal of cruelty, which I think is very severe, first to have spent my precious youth so dismally as I have done, and now, for a reward of all my sufferings, to be abused and despised, and my son rejected, as if he were none of his, and all this to please his great Mistress; but he will find I have more than an ordinary soul, and, though I cannot manage a sword, a pistol I can; and, if he does not think good to make me some better satisfaction for the many years of my youth which he has obliged me to spend with him, I shall pistol him and be hanged for him, which I had rather do than sit still and starve, or be any longer a laughing-stock.

Without respect, connexion of time, or theme, we insert a few more passages. Sacharissa writes on family matters in the following sensible style, with an allusion to influence and occuption at court.

February 19th, 1679.

Your kind letter does so delight me, I would fain say something that would be the portrait of my heart, but I am so dull. Though my Lord Halifax has sent for his family, I hope he will come up himself before everybody disperses. He can be without them here, but not very well there, because company comes to him. Nan Saville hath no regret but to be at her cousin's wedding. I think all is agreed upon now. The articles were signed yesterday, and the gentlemen had leave to wait upon his mistress. My brother is gone home, and the writings are to be drawn. The marriage must be at Holland. In some respects I am sorry for it. My sister had a great mind to come, and I should have been glad to have seen her. My brother thought it would be more expense, and not handsome, because of his great relations: I believe he did consider this the more. Mr. Algernon never goes to them, though they have sought him, so that I have wondered at it often. All the women went to see him: the married Pelham and the two sisters, and the men did; but he has used them so abominably, they are ashamed of it, though he did before the treaty of this marriage: they would some of them lay it upon that. I told them, if anybody would bring a better, I would change my party. I had no bride, but I saw some thought this too good. For my part, I think neither of them well married, but this is a good deal better than Montague, though she calls him her pretty dear, and kisses him a thousand times in a day. I tell Lucy she shall not do so; hers will be much such a pretty dear. Nan Saville is very comical about this business; sometimes they are great friends and very familiar. Mr. Pierpoint has promised her, that if he is so happy as to have Mrs. Pelham, and that she is willing, they shall come to Rufford this summer. This is an article of marriage that has given great satisfaction. The thing has been done that I did not much approve of, but I said nothing. Mr. Pierpoint readily did consent to it, but I thought it so little a thing for them to ask, which is, that if she dies and leaves no child, the 2000*l.* to be paid at her father's death shall not be paid, or returned again if it be. This was a

foresight of Tom Pelham's. For our friends at court, my Lord Sunderland is as well as anybody; how long, God knows! as long as it does, I must tell you nobody has a truer friend at court than you have of him. Hyde and Godolphin, his supporters, are never from him, with her [the Duchess of Portsmouth] at Little Ombre. The players have been disturbed again by drunken people's jokes. They called my Lord Arran a rogue; and one Fitzpatrick pointed at Mr. Thinne, and called him that petitioning fool, and swore a hundred oaths; he said that he deserved 20,000l. a-year, but that fool deserved nothing. My Lady Scroope writes to me, that Mr. Saville is sometimes a very impertinent minister; he is more than ever with her, in what he writ hitherto. She is in as ill hands as can be for her. They are treacherous creatures. I wish a good speedy end of your embassy, and that you were a simple gentleman in my chamber again. My Lady Lisle has another boy; the two grandfathers and the Duchess of Albermarle did christen it. Our brother made her Grace stay above two hours for him, and she had not many more to stay in town. I am yours with a very true affection, D.S.

There is a characteristic letter in the collection from a public man whose history will bear to be scrutinised:

My kind friend,—The world thus changed and changing makes me mighty careless of the comforts of it; and you courtiers must and will learn to think so too, when your disappointments come home, and, if I have any prospect, your turn may be next. 'Tis a pretty thing to see how finely the great monarchs of the world play at ninepins with their ministers, destroy their creatures that they may create again. The corruption of one thing is the generation of another, if philosophy be true, and perhaps order may arise from our confusion; if one could be sure of that 'twould mitigate the pain. Which of us two shall be Ambassador I can't tell. Well, I perceive the Dutch air is taking, and that thou art resolved to keep out of harm's way. So shall I too, when I can get to my new-granted province in America, where the charge of the voyage will secure me from the revenge of my enemies. But, not to be tedious, let me beg a letter to Colonel Russel in Lieutenant Cooke's behalf. He has failed of his promise; the place is gone, and the man ruined, if he will not give him the value of the colours of the ensign of the regiment: he that has it professes to do it, and, till then, that the man may have his pay seems reasonable. Perhaps this is like to be the last trouble you will receive by the means of

Thy very true old friend,
W. F. Penn.

Penn understood the meaning of the term Toleration. Can as much be said for Bishop Burnett, if only judged by his private instructions to William, with regard to the clergy who were to be promoted, and those, on the other hand, that were fit subjects for persecution?

The Clergy of London that deserve more particular regard from your Highness are: *Dr. Tillotson*, the most moderate and prudent clergyman of England, and, with submission, the fittest man of England to be Archbishop of York. *Dr. Patrick*, Dean of Peterborrow, a great preacher, and a man

of an eminently shining life, who will be a great ornament to the Episcopal order. *Dr. Tennison*, Minister of St. Martin's. He is a rare man, and despises wealth, and has done more against Popery than any man whatever. *Dr. Stillingfleet*, Dean of St. Paul's. He is the learnedest man of the age, in all respects, and a man of great prudence and moderation. *Dr. Sharp*, Dean of Norwich: One of the best preachers in England, and a very moderate man. *Dr. Sherlock*, Master of the Temple. He is the best and politest writer we have, but he has been very sour against the Dissenters, yet no man has writ with more strength against the Papists. *Dr. Ayrshott*, Dean of Windsor. He is a worthy man, and was one of the first that began to appear against Popery. He married the Earl of Westmorland's sister. *Mr. Wake*, of Gray's Inn. He is the wonderfullest young man in the world, and the most popular Divine now in England, and it is an amazing thing to see with what force he has writ against Popery. *Dr. Fowler*. A very moderate man, that has been much prosecuted by the Papists. He was the main instrument in engaging the Clergy to refuse to read the declaration. *Dr. Horneck*, a high German of the palatinate. A very good and pious preacher, and a very popular man.

His Highness may consider if it may not be fit for him to refuse to see either the Bishops of Durham, or of St. David's and Oxford; for they, deserving to be proceeded against, it may be a previous part of their punishment to receive such a mortification.

Our concluding extract will be taken from the Diary.

Monsieur Campricht, dining here, told me of a Doctor who undertakes to get gold out of the sand of the sea. He is of Spire; his name is Doctor Becker. The first experiment was made before the Pensioner at Haarlem, and some other of the States; then they made a report of it, and they think it feasible, and have agreed to give him 50,000 crowns, and two in the hundred of all he makes; he undertakes that the profit shall be a hundred in a hundred; next week the experiment is to be made at the house for casting of cannon. The States that saw the experiment are sworn to secrecy. In April he proposed this. Mr. Rockwood thinks he is a cheat: he hath had thoughts of going into England; he is as poor as other chymists use to be.

The volumes have been edited with care and an intimate acquaintance with the passages and persons of the period embraced.

ART. VIII.—*Days at the Factories; or, the Manufacturing Industry of Great Britain described, and illustrated by numerous engravings of Machines and Processes.* Series 1. By GEORGE DODD. London: Knight and Co.

THE greater number of the articles contained in this volume appeared in the "Penny Magazine;" but so general has been the wish for their publication in a separate form, Mr. Dodd inform us, that, after having been carefully revised, they are now given in a compact shape.

He also states that the original papers have been extensively used in the higher classes of schools; amongst others, in the Engineering class of King's College.

The author's design has been "to convey some idea of the general character of a few of our London manufactures, in the form of *visits* to certain specified establishments, the general arrangement and internal economy of which are described, as a means of illustrating more distinctly the manufacturing details. The departments of manufacture selected are such as, in most cases, pertain to London rather than to the country, and are conducted on a scale sufficiently large to involve something like *factory* arrangements. The general character of the processes is sketched, in a form which does not aim at the completeness of a cyclopædia for practical treatise, but which, it is hoped, will convey information to those who, although not engaged in these manufactures, would like to know by whom, and from whence, and in what manner the familiarly known commodities of life are produced."

Such is a good general account of Mr. Dodd's design, and also of the contents of his amply stored volume, which will not only be acceptable on the part of young persons, but of all who wish to acquire highly interesting and useful notions concerning those articles and means that daily minister to their necessities, their comforts, and their luxuries.

The book is exceedingly well done. Remarkable simplicity and plainness characterize the descriptions and illustrations; the style is neat and calculated to arrest the attention of the general reader, even were the subjects of much less importance than they are. Indeed, without ever losing sight of the immediate topic, Mr. Dodd has the acquirements and the knack for *setting off* his "Days" with a picturesque effect that is particularly attractive and entertaining; so that both as respects manner and matter the series of magazine articles which he has produced are deserving of being reprinted in a connected and compact shape; for they will be re-read with a renewed satisfaction and sense of benefit.

The subject of the volume taken as a whole, is one of far larger capability and interest than may at first thoughts be conceived. It is really rich in the way of suggestiveness as well as of curious facts; opening up at every step and detail things that not only directly bear upon the social condition of the community,—of the poor as well as the wealthy, but that gratify the mind as studies in the most acceptable and profitable manner,—viz., by setting it upon trains of thought that have no limit, and that will always be recurred to with positive advantage to the person who pursues the contemplation, and, very probably, according to a reflex influence and principle, to society.

The perusal of several of the papers, and especially of that which is introductory to the entire series, has been the means both of sug-

gesting and of confirming ideas which we shall indicate under these heads:—first, as Mr. Dodd has well put it, the bulk of the inhabitants of a great city, such as London, have very indistinct notions of the means whereby the necessaries, the comforts, or the luxuries of life are furnished; for gold, being the medium through which every exchangeable thing is obtained, acts as a barrier between the producer and the consumer. Secondly, the facts and details of the book not only show and intimate that the trades and occupations that minister to necessity, comfort, and luxury, are multitudinous, but that they are endlessly ramified, directed, and combined. Mr. Dodd hints that, were one to consult the Directory, with a view to ascertain the number of trades and occupations which are pursued in London, probably it would be found that they amount to something like thirteen or fourteen hundred. Then how inextricably and always generatively must these on examination be discovered to reciprocate with one another,—to have their buttresses, their feelers, their helps or drawbacks in respect of civilization and morality! And thirdly, how struck must the multitudes of "London" be on a perusal of the volume before us, not to speak of strangers making a brief sojourn in the capital, to find that some of the richest establishments, the greatest enterprises, the most influential factories, are buried as it were in the lanes and alleys of the huge Babylon, situated in what may be deemed the most unlikely localities whether of town or suburb, and are daily passed by tens of thousands without a thought of what is transacting and going on within the very sound of the pedestrian's footfall.

We must give an abstract of parts of Mr. Dodd's very instructive introductory chapter, before citing, not only as illustrations of some of the ideas we have thrown out, but as specimens of the author's matter and manner, a few of his paragraphs.

It could not be looked for, that notices of each of the thirteen or fourteen hundred trades and occupations were to be given. Even supposing this might have been done in a volume of no larger dimensions than the one before us, the result would not have been half so satisfying, not merely in the way of attractiveness but of real value. Mr. Dodd's course has been that of illustrative selection and classification, although without the pretension that his instances and arrangement afford other than an approximate aid in the shape of a guide, or that he has glanced at more than some one principal example in each of the departments fixed upon.

His classification goes upon the principle that productive industry may, for the purpose in hand, be regarded under certain comprehensive heads, viz., according as the branch contributes "to man's comfort in relation to food and health—clothing and personal ornament—dwelling and furniture—instruction and amusement—means of transit, and means of producing. We stop not to cavil with the arrangement and grouping; neither is it necessary to waste time in

order to show that many branches of productive industry minister to sundry kinds of our needs and pleasures. Of course, it is relative to the branches that are carried on principally in London that our author concerns himself; and these again, in respect of their involving arrangements of great magnitude, the investment of capital, and a nice division of labour, as opposed to, or compared with, small establishments, where manual skill prevails,—the former being regarded as *factories*, the latter as mere *handicraft*. At the same time it is obvious, that here again there must be numerous crossings and encroachments,—the artizan's labours often partaking of, and calling in, the agencies of factories; and these again combining and dividing with manual and limited operations.

Beginning with the factories that minister in respect of *food*, it very soon becomes manifest that Mr. Dodd's Days are far more largely occupied with articles that fall under the denomination of liquids than of solids. London can have very little to do with the production of *animal* food; and even with regard to that which is of a vegetable nature, it is not remarkable; first, because many articles, such as sugar in the state in which it is most extensively used, are not manufactured at all in England; and secondly, because most of the other edibles and seasonings, are either chiefly prepared in the provinces, or are, as in the case of bread, carried on in limited establishments, and not upon a factory scale.

With regard to *clothing and personal ornament*—whether the article is formed from silk, cotton, linen, or woollen, the metroplis depends chiefly for the fabrics of which these are the material, on the country districts. To be sure London is celebrated for its silken webs; but the warp and the weft are prepared in mills elsewhere; while the humble hand-loom weaver of Spitalfields, "works it up in his own poverty-stricken apartment, which often contains his loom, his bed, his kitchen, his family, and his birds and flowers, (for the genuine Spitalfields weaver is a connoisseur in birds and flowers under all his trials and difficulties)."

But although limited be the amount of woven fabrics which are produced in London factories, tens of thousands are there who work up the materials into garments. Still this is not done in *coat-factories* or *dress-factories*, and mostly by means of the tiny needle and the pliant thread which come from distant parts of the country. In the host of shoe departments, however, the metropolis is eminent, not because of factories in which these articles of clothing are made, but for its tanneries and great establishments where the leather is prepared; and accordingly one of our author's days is devoted to a leather factory. In respect of *hats*, whether made from wool or fur, London is distinguished, and this on account of every operation that takes place, from the importation of the raw material to the perfecting of the head's covering. There is, consequently, a Day at a hat-

factory. *Soap* and *blacking* concern the person and the dress, and are manufactured largely in London: therefore Mr. Dodd visited the principal seats for the production of these luxuries, a Day at "Day and Martin's" being one of his very best and most entertaining papers.

Dwellings and *furniture*, it must at once be evident, upply a variety of subjects which properly fall within our author's instances. *Instruction* and *amusement* are fertile of branches for which the "great metropolis" is famous. Think of it for its manufactures of books. *Printing* and *book-binding* could not but be opulent of wonders in Mr. Dodd's scheme and estimation. Under the other head a *Piano-forte Factory* figures. Even for the entertainment of children by means of *toys* a good deal may be said; for these are sold so very extensively as to employ many persons. But then such articles are not produced in vast establishments; being made chiefly in the east end by poor people and whole families in their separate dwellings.

Means of Transit is a division that is affluent of instances and suggestions. But we must not longer tarry among generalities, merely further stating before entering upon the business of extracts that Mr. Dodd's Days amounted to twenty-two; the number of trades which involve large metropolitan *factory* arrangements, in the sense of the term as used by him, being greatly limited beyond what a looser application of it would necessarily pre-suppose.

We have already heard that London is far more remarkable on account of its factories for the production of liquids than of edibles; nor can we do better both as respects justice to the author and the curiosity of our readers than direct attention to the *first* Day, viz., that which has "a Brewery" for its subject.

It is Mr. Dodd's practice to begin the day with a descriptive sketch that serves as a picture-guide of a lively spirit, to the particular "lion" to be visited. He starts in the following fashion:—

Those dwellers in and visitors to the "Great Metropolis" who cross Southwark Bridge from the city to the Borough, can scarcely have failed to observe the array of tall chimneys which meets the eye on either side of the southern extremity; each one serving as a kind of beacon or guide-post to some large manufacturing establishment beneath—here a brewery, there a saw-mill, farther on a hat factory, a distillery, a vinegar factory, and numerous others. Indeed, Southwark is as distinguishable at a distance for its numerous tall chimneys and the clouds of smoke emitted by them, as London is for its thickly-congregated church-spires. Let the reader when next on the bridge, single out from among these chimneys one more bulky though not more lofty than the rest; and this will point out the spot where one of those gigantic establishments—a London brewery, is situated; establishments which, whether we regard the extent of the buildings comprising them, the amount of capital invested by which they are sustained,

or the systematic arrangements by which the daily operations are conducted, rank among the first in the kingdom, or indeed in the world.

The particular brewery referred to, and which Mr. Dodd visits, not for the purpose of entering into the chemical niceties which are involved in the process of brewing, or into a history of beer and malt liquors generally, is that of Messrs. Barclay and Perkins. Of course we cannot accompany him step by step in his examination and description of this huge establishment; but must make a few notices indicating the minuteness of the whole. Some idea of the extent of the premises may be conveyed when informed that the whole cover a space of ground eight or nine acres in area, and from a quarter to a third of a mile in circuit; and we can assure our readers that the ground is economized to the utmost possible degree, both as to foundations and elevations—the combination and the power of machinery or every agency which can unite with the strength of man's arm, and the superintendence of his head. With regard to the water employed we thus read:—

The water used for brewing is that of the river Thames, pumped up by means of a steam-engine through a large iron main; the main passing under the malt warehouses, and leading to the reservoirs in the open court of the brewery. Into these cisterns, then, the water is conveyed; and we have seldom seen a cast-iron structure present a finer combination of strength with elegance. Fifteen iron columns, each nearly half a yard in diameter, are ranged in three rows of five each, and on the top of these columns is the lower cistern, a cast-iron vessel about thirty-two feet long by twenty wide, and several feet deep. From this cistern rise the supports by which a second one, about the same size as the former, is upheld; and a light staircase leads up from the ground to the upper cistern. The whole structure, reaching an elevation of probably forty feet, is made of cast-iron.

The quantity of water supplied from the Thames for the purposes of brewing daily is stated to be, on an average, a hundred thousand gallons. There is a well on the premises, not far from the cisterns, its water being used principally to aid the cooling of the beer in hot weather. The Thames water, of course, is cleansed, by well understood hydraulic processes.

We stop not to particularize the number and horse-power of the steam engines; nor can we follow Mr. Dodd's lucid descriptions when he comes to notice the more ingenious and complicated appliances and mechanical agencies which the brewery presents. It is to one or two of the larger indexes that we crave attention, as our guide proceeds in the order actually observed in the factory. Of the great brewhouse itself:—

The first effect on the mind of a stranger is a state of bewilderment, which is not removed till matters are viewed a little more in detail. The dimensions of the room are so vast, the brewing utensils reach to such a height, and the pumps, pipes, rods, and other apparatus are so thickly arranged on

every side, that unless we follow the actual brewing processes in their regular order, the whole assemblage on the mind of a visitor, becomes a mass of confusion. * * * The reader must imagine a room nearly equalling Westminster Hall in magnitude, built entirely of iron and brick, and uninterrupted by distinct floors or partitions, so as to be open from the ground to the roof. * * * The principal part of the room is occupied by ten enormous piles of brewing vessels.

The bins for holding the malt are about two dozen in number, "and are of such extraordinary dimensions, especially in height, that we may say, without exaggeration, that an ordinary three-storied house,—roof, chimneys, and all,—might be contained in one of them." On an average of the whole year, more than two thousand two hundred quarters of malt per week are required for the brewery. The amount of coals in use is about twenty tons daily. We proceed next to the part of the building where the store-vats are situated.

These vats are contained in a series of store-rooms, apparently almost interminable: indeed all that we have hitherto said as to vastness is much exceeded by the array which here meets the eye. On entering the store-buildings, we were struck with the silence which reigned throughout, so different from the bustle of the manufacturing departments. Ranges of buildings, branching out north, south, east, and west, are crammed as full of vats as the circular form of the vessels will permit; some larger than others, but all of such dimensions as to baffle one's common notions of "great and small." * * * The space occupied as store-rooms may in some measure be judged, when we state that there are one hundred and fifty vats, the average capacity of each of which, large and small together, is upwards of thirty thousand gallons.

Mr. Dodd, like every other visitor to this brewery, or indeed to any very large manufacturing establishment that is properly conducted, was particularly struck, even in the "cleansing" department, with the cleanliness to be observed. In fact, order in every way is absolutely necessary, were it but for the sake of economising room and time.

The whole number of "butts, puncheons, barrels, and similar vessels belonging to the establishment is between sixty and seventy thousand. These are cleansed after every time of using; and are also inspected and measured at the cooperage. Good specimens of Mr. Dodd's descriptions and observations may be taken from the latter paragraphs of his "Day at a Brewery," and where what he has to state addresses itself to the knowledge and taste of the many. We shall therefore allow him to be heard with considerable continuity, and then dismiss the informing and interesting volume. Having mentioned that the operations of the brewery are kept up during night as well as day, he proceeds to say,—

Long before sleepy London has roused its head, the draymen are busy in hauling up the butts of beer, and placing them on the drays. So many butts are sent out from the establishment every day; and the advantage of carrying them in drays through the metropolis at as early an hour as possible is so great, that by four o'clock in the morning all is bustle and activity, —clerks, (we are elsewhere told that thirty or forty clerks are employed) and foremen superintending the operatives, and men working the cranes by which the butts are lifted up from the cellars to the drays. The form of these drays, of which seventy or eighty are constantly at work, is familiar enough to every Londoner. * * * If the brewers' drays are well known in London, what shall we say of brewers' horses? Who ever mistakes a brewer's horse for any other? Who, that has ever passed one day in the London streets, has failed to remark these noble but unwieldy animals,— unwieldy from very strength? And the draymen too: here are specimens of the "physical man!" The horses seem made for the men, and the men for the horses:—

The stables, the laboratory for the veterinary surgeon, the blacksmith's shop, the harness-making premises, and other subsidiary offices constitute no small feature of the enormous establishment:

The principal of these buildings are, as may be supposed, the stables, one range of which extends nearly three hundred feet in length. A clear passage leads throughout from end to end, the horses being ranged on either side with great regularity; galleries or lofts for provender above them; and an open space for ventilation along the middle of the stables. At one end of the long stable is a building in which the provender is prepared for the horses; a small steam-engine, of five or six horse power, works machinery by which the oats are bruised or crushed before given to the horses, (a modern practice, productive of much benefit to the health of the animal); and another machine by which the chaff is cut. By an ingenious arrangement the waste steam from this engine can be directed into a water-trough, whereby any desired temperature may be given to the water which the horses drink.

Barclay and Perkins' brewery and literary associations:—

Before concluding our necessarily hasty sketch of this vast establishment, we may observe that it is something more than a brewery; it is a memorial of past times, carrying us back to a period when the Globe theatre occupied part of the site; and later, when Dr. Johnson was domiciled in an apartment over the entrance gate. In Boswell's "Life of Johnson" there are numerous letters and reports of conversations relating more or less to the brewery.

The great lexicographer became connected with the spot through the Thrales:—

The beer brewed by Thrale at the period alluded to was about thirty thousand barrels annually, not one twelfth part of the quantity now brewed in the same establishment, which produces as much as the nine principal breweries did in 1760. In 1765 Dr. Johnson was introduced to Mr. and

Mrs. Thrale by Malone; and from that time till the brewer's death, Johnson lived almost entirely in their houses, at the brewery, and at Straetham. Before the fire at the brewery in 1832, the room was pointed out near the gate, in which the doctor wrote many of his most celebrated productions, more particularly his Dictionary. In 1781 Mr. Thrale died, and as he had no sons, the executors, of whom Dr. Johnson was one, deemed it desirable to dispose of the brewery. It was sold jointly to Mr. Barclay and Mr. Perkins (the latter of whom had been the superintendent of the brewery) for the enormous sum of one hundred and thirty-five thousand pounds! Boswell relates: "When the sale of Thrale's brewery was going on, Johnson appeared bustling about, with an ink-horn and pen in his button-hole, like an exciseman; and on being asked what he really considered to be the value of the property which was to be disposed of, said 'We are not here to sell a parcel of boilers and vats, but the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dream of avarice.'"

ART. IX.—*Letters from the Virgin Islands; Illustrative of Life and Manners in the West.* Van Voorst.

THE Virgin Islands are numerous, and so insignificant in a commercial and political sense that, with little molestation, several nations, not always at harmony, have had at the same time a share in the groupe. The Spaniards and the Danes as well as the English lay claim to them. Tortola belongs to the last mentioned power, St. Thomas and St. John's to Denmark, being the only settlements of any importance in the list. In fact many of them may be regarded as the peaks of a broken range of rocks, and of no pretension whatever unless for their geological features. Tortola is the largest of the islands, which, together with its dependencies, is the author's principal subject; he having had, we presume, some official station in the colony a considerable number of years ago; for the letters, although without a date, appear to have been written in the time of the Fourth George.

St. Thomas was of some mark during the colonial supremacy of Spain, as a free port, and also during the struggle which that power waged with her rebellious dependencies, the island being used as a depôt by each. The British settlement is likewise of some consequence on account of the sugar which it supplies; but it is chiefly for the notices of the natural conformation of the islands, and for the sketches of manners as also the working of slavery, that the book has interested us; the state of society described being that of the old routine and antique fashion, as if the groupe were out of the way, and hardly worth thinking of by travellers or voyagers.

The LETTERS are elegantly written and highly spirited; perhaps too elaborately so. Had they appeared at the period to which they more particularly belong, the volume would have been more deserving of recommendation, even though it be the fact that the march of

mind and of manners has continued to be but slow in these parts. The picture of business and trade which is here furnished is so anomalous as to awaken curiosity, and affords some queer results of the protective system; many of the articles coming "no one knows how, or cares much to inquire." The author says to his friend, to whom the *Letters* are addressed, "I write you on foreign stationery, in waistcoat and hose of excellent French silk, shirt of fine German linen, and brogues made here from the villanous leather of Kentucky." "Tea, wines, brandy, cigars, with twenty other articles forbidden in the commercial decalogue, are yet seen among us." Even a breakfast in Tortola presents a strange mixture and combination, illustrative of traffic as well as of hearty feeding.

Your breakfasts within the Tropics is a meal "fit for the Shah." In most houses they bring one coffee at daylight in porcelain cups, just the antique articles that at home lie secure in grandmamma's closet, far too valuable for use; and, this taken commonly at the toilet, whets the stomach for a more substantial refection about nine o'clock. The hall-table then appears decked à la fourchette, with veal patés, a chicken, or tête de veau garnished with an excellent Yorkshire tongue or Bolognas; while sliced plantain, that should be eaten from the embers hot as lava, and the fine squashes they boil here, attend as substitutes for our potatoes. At times, indeed, we get them from Scotland; generally, however, of indifferent quality: those imported by the packet seldom reach us. Then again there is broiled fish—barracouta, an omelet, or the fine avocado pear, called among the military, subaltern's butter —for the sharp-set. I have also seen radishes here, villanously tough, and water-cress, equal to any elsewhere.

The bread consists of French rolls, and the common island loaf, that smacks of garlick and the leaven used in it, but eats passing well with our rich dairy produce. Tortola is remarkable in this respect: and for those who can digest the grossness of what are brought to table as Johnny cakes, this part of the dejeuné will have large attractions.

Our liquids are chocolate, café-au-lait, with, in many parts, their constant attendant, claret; tea does not often appear at this meal. Lastly, you find a sweet cake, and salvers with honey or Barbadoes ginger in preserve, set on enticingly at the close, but which wind up the business rarely.

The volume reads better as a whole than will be supposed from any such specimens as we can conveniently find room for; and conveys a good idea of the oddities of colonial life as witnessed in a quarter that is not subject to many innovations. The shops, for instance, as seen in St. Thomas's have a character of their own, which seems in some measure descriptive of the Danish colonists.

The great trading street of St. Thomas extends in a broad line, parallel with the water, for about a mile and a half. Here, and generally on the harbour side, lie what they term the fire-proofs, stone buildings into which you enter by large iron-case doors, not unlike in form and size those in the towers of old churches: these admit you to a sort of superterrene vault, where long coffin-like trunks are seen in niches, or piled together almost to the

roof. Such edifices, besides the defence afforded by them against an element that rages here but too frequently, have the further merit of being cool and airy from their size and loftiness. True, they cut but a sorry figure, as well in front as their internal arrangements: here is none of the display made at the shop-windows on Ludgate Hill, nothing of their agaceries within; to the street they present, when closed, the aspect of so many dungeons; and open, make just the lugubrious show one sees at an undertaker's. Articles of sale are exhibited fresh from the packages in which they arrive, to be consigned there again if declined by the customer: Canton shawls emerge in this way from their figured cases, artificial flowers bloom in plain deal boxes, and fine linen tempts you from a hair trunk. This, however, chiefly prevails in the principal stores; those of less note expose at least some of their goods.

Considerable light may be derived from the *Letters* relative to the institution and results of slavery, from its working in quarters which the eye can readily scan, and in a manner where the effects are immediately perceived. We do not attempt to go into the subject, but content ourselves with a specimen of love-letter writing by a negro, which conveys a favourable idea of the black man's heart:

Jane brought me one day a billet-doux, stolen by her from our housemaid: this dark wench had fallen asleep while engaged in cleaning some articles of plate, and the letter, that some clever urchin had been reading for her, lay among them. It is from a black *operative* now at St. Thomas.

"Dear Catryn, Dare much fine house, and bera much ship here; bera much fine gal too, but me lub Catryn all time. Buddy Smit saydat Nigger Jock come see you; me too pale with lub: hope your heart like mine. You berry dear to George. Me work for one doller by day here; no——cut dollar, him make five quart, I tink in de Road. Buddy Smit bring you dis, he say me lub you too much, Catryn."

ART. X.—*Memoir of the Life and Correspondence of John Lord Teignmouth.* By his son, Lord TEIGNMOUTH. 2 vols.

THE Memoir and Correspondence before us do not exact from us any very particular notice. Mr. Shore was a respectable personage both in regard to individual character and administrative talent; but he had no claim to genius, or any thing of a brilliant nature. He himself was perfectly aware that zeal and assiduity were his merits: and the lesson which he practically studied was to make himself generally useful. In India he found ample opportunities for the display of this quality; nor was he doomed to remain long undistinguished on account of his activity, steady habits, and utilitarian cquirements; for although combined with the party that was strenuously arrayed against the policy and extravagance of Warren Hastings, it was his good fortune to be so heartily recommended to that high-minded Governor as to obtain the second seat at the Board

appointed to supersede the Provincial Councils. The occasion and means of this apparently contradictory measure of promotion are thus explained:—

To the first post was appointed Mr. David Anderson, a servant of the Company, distinguished for his integrity and abilities. But, anticipating the need of this gentleman's services on special missions, Mr. Hastings consulted him on filling the second place at the Board, which would require qualifications not inferior to his own. Mr. Anderson at once recommended Mr. Shore, as, in his opinion, better fitted for the post than any other member of the Service. The Governor-General expressed astonishment at the mention of an individual whom he regarded as one of his most zealous opponents; for Mr. Shore's financial reputation had induced Mr. Hastings to attribute to him a large share in the preparation of Mr. Francis's Minutes. Mr. Anderson, intimately acquainted with the character of Mr. Hastings as well as of Mr. Shore, replied in the following terms: "Appoint Mr. Shore; and in six weeks you and he will have formed a friendship."—The proposal was assented to, and the prediction fulfilled.

But while Mr. Shore earnestly aided the Governor in those cautious measures that promised stability to our Indian settlements, he was systematically opposed to every extravagant display, and lavish method of impairing the financial capabilities of the empire; and as his honest opinion of the Governor's policy and practice was, in consequence of a breach of confidence, made known to that functionary, the subject of the Memoir before us, relinquished his seat at the Board already alluded to, and returned to England. And here his merits and habits came to be so fully appreciated, especially as a financier, that he was solicited to go out to India again in order to take under his control the department of *revenue;* accompanying the Marquis of Cornwallis, and giving early evidence of his ability and anxiety to bring financial arrangements to a healthy condition, and at a very critical period for British India; for he states that on his arrival along with the new authority, it was discovered that the "late Government had incurred universal contempt," and that the public voice pronounced them "to have been concerned in endless jobs," so that the embarrassments of the Company are declared to have been greater than could be conceived by the person to whom he was addressing himself. And yet when Mr. Shore again returned to his native land, he was accused, after his examination in the impeachment of Hastings, of having been concerned in some of the matters alleged as misdemeanours in the Governor's administration, connected with the Revenue Board. Still, the allegations and menaces that were held out by Burke and others were unheeded by the party in power, for the subject of the Memoir, now Sir John Shore, was nominated to succeed Cornwallis, as the supreme authority in India; and accordingly he again returned to the East, and in the capacity of Governor-Geveral.

Sir John Shore's policy and conduct were in perfect accordance with what we have already said of his economic habits and attention to practical business. Not that his administration gave tokens of enlarged views, or that he escaped every error. In fact, he committed some glaring blunders, while it was fortunate for him, that he not only had the advice of persons of greater sagacity, but as the page of history proclaims, of far more commanding abilities and foresight. Colonel Wesley (subsequently Wellesley) and afterwards the great captain of the age, was amongst the number of those eminent individuals who were brought into close contact with the new Governor General. The following letter is in the style most characteristic of the Duke's peculiar perception and firmness,—the Governor having stupidly resolved on setting the captains of the Company's merchantmen in command over the royal troops. Here followeth Arthur Wesley's remonstrance on the occasion referred to:—

Heroine, August 6, 1797.

Sir—I have just received an Order from Major-General St. Leger, stating, that, "in case of coming to action, the troops will be under the command of the captains of the ships." In the different conversations you did me the honour to hold with me upon this subject, I uniformly stated it to be my fixed determination that every assistance should be given to work and fight the ships. I told you that the directions of the captains of the Indiamen, upon those occasions, would of course be obeyed: and I communicated to you an extract of my instructions to the officers commanding the troops on board the different ships upon this subject, which you thought fully sufficient. Confiding, then, that there would be no order from Superior Authority to put me, or the regiment I have the honour to command, in any situation under the command of the captains of the Indiamen (however I or every other officer might think it necessary that we and the men should obey their orders upon certain occasions,) I embarked with the regiment;—a step which, however attached I may be to the King's Service, I would sooner have quitted it than have taken, had I known that matter was to be arranged as I find it is. In addition to the objections I have to be under the command of persons who have thrown so many difficulties in the way of the Service; and who are now throwing so many, that I shall probably be obliged to write an official complaint of some of them before the fleet sails—and in addition to the difficulties of *obliging* officers (particularly field-officers) to put themselves under the command of captains of Indiamen, or of taking the soldiers from under the orders of their own officers—there is this legal objection to the measure; viz. that the captains of the Indiamen have no legal method of enforcing obedience to their orders from their own seamen, much less will they have it of enforcing obedience from soldiers; and therefore if it does not suit the pleasure of the men, they will not obey them. In my opinion, it would have been better to have left the matter where I placed it; and have trusted to the good sense and honour of the officers, and to the spirit of the soldiers, that every assistance would be given when the occasion might require it: and in that case, as they would not have felt themselves of their Service disgraced, their exertions would

have been greater, and their assistance more cordial than it can be expected to be under the existing circumstances. However, Sir, uncomfortable as I feel it embarking under such circumstances, I shall do everything in my power, and shall make those under me do everything in their power, to forward the Service; and I hope that you will find that those whose ambitious claims have been complied with will do the same.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your most obedient humble servant,
A. Wesley.

The Governor-General was a man of that common sense and knowledge of his own foresight and abilities that he readily yielded to Colonel Wesley's views. Ere long Sir John Shore relinquished his duties in the East, having been created a peer, and on coming home chiefly exhibited himself as a leader in the evangelical movement in which Wilberforce and others figured; having been selected as President of the Bible Society, which office he held to the close of his industrious career. Not only, therefore, as a financier and a diligent expert hand in regard to the revenue and affairs of India, but as a religionist and philanthropist, Lord Teignmouth deserved a Memoir, together with the publication of his Correspondence; and the work has been discreetly as well as affectionately executed by his son.

Art. XI.

1. *Handy Andy.* By Samuel Lover. Lover.
2. *Godfrey Malvern; or the Life of an Author.* By Thomas Miller. Miller.
3. *The Life and Adventures of Martin Chuzzlewit.* By Boz. Chapman and Hall.
4. *Harry Mowbray.* By Capt. Knox. Ollivier.

We are not going to tell any part of the story, or indicate the plot of any one of these serials; not even of the first two in our list, although they have been brought to a close. A very few words about the fashion and the disadvantages of publishing novels either in magazines, or piecemeal and periodically, must serve to introduce some extracts.

One drawback to fictions which appear in the serial form and manner is obviously this,—that the writer feels himself obliged to indulge in extravagancies each month, in order to produce temporary effect, and that the success and harmony of the whole must in a great measure be sacrificed to monstrosities that must immediately tell. Hence it is that the author, who is tempted to commence with some striking incident, character, or scene, finds it absolutely necessary to aim at

increased effect in every future instalment; and ten to one the climax is reached before the termination of the tale, ot the absurdities become grosser and grosser the farther you proceed.

Now, these things constitute a result that must be inimical to a production of art, not merely on account of the limits of capability and scope, but of the tone and the disposition of the writer; for he or she naturally has an eye to immediate profit and transient attractiveness,—to temporary popularity and passing circumstances, rather than to the requirement and ends of art, or even the permanent fame of the artist. It is a levelling and a sacrificing system; as may be often discovered were it but from the studiedly glaring titles of the stories, and of each successive chapter, which are intended to be *taking*, and that very probably point to some vulgar or notorious incidents at the moment of production and publication. The straining becomes palpable, and the effect is likely to be unnatural.

Mr. Lover's *Handy Andy* must not be regarded as an exception to the majority of the fictions we are speaking of; while the objection is the more disagreeably felt in that his story affects the broadest humour, and the most ludicrous fun for its staple, which, however laughter-moving for a chapter at a time, cease to amuse and to interest continuously; for one gets fatigued with the exaggerated caricatures, and the extravagant eccentricities and blunders of the more elaborated characters. Besides, the fun is often stale; while the constant effort to astonish or to convulse detracts from the glee which cordial and unpremeditated humour communicates. Add to these and kindred drawbacks, that the story as a plot has not substance and interest calculated to arrest and enchain our sympathies; and then it will be acknowledged, that in spite of the great cleverness which passages evince, and the manifest boundlessness of the author's frolicksome fancy, we cannot have risen from the perusal of this story, crammed although it be with jokes and practical tricks, in a mood very favourably inclined to its class as a serial, and still less to its conception and execution as an individual performance.

On a former occasion, and while but a few numbers of Godfrey Malvern had been issued, we took occasion to speak of Mr. Miller's merits generally, and to characterize several of his preceding productions, as well as to remark upon the work more immediatcly under notice, offering at the same time a specimen which we regarded as illustrative of the writer's humanity, and also of his intensely close observation. It is true that we would rather meet with him in rural districts and sequestered nooks of Old England, than in the capital; even when he may not be more faithful in his delineations or earnest in his purpose. But then the parts of Godfrey Malvern that are the ablest and truest in our estimation, deal with subjects that are not merely less attractive in their nature, but which have been more hackneyed.

One of the chapters which appears to be most to the life must supply us with a subject and a delineation: it is that in which the Editor sets out with Godfrey in quest of lodging, the twain crossing to the Surrey side of the Thames:—

They walked arm-in-arm through the city, passed Temple-bar, and crossed Waterloo-bridge; "that bridge of sighs" to many a shareholder. Their walk was a very pleasant one, for the editor was rich in anecdote, knew many of the faces they met; and our hero was astonished when he saw that some of the first men of the day plodded their way through the streets on foot, and mingled unnoticed in the passing crowd. And this, thought Godfrey, is London! for they had met more than one individual, who would not have passed through the borough of Buttervote without a crowd following at their heels; but here they walked with their cloaks wrapped around them, and not a head was turned to mark their passing by. And Godfrey shrank within himself; he thought of the extended hands which were ever ready to welcome him in the borough; but no one knew him there! A poet, a prince, or a pauper, might just be elbowed in the self-same crowd, and not an eye turn round in astonishment. He saw how very great a man might be considered in some very little town, and yet be known to nobody in London;—that the mayor of Buttervote might walk from Chelsea to Whitechapel, and not a living soul know how great a man he was in his own little borough.

And such is London! in whose streets we have seen the Duke of Wellington, when walking, gather up the folds of his short cloak, that he might keep clear of some "innocent blackness," and not run down a poor sweep;—have seen Godwin, the author of "Caleb Williams," waiting in a low entry among apple-women and "looped and windowed raggedness," until the shower abated. Your truly great men carry not their own grandeur; the world is their servant, and they toss their *great*-coats to it. They carry not an unnecessary garment; when they need it, it is there—a thousand hands are ready to put it on.

They had by this time reached Stamford-street; and as there was rather a "taking" look about some of the houses, Godfrey expressed his inclination to locate there; but the editor had some idea of what a first-floor respectably furnished amounted to per week, so they struck more to the right, and into Lambeth.

There is a way of doing things in London very different to what you see elsewhere, especially in the lodging-letting department. In a country town you see a dirty piece of paper stuck in the window, with four red wafers, which tells you bluntly and boldly that there were either "lodgings to let," or "good beds for travellers." Not so in a decent lodging-letting, good-looking, London street. There you are informed in gold letters, on a shining black or blue ground, surrounded with a neat-looking frame, that there are "genteel apartments to let for a gentleman." Or, perchance, you see written, in a very neat hand, on a richly embossed card, deeply fringed with riband, and looking quite like an ornament to the window, "apartments to let respectably furnished;" or still neater and more astounding, "a back bed-room for a gentleman, with the use of the parlour:" which means that if

a friend calls he can be shown into the parlour, until you can show him into the back bed-room; for the "use of the parlour" is at the service of every lodger in the house for a few minutes, and you take your "turn" as they do in a barber's shop. And should your friend stay too long, a voice is soon heard in the passage, exclaiming, "Gentlemen who keep company, should pay for a sitting-room, and not let people wait about in this manner."

They surveyed several apartments, and those who had really anything respectable to let, asked two guineas per week for a first floor, which included attendance; and which attendance signified, that the poor little dirty Cinderella who opened the door, and did every thing, was to wait upon the first-floor lodgers (as well as the other half-dozen who already domiciled under the roof) when she had time. And, oh! the variety of beds, the real beds, the apologies for beds, and the concealed beds. Godfrey saw, in the course of the day, the bold four-poster, the cheap-looking tent, French-bedsteads without end, sofas, drawers, wardrobes, and the downright undisguised turn-up, where a servant *might* sleep, after she had worked until she could no longer keep her eyes open; and he thought that they knew well how to make the most of room in London.

"You find things look rather different here to what they do in the country?" said the editor, as they again continued their search. "There is very little of that true homely English comfort to be found in such places as these. A real, downright London lodging-letting house is one of the most uncomfortable places in the civilized world. I mean one of those where the landlord lives by his lodgers, and is so good a hand at his business that he contrives to change them every week. Such houses as these are nearly all alike. I never enter one without feeling cold; there is not a single thing in the place that you can call your own. They were used by another the day before you came, and, probably, another takes possession the day after you have gone; and neither the landlord nor landlady cares who or what they were, so long as they are paid. All the chimney-pieces seem to me to be alike; they are ornamented with a number of little white dogs, birds, baskets, and shells, all looking like lumps of ice; and these the poor little dirty, half-fed servant girl, has to dust every morning. If you chance to get up a little earlier than usual, you have to sit down and look on while she dusts them. I always feel a strong inclination to throw such useless trumpery out of the window. And the fire-irons look so cold and bright, they make you feel as if you were freezing. They always stand in the same position; it pains you to see them so long in the same place; and were you to remove them only an inch, when you came back you would find them standing in the self-same spot as they did before. As for the fire, you might carry it all away in your hat without burning yourself. Then there is sure to be a mirror over the mantel-piece, the frame covered with gauze. You would feel much more comfortable if the mirror was but cracked; you might then think that somebody or another had been merry in that cheerless room; but there are no signs of any one having played or romped there, no marks of restless children's hands to tell that they have used things as if they were their own, for they rarely let apartments to those who have children; the moody, the thoughtful, and the silent, are their favourites. Even the table-cover is free from grease; there is no drop of ink upon it,

although it is nearly worn threadbare. As for the chairs and carpets, you feel half-afraid either to sit down on the one, or tread upon the other. Then your breakfast, they bring it up on a half-worn tray,—bread, butter, tea, half cold, and a rasher of bacon that looks as if it had been laid in the sun to warm, It comes and goes, and what is left, diminishes somehow in the dark kitchen below; for what could the poor hungry servant do, were it not for the lodgers? If a friend comes in on an evening, to take a glass of grog with you, you ring the bell; and after a long interval, the servant appears:—ten to one, if you want hot water, the fire is out. I always prefer cold grog, when I visit any of my friends in these trim abodes of misery. As for a cigar,—where could you shake off the ashes?—not on those cold bright fire irons; not on that clean, threadbare carpet: no! there is no home-feeling about such places. Then your bill at the end of the week—you know to a minute when it will be brought in; it is sure to be served up with the cold tea, and the sun-warmed bacon at breakfast; and Heaven help the lodger who cannot pay it! They watch you as if you were a thief; you no sooner go out, than they are up in your rooms, to see whether you have taken anything or not: they count the white dogs, and the birds, and the little baskets, to see that you have not carried any off in your pockets. To be friends with any one under their roof, is against their principles; for, once familiar, they would begin to suspect that you wanted to run into debt: then with what face could they bully you for the money, if you did not pay to the day? They like your quiet, sullen, saucy-looking lodger the best; one who, when he goes out, slams the door in their faces, as if to say, "D—n you, I pay."

The Editor pictures a more captivating dwelling:—

They knocked at the door; and were admitted by the landlady herself,—a stout, red-faced woman, but exceedingly polite. She had a first floor to let,—a sitting-room and bed-room; the terms, one guinea per week. They looked at the apartments, and found them very neatly furnished: the sitting-room contained a sofa, eight chairs, (two of them with arms,) two tables, carpet, hearth-rug, fender, fire irons, a mirror, coal-skuttle, and shells on the mantel-piece, with a few prints, framed and glazed, on the walls. The bed-room had a very comfortable look about it; it contained a bed, a chest of drawers, wash-hand stand, and a painted dressing-table, with a looking-glass upon it. Godfrey struck a bargain at once, and paid a week's rent in advance, which saved all trouble about a reference. This guinea a-week included the attendance of Cinderella, who was busied in the kitchen, washing.

Mr. Miller, with scenes and subjects of the above metropolitan description, may be advantageously compared with Boz, who to our thinking overlays his pictures, and fatigues you with a wire-drawn tediousness and endlessly minute touches, to the marring of nature and general effect. In Martin Chuzzlewit he is stale also, even as respects the repetition of himself: nor, were we closely to bring him into parallelism with the Basket-maker, should we wish for a better

illustration than by adducing those strained chapters which affect to describe London lodging-houses. Want of space, however, forbids this method of balancing the merits of the writers; and therefore we must content ourselves with an available passage or two of moderate extent and happier execution, although considerable effort be used to produce striking results. First, an autumnal evening:—

It was pretty late in the autumn of the year, when the declining sun, struggling through the mist which had obscured it all day, looked brightly down upon a little Wiltshire village, within an easy journey of the fair old town of Salisbury.

Like a sudden flash of memory or spirit kindling up the mind of an old man, it shed a glory upon the scene, in which its departed youth and freshness seemed to live again. The wet grass sparkled in the light; the scanty patches of verdure in the hedges—where a few green twigs yet stood together bravely, resisting to the last the tyranny of nipping winds and early frosts—took heart and brightened up; the stream, which had been dull and sullen all day long, broke out into a cheerful smile; the birds began to chirp and twitter on the naked boughs, as though the hopeful creatures half believed that winter had gone by and spring had come already. The vane upon the tapering spire of the old church glistened from its lofty station in sympathy with the general gladness; and from the ivy-shaded windows such gleams of light shone back upon the glowing sky, that it seemed as if the quiet buildings were the hoarding-place of twenty summers, and all their ruddiness and warmth were stored within.

Even those tokens of the season which emphatically whispered of the coming winter, graced the landscape, and, for the moment, tinged its livelier features with no oppressive air of sadness. The fallen leaves with which the ground was strewn gave forth a pleasant fragrance, and, subduing all harsh sounds of distant feet and wheels, created a repose in gentle unison with the light scattering of seed hither and thither by the distant husbandman, and with the noiseless passage of the plough as it turned up the rich brown earth and wrought a graceful pattern in the stubble fields. On the motionless branches of some trees, autumn-berries hung like clusters of coral beads, as in those fabled orchards where the fruits were jewels; others, stripped of all their garniture, stood, each the centre of its little heap of bright red leaves, watching their slow decay; others again, still wearing theirs, had them all crunched and crackled up, as though they had been burnt; about the stems of some were piled, in ruddy mounds, the apples they had borne that year; while others (hardy evergreens this class) showed somewhat stern and gloomy in their vigour, as charged by Nature with the admonition that it is not to her more sensitive and joyous favourites she grants the longest term of life. Still athwart their darker boughs the sun-beams struck out paths of deeper gold; and the red light, mantling in among their swarthy branches, used them as foils to set its brightness off, and aid the lustre of the dying day.

A moment, and its glory was no more. The sun went down beneath the long dark lines of hill and cloud which piled up in the West an airy city, wall heaped on wall, and battlement on battlement; the light was all withdrawn;

the shining church turned cold and dark; the stream forgot to smile; the birds were silent; and the gloom of winter dwelt on everything.

Take next a touch of oily sentimentality:—

"Tut, tut!" said Mr. Pecksniff, pushing his latest-born away, and running his fingers through his hair, as he resumed his tranquil face: "What folly is this! Let us take heed how we laugh without reason, lest we cry with it. What is the domestic news since yesterday? John Westlock is gone, I hope?"

"Indeed, no," said Charity.

"And why not?" returned her father. "His term expired yesterday. And his box was packed, I know; for I saw it, in the morning, standing in the hall."

"He slept last night at the Dragon," returned the young lady, "and had Mr. Pinch to dine with him. They spent the evening together, and Mr. Pinch was not home till very late."

"And when I saw him on the stairs this morning, Pa," said Mercy, with her usual sprightliness, "he looked, oh, goodness, *such* a monster! with his face all manner of colours, and his eyes as dull as if they had been boiled, and his head aching dreadfully, I am sure, from the look of it, and his clothes smelling—oh it's impossible to say how strong, of"—here the young lady shuddered—"of smoke and punch."

"Now I think," said Mr. Pecksniff, with his accustomed gentleness, though still with the air of one who suffered under injury without complaint, "I think Mr. Pinch might have done better than choose for his companion one who, at the close of a long intercourse, had endeavoured, as he knew, to wound my feelings. I am not quite sure that this was delicate in Mr. Pinch. I am not quite sure that this was kind in Mr. Pinch. I will go further, and say, I am not quite sure that this was even ordinarily grateful in Mr. Pinch."

"But what can any one expect from Mr. Pinch?" cried Charity, with as strong and scornful an emphasis on the name as if it would have given her unspeakable pleasure to express it, in an acted charade, on the calf of that gentleman's leg.

"Ay, ay," returned her father, raising his hand mildly; "it is very well to say what can we expect from Mr. Pinch: but Mr. Pinch is a fellow-creature, my dear; Mr. Pinch is an item in the vast total of humanity, my love; and we have a right—it is our duty—to expect in Mr. Pinch some development of those better qualities the possession of which in our own persons inspires our humble self-respect. No," continued Mr. Pecksniff; "no! Heaven forbid that I should say nothing can be expected from Mr. Pinch, or that I should say nothing can be expected from any man alive, (even the most degraded, which Mr. Pinch is not, no really); but Mr. Pinch has disappointed me; he has hurt me; I think a little the worse of him on this account, but not of human nature. Oh no, no!"

Capt. Knox is reputably known as the author of "Hardness," and other fictions. His novels have been so favourably received that he must have felt himself entitled to try his strength upon a story to be developed, moon after moon, and to dare criticism at the

end of the *twelve months;* for such is the length of the race to which "Harry Mowbray" is to run. Judging from the Parts, that have already appeared, and from the Captain's other productions, we should say that there is as much of thought and observation, of character and sentiment, of situation and description, in one of his stories, as would set up in respect of matter half-a-dozen of fictions, and preserve them from sudden decay and oblivion; but that he is deficient in constructive power, so as to meet the demands of a plot, and the harmonious completeness of a tale that is accumulative as it proceeds, and gradually more interesting as you approach the fifth act, where all is to be settled in accordance with poetical justice, and the heart and imagination are charged with lessons and impressions that will last. At the same time it is due to the author to state that his knowledge of the world appears to be unbounded, his power of picturing separate passages most faithful, his philosophy perfectly healthy, and his style of language adequately sound and manly. He is remarkably independent of caricature or exaggeration of every sort; the precision and the delicacy of his touch, or the force, justness, and rapidity of his strokes, being the qualities upon which he confidently and safely relies. It is due to the illustrations by Weigall to add that these are happily wedded to the text, both in respect of power, expression, and distinctness of delineation. They are pictures in themselves, and generally with such accessories as satisfactorily to tell their own story.

We do not at present go more particularly into the tale of "Harry Mowbray," but shall cite two paragraphs that are fit to stand by themselves. They are taken from Part VI.; the first of the passages giving such a sketch as must be quite familiar to many of our readers, and which must also suggest accurate and touching images and picturesque points to the imagination of any person who may be an utter stranger to rural scenes. Weigall has selected the description for one of his illustrations.

The parish church of Ellesmere, as is often the case in parishes that have belonged for centuries to the same family, was within the bounds of the park, it was about half a mile from the house, though concealed from it by a rise in the ground which had been planted a few years before, to shut out a recently erected factory, much against Lord de Creci's will, who declared that he could not understand how any one could look at the factory as long as the church was in sight. Yet in an architectural point of view, the pretensions of the church were as humble as possible, it was one of those low quaint buildings whose attractions consist in the associations that belong to them, who tell a tale of generation after generation having passed under their walls, away and away, through the feelings, joys, and sorrows of this life, to slumber peacefully in the consecrated ground around. The original building was little better than a solidly built cottage, with low walls, but a disproportionately high roof, from the centre of which rose a small belfry capped with

a spire, whose highest point did not rise fifteen feet above the roof. A later age, finding the accommodation insufficient for the increasing population of the parish, had placed by its side another, which stretched about half way of its length, and in the angle formed by the two was the porch, which, simple as it was, was the only part of the building that made any approach to an architectural character. It was low and wide, its roof supported by curiously carved arches, whose shape, together with some ornaments about the windows, entitled it to a place in the comprehensive ranks of gothic structures. Some venerable trees shadowed the humble mounds where the "rude forefathers of the hamlet slept," and several pathways led in different directions among those tombs, many of whose inscriptions had already become illegible. There were a few stray weeds, a solitary and neglected rose tree, and a new made grave, with a mattock lying by its side, completed the picture.

Our second sample is of an order of thought and writing for which we hold the Captain to be distinguished.

Dates are the bones of history (and very dry bones they are sometimes,) the hard and unyielding skeleton, the outline afforded by which is commonly filled up at the pleasure of the historian, to whom the light of a fruitful imagination is a pearl of price, as much as to to the younger branch of his ancient house, the composer of Historical Romance, whose productions may be considered a sort of ignis fatuus that hovers about the tombs of the dead, to dazzle and astonish the living, or to the humbler chronicler of cotemporary events, whose business lies in pursuing through the lights and shadows that are flitting about us, the ever varying chameleon which men call fancy, fashion, whim, rage, or folly, according as the goddess smiles or frowns, who may say with Pope—

> Whether the charmer sinner it or saint it,
> If folly grow romantic I must paint it:
> Come then the colours and the ground prepare,
> Dip in the rainbow, trick her off in air:
> Choose a firm cloud before it falls, and in it
> Catch, ere she change, the Cynthia of the minute.

Even the novelist is the slave of dates, he too clothes a skeleton in the flesh and blood of life, and as what is bred of the bone will never come out of the flesh, and the slightest irregularity in chronology distorts a whole history, it behoves those who are solicitous as to their characters to be scrupulously accurate on these matters. It is therefore not without the fullest authority that we state that on Wednesday the 17th day of August, 1831——

We must not dismiss "Harry Mowbray" without mentioning that the periodical presents a feature,—whether to be looked for in such a quarter, we do not in the meanwhile stop to inquire,—which adds to its lasting worth, being real in its nature and deeply important in its details: there is appended to the Parts a series of papers on the physical and sanatory condition of the poor, with the view of showing

how their distress, privations, and wretchedness may be best alleviated; the author's close and earnest observation, his various reading and researches, having furnished him, it would appear, with a rich fund of facts and many wholesome impressive hints on the subject. We hope that the popularity of his name, and the acceptableness of his fiction, may prove the channels of a wide circulation for the social and economic views which the papers alluded to so ably urge. Take a passage from one of the series, which exhibits a lamentable deficiency in the important article of *pure water*.

The statements in the paper are taken from various reports by medical officers and others both in England and Ireland; and the doctrine urged is, that the interposition of the labour of going out and bringing home water from a distance acts as an obstacle to the formation of better habits. The following is part of the reasoning and allegations in support of the principle mentioned:

It is in vain to expect of the great majority of them that the disposition, still less the habits, will precede or anticipate and create the conveniences. Even with persons of a higher condition, the habits are greatly dependent on the conveniences, and it is observed, that when the supplies of water into the houses of persons of the middle class are cut off by the pipes being frozen, and when it is necessary to send for water to a distance, the house-cleansings and washings are diminished by the inconvenience; and every presumption is afforded that if it were at all times requisite for them to send to a distance for water, and in all weathers, their habits of household cleanliness would be deteriorated. In Paris and other towns where the middle classes have not the advantages of supplies of water brought into the houses, the general habits of household and personal cleanliness are inferior to those of the inhabitants of towns who do enjoy the advantage. The whole family of the labouring man in the manufacturing towns rise early, before daylight in winter time, to go to their work; they toil hard, and they return to their homes late at night. It is a serious inconvenience, as well as discomfort, to them to have to fetch water at a distance out of doors, from the pump or the river, on every occasion that it may be wanted, whether it may be in cold, in rain, or in snow. The minor comforts of cleanliness are of course foregone, to avoid the immediate and greater discomforts of having to fetch the water. In general it has appeared in the course of the present inquiry, that the state of the conveniences gives, at the same time, a very fair indication of the state of the habits of the population, in respect to household, and even personal cleanliness. The *Rev. Whitwell Elwin*, the chaplain of the Bath Union, gives the following illustration of the habits of many of the working population even in that city, which is well supplied with water:—

A man had to fetch water from one of the public pumps in Bath, the distance from his house being about a quarter of a mile,—"It is as valuable, he said, "as strong beer. We can't use it for cooking, or anything of that sort, but only for drinking and tea." "Then where do you get water for cooking and washing?"—"Why, from the river. But it is muddy, and often stinks bad, because all the filth is carried there." "Do you prefer to cook your

victuals in water that is muddy and stinks, to walking a quarter of a mile to fetch it from the pump?"—"We can't help ourselves, you know. We could not go all that way for it." There are many gentlemen's houses in the same district in which the water is not fit for cooking: and I know that much privation and inconvenience is undergone to avoid the expense of water carriage. I have often wondered to see the shifts which have been endured rather than be at the cost of an extra pail of water, of which the price was three half-pence. With the poor, far less obstacles are an absolute barrier, because no privation is felt by them so little as that of cleanliness. The propensity to dirt is so strong, the steps so few and easy, that nothing but the utmost facilities for water can act as a counterpoise; and such is the love of uncleanliness, when once contracted, that no habit, not even drunkenness, is so difficult to eradicate."

We cite a passage from another paper, which maintains "that the character of the habitations of the poor affects their own moral character to a degree almost incredible to the wealthy;" and the following instance of a female servant when married is adduced upon the authority of a member of the family in which she had been brought up as a servant, and who had been taught the habits of neatness, order, and cleanliness most thoroughly:

"Her attention to personal neatness," says a lady who is my informant, "was very great; her face seemed always as if it were just washed, and with her bright hair neatly combed under her snow-white cap, a smooth white apron, and her gown and handkerchief carefully put on, she used to look very comely. After a year or two, she married the serving man, who, as he was retained in his situation, was obliged to take a house as near his place as possible. The cottages in the neighbourhood were of the most wretched kind, mere hovels built of rough stones and covered with ragged thatch; there were few even of these, so there was no choice, and they were obliged to be content with the first that was vacant, which was in the most retired situation. After they had been married about two years, I happened to be walking past one of these miserable cottages, and as the door was open, I had the curiosity to enter. I found it was the home of the servant I have been describing. But what a change had come over her! her face was dirty, and her tangled hair hung over her eyes. Her cap, though of good materials, was ill washed and slovenly put on. Her whole dress, though apparently good and serviceable, was very untidy, and looking dirty and slatternly; everything indeed about her seemed wretched and neglected, (except her little child,) and she appeared very discontented. She seemed aware of the change there must be in her appearance since I had last seen her, for she immediately began to complain of her house. The wet came in at the door of the *only room*, and when it rained, through every part of the roof also, except just over the hearth-stone; large drops fell upon her as she lay in bed, or as she was working at the window: in short, she had found it impossible to keep things in order, so had gradually ceased to make any exertions. Her condition had been borne down by the condition of the house. Then her husband was dissatisfied with his home and with her; his visits became less frequent, and if he had been a day-labourer, and

there had been a beer-shop or a public-house, the preference of that to his home would have been inevitable, and in the one instance would have presented an example of a multitude of cases.

She was, afterwards, however, removed to a new cottage, which was water-tight, and had some conveniences, and was built close to the road, which her former mistress and all her friends must constantly pass along. She soon resumed, in a great degree, her former good habits, but still there was a little of the *dawdle* left about her; the remains of the dispiritedness caused by her former very unfavourable circumstances.

ART. XII.—*The Perils of the Nation. An Appeal to the Legislature, the Clergy, and the Higher and Middle Classes.* Seeley and Co.

IF we could bring ourselves to believe that this book gives a fair account of the present condition and predicament or the nation,—that it sets before us with as much anxiety the *bright*, as with earnestness it paints the *dark*, we should all but despair of the empire, and be ready to declare, that without a miracle,—without such organic, sweeping, and instant changes, as would amount to a thorough revolution in mind and morals, in legislation, civics, and economics, the sun of England had for ever set as a kingdom and British community,—that destitution, devastation, and irremediable ruin were actually at hand. Every thing among us and characteristic of us, according to our author, is rotten to the core. Selfishness and mammon have a tighter grasp of us than even Mr. Carlyle has imagined; while pauperism, and loathsome vice, on the other hand are threatening the political fabric with the physical ascendancy of the hungry and the infuriated, and the ravages of the fellest diseases that the head and heart can engender and propagate.

The anonymous author proceeds to describe and characterize the condition and exigencies of the poor and labouring classes; very frequently taking the official statements made by Parliamentary Commissioners as his guides; although, we must add, without adducing the counteracting and balancing evidence which might be derived from other inquiries and other evidences that are essenital to a full and impartial estimate of the whole truth and aspect of England's existing state. He manifestly takes upon himself the championship of certain classes, to the want of fair dealing towards others; the Poor and the Labouring,—agricultural as well as commercial,—whether employed in manufactories or mines,—being the especial objects of his representation and sympathies; all which advocacy is deserving of admiration, provided it were conducted without recklessness of statement in regard to other parties, circumstances, and contingencies.

It is a good way for trying such a warm and zealous writer, to watch him when he comes to propose remedies and salutary regulations for

the saving of the nation. Now, in this branch of the Appeal he seems to us to deal largely in vague generalities, assumption and assertion, and above all in a sort of rudderless speculation. He shows, at any rate, that it is much easier to utter strong words about what ought to be, than to point out how the desirable or the absolutely needful can be brought to pass. The speculator ought to deal with mankind as he finds them, and as they have ever proved themselves to be, before we can place much reliance upon his dreams of what is possible or of the way in which alone it is to be realised. For example, he has his notions with regard to the popular errors of the day; concerning education; the subdivision of parishes for more effectual pastoral superintendence; the direction and the extent to which Parliament should exert its arm; and many other points which, even admitting they were happily chosen and soundly contemplated, require to be developed in a clearer and more forcible manner than is here done.

It is also very well to describe what the dignitaries of the Church should be, and what the clergy should do; and much ardent counsel may be addressed to magistrates, to members of the learned professions, and to womankind about the nature of their incumbent duties, and the great scope for their activity. Accordingly our author is as usual very unmeasured in these parts of his appeal, without appearing to have much idea of practicability or of promise. Still, we are far from thinking that his book is not calculated to work some immediate good, were it but by its indignant denunciations and heated descriptions—arresting the attention of a portion of the influential classes addressed; although, we believe that exaggeration in most cases, when a man assumes the office of a lecturer and expounder defeats its purpose and weakens the general effect. We quote one of the most striking and alarming passages of the work:

So far, the removable causes of fatal disease are external to the habitations of the poor: we must now look into their dwellings. These, of course, vary in different places, but generally they may be said to consist of tenements two or three stories high: the first, or keeping room, opening into the street, with a bed-room over it, and another above that. Sometimes the houses are double; and sometimes they rise to a greater height; but in most cases, where the nature of the soil will admit of it, they have a cellar, unconnected with the interior of the house, entered from the street by a flight of steps—which also affords the only mode of ingress for light and air—rented out, either by the landlord or the occupier of the dwelling, to some family, a grade lower in destitution. From this abode of misery there constantly arises a steam of exhalations—of coal and tobacco-smoke, the fumes of spirituous liquor, and every description of animal effluvia. Very rarely are these dens paved; the ground in its natural state is their floor; and soaking up innumerable liquids thrown upon it, sends them back in fœtid damps to saturate the bedding, hang upon the walls, and slowly strug-

gle out at the narrow opening which, at night, necessarily encloses, as in a box, the heterogeneous contents of the cellar; including fever and asthma; consumption, measles, and small pox; the lying-in woman and the drunken man, just as chance may order the assemblage for the night. These cellars are mostly always open to temporary lodgers, the price demanded varying from twopence a night to fourpence; and it is a common thing to find as many as twelve or fourteen human beings, generally strangers to each other, stowed in three or four wretched beds, or on trusses of straw; and not unfrequently a corpse among them. The rooms above certainly enjoy an advantage in point of ventilation, such as it is; but they receive, as well through the broken flooring as by the door and window, a full share of all that ascends from the subterranean apartment. The intense heat engendered by the crowding together of so many human beings, together with the process of cooking for them, as in summer it tends to produce the worst kind of fevers, so in winter it renders the abrupt transition of the half-clad lodgers, from such a temperature into the cold rain or biting frost of the streets, the prolific source of ague, of rheumatic affections, and consumption. Be it also remembered, that it is no matter of choice to the wayfaring man, whether he will take up his temporary abode in such pest houses; or if there be an alternative, it lies between this and the open air, where he would be seized as a vagrant; for it is made penal to prefer the clear vault of heaven to the low ceiling of a crowded cellar. The poor wretch who has not the means of paying for better accommodation, must avail himself of this; and very often, amongst the most necessitous of all poor, the Irish, a shelter so gratuitously afforded him who has not wherewith to pay. The penniless stranger, who would not be permitted to rest for a moment on the step of a rich man's door, is received by those whose daily bread depends on what they can get for their wretched accommodations, invited to share the scanty meal, and to repose, rent-free, in the corner that a more profitable tenant might otherwise occupy. Munificence like this is frequently practised, in the dreariest dens of misery: and often does the poor traveller communicate to, or bear away from the hospitable cellar, the seeds of some contagious disease, to ravage many a home ere its deadly progress be stayed. We saw the Asiatic Cholera introduced into a healthy rural district, through the gratuitous harbouring, in a very humble cottage, by some of his own country-people, of a poor creature who had slept the preceding night in an infected cellar. He died in a few hours, and the neighbourhood lay for some weeks under the visitation, with great loss of life.

Another constant generator of disease in the houses of the labouring poor is their bedding. Anything better than a straw palliasse is rarely met with, and this is a luxury. Loose straw, damp, mouldy, decomposed, and swarming with vermin, is the general substitute for a bed, with very rarely a blanket to hold it together; for blankets are convertible into money, and many wants more urgent than that of a warm covering at night press for its sacrifice. It has been ascertained that multitudes make the ground their bed, with nothing under them or over them except the clothing worn throughout the day, which is not laid aside at night. We are no levellers; we would guard with jealous care the distinction of ranks that God has evidently established: we would not take from the man of property his lands,

tenements, or possessions of any kind; but we must say, that after dwelling for a while on this faint picture of realities that wa have often contemplated in the centre of London, and in many towns and villages of the land, we regard as somewhat worse than mere wanton luxuries, the down beds, the damask hangings, the gilded cornices, the sparkling lustres, the costly services, and jewelled apparel of another class. The impartial eye of God looks down on both: at the same moment lie open before Him—the crowded saloon of the noble, the luxurious board of the wealthy citizen, the expensive elegancies of more retired life,—and the loathsome dens where unchecked vice riots in all the grossness, unalleviated disease gnaws the gaunt frame of poverty, and starvation itself looks out from the straining eyeballs of those who, either on a happy or a horrible equality, must be throughout eternity the companions of their now unapproachable brethren. He sees it all!

Unquestionably the appalling description now quoted is accurate as respects multitudes of localities and dwellings throughout the land; and very probably to a much greater extent in regard to prevalence and individual virulence than our author has been able to paint. And yet, we think, that an exaggerating spirit pervades part of the colouring; while we are firmly convinced, a falseness enters into the doctrine put forth in the last sentences of the extract. Surely it would be easy to show that were the wealthy utterly shorn and denuded of their luxuries to-morrow,—were they denied the liberty of expending money on downy beds and gilded cornices, not merely would the infringement involve and introduce a principle entirely at variance with many of the most valued priveleges of the poor as well as the rich, but would inevitably abridge the labouring man's resources, and his too often already limited comforts. It is a vulgar as well as a narrow notion to think, were all the trappings and luxrious adornments of rank brought to the hammer to day, the gold and silver plate distributed amongst the poor, that the donation would be of service for more than the shortest assignable period, if not in many cases positively pernicious,—not to speak of the prostration of all enterprise, the cutting off of innumerable branches of mechanical and manual labour, which would accompany the annihilation and permanent restriction referred to. It were indeed well that the lavish tastes and transactions of the aristocracy were confined to the luxuries mentioned by our author, and that countenance were lent not to more questionable and ruinous expenditure; for then many a half-starving and virtuous being, many a man of honest and industrious principle that is at this moment not only needy, but disgusted with the heartlessness of the rich, and wronged by their profligacy, would have his hand full of work, and his hearth warm and clean.

We must cite one other passage which is illustrative of the author's unguardedness of statement; for the management of Drury Lane, at least, has not under Mr. Macready presented the features described; neither is it true that these features are peculiar to the age,

or nearly so offensive as they were wont in what our author perhaps would pronounce to be the *good old times*:—

Another of the most frightful features of the age, one that cannot be palliated by any species of sophistry when taken in connexion, we will not say with the profession of national Christianity, but, with an ordinary regard to such public morality as heathens may be expected to enforce, is the system now prevaling at the theatres. . . . In vain has the scene of depravity been repeatedly wrapped in consuming flames, and the whole fabric reduced to a heap of smoking ruins: still have we beheld the temple of obscenity again rearing its head, with extended facilities for guilt, and an outlay of increased amount ventured on to render the wages of shame more indispensable towards its reimbursement. If a moral man, ignorant as some men really are, of these practices in the bosom of refined English society, were to hear the thing described, in connexion with some heathen people in the uttermost parts of the earth, he would call for missionaries to proceed thither and enlighten the wretched inhabitants, by supplying them with the purifying knowledge of Christianity. But tell him that the place is London, the responsible parties gentlemen who perhaps roll by in their carriages to share the hospitality of some nobleman high in place; that the chief agents are those haggard girls, not yet adorned for the decoy, who sicken him as they cross his path; and their intended paramours the young men, ay, and the old men too, who now pass them heedlessly or scornfully by—the father with the son, the husband with the brothers of those virtuous females who either do not know, or will not consider to what they expose their male companions, when encouraging them to venture within the poisoned atmosphere of the theatre—tell him all this, what must be his dismay!

"In vain has the scene of depravity been repeatedly wrapped in consuming flames:" but we forbear, having shown and said enough to mark how and where the author's zeal gets the mastery of sound judgment, and his fierce piety perverts philosophy and fact. Not that we would have people avert their gaze from the miseries which congregate and the wrath that exasperates to the most imminent peril of the nation. These evils have reached far beyond the point at which party politics can safely be played with, paltry measures be found sufficient to stem the current, or mere expediency be able to confront the whirlwind fury of necessity. The whole empire is beset with an unprecedented complexity and bitterness of misery and malady. We might refer to the ecclesiastical disruption in Scotland as grimly threatening to the Church establishment in that country, and as perhaps big with events in the social and political condition; or we might find in the theological dissensions on the southern side of the Tweed, matter for dreadful prediction. The Repeal question in Ireland, both from the combined front presented and the excitability of the people takes the attitude of a still nearer struggle; where the victory, on whatever side it may take place, cannot in imagination be contemplated with other than shuddering emotion. But may there not be more awful signs in the horizon

produced by causes in a still more vital quarter than either of England's sisters can furnish; for do not the commerce, the industrial interests, the revenue of the great arm of the British Union,—the poverty, pauperism, destitution, and scowls of the people announce that these things have reached so approximately to a climax that the wisest amongst us cannot foresee how soon the entire fabric of the state may be made to totter, or how surely anarchy may be the only term applicable to the rule that will bear sway. The author of the Perils of the Nation may not be qualified to name the remedies to be applied; nor may his representations of evils and dangers be the most sensible or sober. Nevertheless inasmuch as he often pictures these things with startling effect, and points to the principles and practice of Christianity as the only lasting source of hope, we must welcome the book as a well-timed appeal to the nation's fears and interests, trusting that it will not be resultless of good.

ART. XIII.—*The Rhone, the Darro, the Gaudalquivir; a Summer Ramble in* 1842. By MRS. ROMER. 2 vols. Bentley.

MRS. ROMER started from Paris, and took for her principal halting places, Avignon, Arles, and Marseilles, Barcelona, Valencia, Malaga, Granada, Cadiz, and Seville. Much of the ground trodden by the clever writer, who is evidently quite sensible too of her cleverness, has been oft beaten, and when we mention that she also stopped at Fontainbleau, at Vauclause, and other spots not less noted, all of which have the bestowment of a considerable amount of description and not less of sentiment of a smart character,—being consequently as instructive as it is amusing,—our readers will require little more at our hands than a snatch here and there, in order to afford them a competent notion of her quality, and to supply them with a few of her pictures and pertnient remarks. We should mention when giving an outline of her ramble that it embraced a sail up the coast past Alicant and Carthagena; and short visits to Gibraltar, Tetuan, and Malta. It is besides proper to state that her observations relative to institutions and other public matters are sometimes valuable; and also that several of her stories, while they convey capital sketches of character, are strikingly romantic.

The first place at which we halt with Mrs. Romer, is Fontainebleau, that we may obtain a view of the apartment and the table where Napoleon signed his abdication. Her reflection on the pitiful and absurd assertion of the Bourbon is such as every person will be ready to utter; but the Stuarts did not use expressions, or bear themselves after the Protectorate, with a particle of more manliness and truth. It appears that the room and the piece of furniture remain exactly as the emperor left them:

Many erroneous accounts of this table have been circulated by different tourists, and descriptions of the gashes inflicted upon it by the Emperor with his penknife have been the medium of the most poetical transcripts of his supposed feelings in that trying conjuncture. The fact is, that the gash esexist only in the imagination of the said tourists, a class who generally fancy that *reality* is too tame for the pages of the circulating library; the table is quite uninjured; it is a little common round *guéridon*, upon a claw, and was brought from one of the attendants' apartments (there being no moveable table in the room at the time) for the emperor to execute the deed upon. A brass plate has been affixed to it, commemorating the circumstance. * * The act of abdication was signed in the cabinet of the Emperor, contiguous his bed-chamber; and on the brass plate affixed to the table already specified it is stated that the event took place "in the apartment adjoining the *King's* bed-chamber, on the 3rd of April, 1814, and in the twenty-first year of the reign of his Majesty Louis the Eighteenth." The reign of Napoleon, then, was but a dream! Certainly, in that case. his most Christian Majesty had had a very long night-mare, for which the indigestions produced by the good cheer of Aartwell, in Buckinghamshire, can scarcely account! The folly of that other doomed race, the Stuarts, never went so far as to think that by a stroke of the pen they could obliterate all recollection of the Commonwealth, and assume that they themselves had, during the whole period of Cromwell's protectorate, held the scptre of the land that had driven them into exile.

At Marseilles Mrs. Romer rather fatigues us, especially with her talk and stories about the *restaurant*, Monsieur Courty. We think it right to let our readers have a specimen of her tediousness as well as cleverness. It is manifest that she has her share of self-conceit, regarding herself and Mons. Alexander Dumas, as the great patrons of the inn-keeper, who is puffed up, we learn, on the discovery of a new dish, just as Arago would be "when a new planet swims into his ken."

Dumas is unquestionably the Magnus Apollo of the *Muette de Portici*; the arbour in which he has dined, the dishes which he prefers, the sea-fishing in which he has joined with Courty, are dwelt upon by the latter with mingled pride and pleasure; and the sayings and doings of the *homme de lettres* are relished by the simple-minded Provencal with a *gusto* no less keen than that of which his own most successful culinary improvisations never fail to excite in the author of Henri Trois, of Antony, and of Caligula.

"The last time Monsieur Dumas dined here," said Courty, "he ordered the table to be laid as usual, in one of the arbours. The weather threatened a storm, and I ventured to suggest the prudence of dining in the house." "Eh! mon cher!" he exclaimed, "croyez-vous que vous sommes des hommes à reculer devant un orage? Servez-vous ici—qu'il pleut, qu'il tonne, qu'il grêle, cela nous est fort égale—nous dînerous quand même!" Force fut de l'obéir, Before the coquillages and bouillabesse were despatched, however, flashes of lightning betokened the commencement of the storm; the *hors d'œuvres* and *entrées* were introduced to the accompaniment of thunder; and the *premier service* was concluded amidst the pattering of heavy rain-

drops, which penetrated through the thick foliage of the arbour and completely destroyed the economy of the table, without, however, influencing Monsieur Dumas to yield to my entreaties and remove to the shelter of the house. His wife sat shivering in her thin muslin dress, and almost started out of her chair at every flash of lightning; and even his friend, Monsieur Mery, the poet, ventured a doubt as to the *agrément* of dining in a shower bath, without producing any effect upon him. Seeing that he was proof against persuasion, I changed my tactics, and, desiring the *second service* to be served in the house, I went and announced to the party that it awaited them there. "Monsieur Dumas," said I to him, "*il s'agit de ma réputation comme cuisinier* de ne pas céder à votre fantaisie; et *dans l'intérêt de mon art* je me vois obligé de ne plus exposer mes plats à l'intempérie de l'atmosphère. Le second service vous attend à la maison, et je suis décidé à ne pas vous l'apporter ici!" The fact is that it was not so much for the sake of my *plats*, as *par égard pour le sexe*, that I took that decided tone; and, luckily, it succeeded. Monsieur Dumas se rendit à mon raisonnement, et le dîner se termina joyeusement la maison, et à sec. Oui, Madame," he exclaimed, as he wound up a long eulogium of the object of his admiration, "l'approbation de ce grand littérateur m'est acquise, je peux m'en flatter; et non seulement il m'honore de son estime, mais il m'a consacré une page entière dans ses '*Imprections* de Voyage!' "

Honest Courty! I suppose he thought it admissible to take with the simple word *impressions* the same liberty that he permits himself to take with the aliments that pass through his hands; and fancied that, in dishing up the title of Alexandre Dumas' book *à la Provençale*, and in his own peculiar manner, he would render it quite as palatable, and infinitely more *piquant*, than if he had merely introduced it to our notice *au naturel*.

We doubly dislike this passage on account of its French scraps, but would not have taken notice of the silly display, did it not pervade many portions of the book. We get better pleased with the Rambler when she passes into Spain. She takes sea for Barcelona, and is an agreeable companion the moment she lands, as the following sketches and criticisms will testify:—

With our heads out of the windows, we were driven along several esplanades, and silent streets, and open spaces, wondering to see so few people in circulation in so considerable a looking city, when a sudden turn brought us upon a fine public walk, bordered on either side with handsome edifices, and shaded by rows of beautiful trees, beneath whose spreading branches throngs of loungers paraded backwards and forwards with that leisurely pace which evinced that to see and be seen was the only business that had drawn together such a numerous assemblage. Here were to be remarked groups of officers exhibiting a variety of uniforms and military decorations; there, clusters of priests wearing the identical costume, the black cassock and grotesquely shaped hat, with which the personage of Don Basilio in the Barbiere di Siviglia has rendered every one familiar;—dandies, of a description similar to *les flaneurs des Boulevards de Paris*, with *moyen age* beards, renaissance flowing locks, moustachios, and *royales*, (absurd accompaniments to the unbecoming male costume of the present day,) lighted their cigarillos

from small earthen pans of live embers that were hawked about for that purpose by ragged little urchins. But the striking feature of the scene—that which stamped upon it such a character of nationality, and rendered it unlike every other gathering together I had ever before seen, was the sprinkling of women throughout. Clad in the graceful garb of Spain, which is at once the most dignified and the most *agaçante*, the most simple and the most elegant female costume that ever was devised, black from head to foot, yet the very reverse of mournful, the Senoras glided along, the folds of their mantillas coquettishly gathered together under the chin with one hand, while with the other the large outspread glittering fan was held above their flashing eyes, to protect them from the rays of the sun, which had just burst forth with unwonted effulgence, as though to colour for us in the most appropriately glowing tints this first *coup d'œil* of a scene so truly Spanish, and which was rendered doubly striking from the contrast it afforded to the silent streets through which we had previously passed.

The Theatricals at Barcelona had few merits in Mrs. Romer's eyes:—

Judging from the specimens of native talent which we witnessed at the Liceo, I should say (if it be allowable to pronounce a decided opinion upon such slender grounds as are afforded by one isolated opportunity of forming one's judgment) that the dramatic art is ill-understood, nay, at the very lowest ebb, in this country. It is rare to meet with a troop of comedians in which not an individual symptom of excellence is to be detected; yet so it was here: and, as the same vicious method pervaded the whole company—the same emphatic monotony in the dialogue (whether the author had intended it to be familiar or exalted)—the same parrot-like delivery—the same tame, passionless action—the same *wooden* aspects—a combination which rendered it altogether impossible to gather from the gestures or countenances of the performers any elucidation of the sentiments they were delivering—I concluded that the general conception of the art must be a faulty one, and that the national taste and talents do not lean towards the stage. By far the most interesting part of the evening's entertainment was the *Bayle Nacional*, which succeeded the comedy, when the Bolero was performed with all that fire and *entraînement* which Spaniards alone can throw into it, and which render their execution of that most charming of all characteristic dances not merely a talent, but a passion and a sentiment. What a contrast between this animated performance and the sleepy drama, mouthed in defiance of all sense and feeling, that had preceded it! The audience, who appeared to have been half somnambulized by the play, were suddenly roused into enthusiasm by the click of the castanets, and a loud salvo of applause at the conclusion of the dance caused it to be repeated.

The churches, &c., of the city are also described after a similar fashion, with frequent happy touches of character, costume, and the like. She proceeds in the same manner when arrived at the other towns, her pictures at Granada and Malaga being about the best. The old Alhambra charmed the Rambler and is charmingly described. So too is the bull-fight at Malaga, although declaring that she could

not sit through the performance. We give a picture of a Spanish city that has much in it both of a general character and a minute pencilling.

At about seven in the evening "all the world" assemble on the upper walk, the ladies at first occupying the benches, the gentlemen pacing up and down in the centre, and sunning themselves in the bright eyes of the seated beauties; but very soon these latter grow tired of their repose; the benches become abandoned, and the walk then becomes so densely thronged with promenaders of both sexes, that it is a matter of some difficulty to see one's way clear through them. The costume of almost all these pretty loungers is the same: a black silk dress with short sleeves and long net gloves, a black lace mantilla, a natural rose or carnation at one side of the head, and a large fan never in repose in the hand, form the simple and elegant toilette most in vogue. Some few white mantillas are to be seen; but they are not advantageous to complexions so dusky as those of the Gaditanas, and are not much in favour. Here and there a would-be French bonnet and shawl of some incongruous mixture of colours show glaringly in the dark mass of veiled heads, as though purposely to demonstrate that the great secret of a Spanish woman's beauty and grace lies in her mantilla, and that dressed like other women her personal superiority no longer asserts itself; for it is as true that no Spanish woman knows how to put on a bonnet, as it is an undisputed fact that none but a Spanish woman knows how to wear a mantilla. Keep them to their national dress of sable hue from head to foot, and they are the most elegant and distinguished-looking race of women that can be imagined; but let them run riot among bonnets, feathers, and colours (which they have no idea of assorting judiciously,) and they sink to the level of the ill-dressed women of any other country. There is one superiority, however, which they must maintain, let their dress be what it may, over the women of all other nations, and that is in their walk—that graceful swimming gait peculiar to themselves, which is as happily free from the affected mincing wriggle of French women, as it is from the awkward grenadier stride indulged in by our own countrywomen. There is nothing theatrical or affected—nothing of what Addison has termed "recitative dancing" in the *démarche* of the Spanish women; but it combines an inexpressible grace and harmony of movement, which imparts a charm to them beyond that of mere beauty—a something without which beauty is incomplete, and which Virgil has rendered full justice to, when he caused Æneas to recognise Venus, not by the superiority of her face and form, but by her manner of walking:

"And by her walk the Queen of Love is known."

A Gipsy ball is our next:—

Among the thirty selected by Mateo to perform their characteristic dances for us, although the women were young and set off to the utmost advantage in their holiday finery, not one among them was absolutely pretty, nor could we detect a delicate foot and ankle in the whole *corps de ballet*. They were dressed in bright-coloured cotton gowns (either of pink, jonquil, blue, or geranium) with deep flounces and *panuelos*, or handkerchiefs, of some other

gaudy hue, arranged with great modesty over their bosoms. Their black hair was universally worn parted on the forehead, and fastened in a knot at the back of the head with a profusion of pink or cherry-coloured ribbons, and clusters of roses and pomegrante blossoms: but I looked in vain for the *parchite*, or round black patch upon each temple, which I had understood to have been invariably worn by the Andalusian Gitanas; and, as not one of these women exhibited that distinguished mark, I conclude that it must be peculiar only to the female Gipsies of Seville. To describe this extraordinary ball or *funcion* as it is here termed, so as to do justice to the originality of its arrangements, or to the variety of dances exhibited in it, would be impossible. At eight in the evening we were summoned down stairs to a long room on the ground-floor, which had been prepared for the occasion, where we found the whole Gipsy party assembled, and seated upon benches along the two sides of it: chairs had been placed at the upper end for the travelling guests of the posada, in all amounting to eight persons; at the bottom of the room, near the door, seats were arranged for our servants and the inmates of the house; and the open windows were crowded with tiers of dark eager faces, peeping in from the outside, and apparently taking as much delight at what was passing within, as though themselves had been active participators in the scene. As soon as we had taken our places, the whole assembly arose, and headed by an old man thrumming a guitar, and a middle-aged one, dressed in a pink jacket, black breeches, white stockings, and Majo hat, who flourished a tambourine, and whom I soon discovered to be the Vestris of the party, they advanced in procession to the spot where we were seated, saluted us with a graceful gesture of the hands, and then, defiling in two divisions, one of them resumed their seats, and the other stood up in the centre of the room, where they commenced the *funcion* by dancing the Romalis, that famous Gipsy dance, the figures of which are so intricate and so complicated from the number of persons engaged in it, that it would be impossible to convey any adequate idea of it by a written description. The orchestra was composed of the above mentioned guitar and the voices of all the Gipsies who were not engaged in the dance, led on by a young man, whose singing might be termed a prolonged howl, and who regulated the time by stamping with his feet and clapping with his hands, while the castanets of the dancers chimed in to his directing movements. Pink-jacket, who headed the male dancers, made himself very remarkable by his performance in this part of the entertainment, striking his tambourine with every part of his body, and occasionally breaking into a *pas de deux* with the *Prima Baylarina*, in which a freedom of gesticulation (to use the mildest term) was indulged in by both, that contrasted curiously with the stolidity and imperturbable gravity of his countenance.

Cadiz must detain us for a for a moment, as studied from a house-top at sunset:—

At that hour, when the dazzling luminary has just sunk beneath the waves and the eye can rest, without aching, upon the bright masses of snow-white structures that spread around, glowing still, but no longer glaring upon the sight,—I generally ascended to the Mirador of our hotel to enjoy, from those upper regions, the calm beauty of the hour, and to contemplate the

unclouded glories of the western sky reflected upon the crisped bosom of the ocean, and steeping bay, creek, headland in hues that would defy the powers of a Claude to transfer to canvass. From these little watch-towers one looks down upon a vast expanse of flat-terraced roofs, white as the walls they surmount, and, in many instances, gay with flowers, which gradually become animated by the presence of some of the dwellers within; Senoritas are there to be seen tending the blooming shrubs that impart to their terrace the appearance of a gay parterre; children at high romps; gentlemen smoking cigars; ladies fanning themselves, and stepping daintily backwards and forwards, conscious that, even there, admiring eyes are fixed upon them; while, from the streets below, ascends the hum of the busy throngs who at that hour are all directing their steps towards the Alameda and the Plaza de la Constitucion. But that which has the most amused me in the moving *tableau* which the roofs of Cadiz exhibits at sunset is a sportsman, accoutred in a shooting jacket and gaiters, with powder-flask, game-bag, and gun en règle, and attended by a fine pointer, who actually takes the diversion of shooting over the preserves of his terrace, with all the ceremonies that would attend a similar pursuit in a turnip field or stubble ground in Norfolk. The dog regularly beats about the ground and points, and puts up a sparrow or a swallow, and his master as regularly takes aim and fires; and although literally "il tire sa poudre aux moineaux," and that, even should he hit his bird, it inevitably falls into the street, or upon some neighbouring roof, he appears to be as much delighted as though he had brought down the finest pheasant that ever whizzed out of a brake—whistles his dog to him, makes much of him, and recommences. That this ardent sportsman should like to shoot at sparrows upon the housetop is quite intelligible; but the accompaniment of the pointer is one of those solemn absurdities that defy calculation. It reminds me of the seamanship of some of our Thames-yachting amateurs, who, although they have never screwed up their courage to the sticking point of venturing into blue water, never go on a white-bait excursion to Greenwich or Blackwall without ordering close-reefed top-sails and a storm-jib to be got ready, in order to meet the contingent perils of their cruise.

Our last and longest specimen carries us from Gibraltar to Africa:

Seen from afar, Tetuan really looks beautiful, from its advantageous position and the dazzling whiteness of the whole mass of buildings, which is rendered still more conspicuous by the deep verdure of the mountains that form its back ground; but, on reaching the town, all the *prestige* of its beauty vanishes! The houses have the most gloomy appearance; nothing but whitewashed walls are to be seen, with no windows looking outwards, their place being supplied by little apertures like holes to peep through. The streets are exceedingly narrow; and the houses are only two stories high, with flat-terraced roofs, upon which the inhabitants take the air in the evening. After passing through innumerable dark and winding lanes abominably paved, and too narrow for two horses to proceed a-breast, we arrived at the Jewish quarter, which is quite distinct from the Moorish part of the town, and where the greatest industry and bustle appeared to prevail: for in the Barbary states, as throughout the Levant, commerce and business are in a great measure monopolized by the thrifty sons of Israel. The

shops of these merchants and artizans are miserable little *échoppes* open to the street, but having neither windows nor doors, and not large enough to contain the vendor and his customers; the latter therefore remain standing in the street, bargaining over the shopboard with the crafty dealer. The merchandise is never exposed to view in these shops, and we could only guess at the various trades of their owners by seeing them employed in the manufacture of their goods in these miserable little holes, which serve them for workshop and warehouse. At last our leader made a halt at a little door in a long white wall, which formed one side of a particularly crooked lane; and we descended from our horses on being informed that this was the entrance to the habitation of Solomon Nahon, the Jew, to whose house all European travellers visiting Tetuan repair. The outward appearance boded nothing very favourable to the dwelling; but, the moment we passed through the narrow inhospitable-looking gate, all our misgivings were converted into the most agreeable surprise, for we found ourselves in one of those pretty and exquisitely clean Moorish habitations of which the Mahometan remains at Granada had given us so correct an idea. A patio, or court paved with different coloured glazed tiles, is surrounded with two tiers of galleries, within which are cool-looking chambers, receiving their light through the horse-shoe arches that look into the court; and every part of the building is as clean and fresh as though it had just been newly painted and whitewashed. In the centre of the court stood a group of very pretty young women, (the wife and sisters of Solomon Nahon,) who, in the manner of the Jewesses of the East, stepped forward and kissed me as I crossed the threshold. As I had been told that the costume of the women of Tetuan is a remnant of the fashions bequeathed to them by the luxurious Moors of Spain when they took refuge upon these shores, I was very curious in examining the toilette of my pretty hostesses, some parts of which struck me as being very elegant. The mistress of the house wore a kaftan of green cloth lined with crimson and edged with gold twist, so fashioned as to display the sleeves and bosom of her chemise, which were tastefully embroidered in coloured silk and gold; the body was also enriched with a sort of stomacher of velvet, worked with gold thread and coloured foil, which produced a very rich effect. A striped silk scarf was tied round her waist: neither draws nor stockings were worn by her; and her pretty little bare feet were slipped into scarlet morocco slippers edged with gold twist, and having heels as high as those which rendered our great-grandmothers *si grandement ridicules*. Her coiffure was the most complicated part of her dress, being composed of two handkerchiefs, one crimson, the other yellow, put on not exactly like a turban, nor even like a fillet, but something between the two; and descending so low upon the forehead as merely to show a little of the parted hair, which was disposed in shining braids close to the eyebrows. This head-dress was enriched with velvet ornaments, embroidered in foil and gold, like those affixed to her corsage. The dresses of the other women of the family only differed in colour from the one I have described, with the exception of the younger sister of our hostess; who, being unmarried, wore her head uncovered, and her hair parted down the middle and hanging over her shoulders, braided into twenty or thirty small tresses. But the personal beauty of these fair Jewesses appeared to us much more

admirable than their costume; and, strange to say, it is a description of beauty quite distinct from the Jewish type. Nahon's wife has fine dark hazel eyes, with a complexion of the clearest red and white, and neither the full lips nor peculiar nostrils of her people, but something of what the Italians so expressively term *simpatia* in her blooming face; but her less brilliant-looking sister, with her fairer cheeks, soft blue eyes, dark eyelashes, and light brown hair, attracted the gentlemen's admiration in a superior degree.

ART. XIV.—*The Closing Events of the Campaign in China; the Operations in the Yang-Tze-Kiang; and Treaty of Nanking.* By Capt. GRANVILLE G. LOCH, R.N. Murray.

NOT one of the publications written by persons who sided with the British during the recent campaign in China have been destitute of merit as books, each of them contributing its share of information concerning the people and country of the Celestials. The great interest which the war excited has been remarkably well met and kept up by the writers, and their works have, with hardly an exception, fulfilled the pretensions of the title pages. We think that Capt. Loch has been as successful as any in the list, narrating and describing clearly and briefly what he witnessed, and in a manly style expressing his sentiments. Indeed, he handles the pen with superior skill, affording at the same time many engaging evidences both as respects his head and his heart. To be sure his opinions and deductions are not always in unison with the views of most of the writers; but what he states in the way of facts and description is done in an unaffected and graphic manner, so that the reader finds himself in a condition to form a distinct judgment from the account; and hence it is that, although much that is told has repeatedly before been made familiar to the public, yet he adds considerably to our conceptions of the Chinese character and to our acquaintanceship with individuals, as well as to the lively pictures already possessed of modes of life and particular localities. We need not look for a better example of graphic and pleasant description than where the novelty is the busy scene which Singapore Harbour presents to the stranger.

At day-dawn when the sky receives its first bright tints from the rising sun, and the morning mist yet shrouds the marshes and hangs about the damp verdure, the harbour is alive with boats and resounding with the noisy hum of awakened crowds;—the long low canoe of the Malay, propelled by twenty or thirty paddles, each stroke accompanied by their peculiar cry; punts, the undoubted progeny of the mother junks, conveying to the shore the Chinese mariner with his fan and umbrella; the sanpans, with their clean matted seats and plantain-leaf awnings, waiting for passengers, and promiscuously manned by the Hindoo, the Moor, the Malay, or the

Arab, the wild native of Borneo or Amboyna, Madura or the more independent and manly inhabitant of Bali; the unwieldy junk herself, with painted eyes, which are presumed to guide it in safety clear of shoals and dangers, its large masts without rigging, mat sail, high-peaked stern (not unlike ours of the fifteenth century) bedaubed with flying dragons, painted devils, and proverbs, and the poop entirely occupied by the indispensable jos, disgorging scores of chattering Chinese: boats laden with fruit of every description, amongst which pineapples predominate, arriving from distant creeks, ready for the morning market; and the light fishing canoe, with its patient occupant, who will sit for hours under the shade of his light grass hat, are amongst the many novelties that attract the attention of the stranger.

The events of the campaign which form the subject of the gallant Captain's volume, are those which occurred during the last four months of its history, viz. from April to August 1842. Consequently the siege of Chin-Kiang-Foo figures in the book. We had before heard much of the horrors of this affair, but never obtained such a clear perception of what the general butchery of the enemy must have been, not only in combat, but by murderous and suicidal hands in the moment of despair. On entering one house Capt. Loch beheld "twenty bodies of women and young girls, some hanging, others extended upon the floor;" and all had either killed themselves, or been destroyed by their relatives. Every second house, he declares, contained self immolated bodies. As our troops marched along the walls for the first time in the resistlessness of their attack, how horror-struck must every soul have been that did not savagely thirst for blood, on discovering this result of the war and of victory,—"old men, women, and children, cutting each others throats, and drowning themselves in dozens." The Captain adds that no one of the panic-seized people attempted or appeared to have any inclination to save the poor wretches, regarding them with no more notice "than they would a dead horse carried through the streets of London to the kennel." From this and other things witnessed, our author pronounces the Chinese to be hard-hearted, the most indifferent to human suffering, and coldly cruel. He thus characterises them in one passage:

> They are curious beings: with an outward placidity of temper, and the good humour of amiable people, they possess the hardness of heart and unforgiving nature of the Moor. From all that I hear, *as a nation* they are without virtue, deep feeling, or dignity of character. Sir Thomas Herbert told me, that after battering down forts and houses, and killing hundreds at Amoy, the boats of the Chinese were alongside his ship with supplies, before the guns were secured, to obtain what they prize before any good sentiment or moral obligation—profit and gain.

Capt. Loch will have it that the *flowery* people in many instances displayed great courage and bravery, (recklessness and the madness

of despair would perhaps be the better way of characterising the impulsive principle and behaviour; and on this ground, as well as from their aptitude and cleverness as imitators, is convinced that should we wage another war with them, victory will not be so easily achieved, and therefore the horrors will be greater and the bloodshed still more terrific. But what an amount of dreadful things does the volume present during the closing scenes of the late campaign. Surely never did war appear in a more revolting and ghastly form; and how awful must be the responsibility of that government and people who hurry to seize the sword, to avenge their supposed wrongs, and to humble an enemy! Let us present one picture more of the terrors and the destruction, the hatred and revenge, the unmitigated scenes of self-slaughter and family massacre that the siege of Chin-Kiang-Foo involved. Could any thing that ever occurred be paralleled with what we now read?

I went with two soldiers of the 18th down a street to the right, to a large house, which I concluded belonged to a Tartar of consequence: we burst the door and entered. Never shall I forget the sight of misery that there met our view.

After we had forced our way over piles of furniture, placed to barricade the door, we entered an open court strewed with rich stuffs and covered with clotted blood; and upon the steps leading to the "hall of ancestors" there were two bodies of youthful Tartars, cold and stiff, much alike, apparently brothers. Having gained the threshold of their abode, they had died where they had fallen, from the loss of blood. Stepping over these bodies, we entered the hall, and met, face to face, three women seated, a mother and two daughters; and at their feet lay two bodies of elderly men, with their throats cut from ear to ear, their senseless heads resting upon the feet of their relations. To the right were two young girls, beautiful and delicate, crouching over, and endeavouring to conceal, a living soldier. .. . .

I stopped, horror-struck at what I saw. I must have betrayed my feelings by my countenanee, as I stood spell-bound to the spot. The expression of cold unutterable despair depicted on the mother's face changed to the violent workings of scorn and hate, which at last burst forth in a paroxysm of invective, afterwards in floods of tears, which apparently, if anything could, relieved her. She came close to me, and seized me by the arm, and with clenched teeth and deadly frown pointed to the bodies—to her daughters—to her yet splendid house, and to herself; then stepped back a pace, and with firmly-closed hands, and in a hoarse and husky voice, I could see by her gestures spoke of her misery—of her hate, and, I doubt not, of revenge. It was a scene that one could not bear long; consolation was useless; expostulations from me vain. I attempted by signs to explain, offered her my services, but was spurned. I endeavoured to make her comprehend that, however great her present misery, it might be in her unprotected state a hundred-fold increased; that if she would place herself under my guidance, I would pass her through the city gates in safety into the open country, where, doubtless, she would meet many of the fugitives; but the poor

woman would not listen to me; the whole family were by this time in loud lamentation; so all that remained for me to do was to prevent the soldiers bayoneting the man who, since our entrance, had attempted to escape.

We hasten from such harrowing details to some pleasant and amusing pictures: this of the British as contrasted with the Chinese commissioners is laughable:

We landed on a rickety bamboo pier constructed for our accommodation, and were instantly surrounded by a crowd composed of the lowest order, who appeared eager to see specimens of the formidable "barbarians;" and the sight to men who judge by size and muscle, must have been humiliating to their self-love, as we were all of a slight build, and, moreover, had come quite unprepared for the show. Linen clean, I hope, but for weeks unacquainted with either iron or mangle; shoes that would have done good service on the moors, and coats of modest cut and old acquaintance, with the exception of the gallant Secretary's gaily braided affair (which, by the by, was most unhappily contrasted with his nether garments.) Two of the party, if not all four, were under thirty,—an age in a Chinaman's eyes undeserving of respect.

We were received at the entrance of the spacious court of the temple by a bevy of mandarins, from the blue to the brass button. Different from us, they rustled in embroidered silks and flowered muslin of a design and beauty of texture worthy even to deck the fairest of our dames. They marshalled us with many obsequious bows, and really much graceful courtesy, into the great hall of audience, where Mr. Secretary "Whang" and the Tartar General "Chin" were standing to receive us.

We should state that Capt. Loch was immediately connected with Parker, Gough, and Pottinger, and had a personal opportunity of observing the Chinese in the business of negotiation; a number of the chief incidents described belonging to the history of the Treaty of Nanking. The following notices and sketches of three principal Celestial negotiators will be read with a smiling countenance; even although a sigh may escape for poor Elipoo, the Englishman's friend, and a main pacificator at the treaty, it is understood, whose career ended t'other day:

His age may be between sixty and seventy: he is a stout, hale, good-humoured-looking old gentleman, with a firm step, and upright carriage. At first we were prejudiced against his intellectual endowments, but when business commenced, he threw off his apparent dulness, and became all animation, and evinced considerable shrewdness and observation.

He wore a dark silk dress without embroidery, girded by a yellow belt, the indication of his high birth, and a summer cap with a red opaque ball and peacock's feather.

He was vested with the rank of Imperial Commissioner, with plenary powers:—Kin-chai-peen e ping sze ta chin—literally, '*imperially appointed, convenient, proper to act business, great minister.*

If Ke-ying deserves the lasting gratitude of his country, poor old Elipoo has an equal right to ours, as the preserver of the lives of Major Anstruther

and others of our countrymen, at the risk of his own popularity, besides his unvarying kindness and care for all the prisoners who fell into his hands, which humanity eventually excited the suspicions of his master, who in consequence deprived him of the government of the province of Tseen-ko.

. . . . . .

Elipoo is a Tartar of the Imperial clan Hong-tai-tze, literally "red girdle," a mandarin of the first rank and button, Taon-yih-ping-tang-tai, entitled to wear the peacock's feather Nwa-ling, a lieutenant-general of Chapoo, previously a viceroy, Tseen-ko-tuh-foo-tang—member of the privy council, Nuy-ko-chung-tang.

New-king is a man who from his youth upwards has been devoted to self-indulgence: at one period to such an extent of extravagance did his habits carry him, that his emoluments and large fortune were completely absorbed, and he was, it is said, reduced to a state of beggary. . . . He now is president of the board of war, Ning-foo-shang-shoo; viceroy of the provinces of Keang-nan and Keang-see, Leang-keang-toung-tuh-foo-tang; and was beaten by us while in command of the Imperial troops at Woosung; from the field of which really well fought battle he affirms he was borne away in the arms of his faithful attendants in spite of his earnest remonstrances.

He is certainly the least intellectual looking of the three, has an elongated face with swollen lower eye-lids, colourless, unfirm flesh, and hanging cheeks —his whole appearance strongly indicative of his mode of life. He wore the same dress and button as the other two, with the exception of the red and yellow girdles.

The Captain's first sight of Hong Kong, and his account of its hot-bed growth will gratify John Bull, and perhaps invite sundry of Albion's sons. The spot bids fair to offer a spectacle that will rival the wondrous upstartings that occur in brother Jonathan's land.

We anchored in the midst of men-of-war and transports, in a part where, a few short months before, ships were scarcely ever seen. Along the shore, and scattered over the breast of mountains rising to the height of 1,500 feet, were wharfs and extensive stores, forts and magazines, streets of huts and commodious houses, a bazaar and a market place, besides some comfortable bungelows and handsome country-houses, belonging to the public functionaries, built at considerable elevations, to command fresh air and a fine view. Ten months before, when Sir Henry Pottinger first landed, he lived in a pitched tent!

Then three small villages contained the entire population, amounting to about 4,000; now there are upwards of 12,000 souls in our new town alone, and the great difficulty is, to restrain the rapid increase in proportion to the gradual advancement of the colony. As much as 6,000*l.* has been already received during the last year from the sale and lease of lands, and hundreds of desirable lots are marked out, which will be eagerly purchased at a high price when people become fully aware that government will guarantee its powerful protection.

Art. XV.

1. *The United Irishmen, their Lives and Times. Second Series.* By R. R. Madden, M. D. 2 vols. Madden.
2. *The Scenery and Antiquities of Ireland Illustrated. The Literary Department by* M. P. Willis, Esq. Virtue.

Series the second of this work appears at a moment when the volumes are sure to command unusual attention, were it merely because of the comparisons that will be instituted between the circumstances of the civil war which is the subject of Dr. Madden's book, and those which at this very moment are arresting the thoughts of all men with regard to the condition and prospects of Ireland. But independently of the accidental interest alluded to, these volumes would at any period have been welcomed by a host of readers; being, in respect of painstaking, candour, and ability, quite adequate to the Lives and Times of the United Irishmen—strangely wild and patriotic as these were; and therefore it could not require anything of a fortuitous nature to hearten Dr. Madden to his task, or any foresight of a mighty commotion in the summer of 1843, to induce him to prepare a publication that will be of permanent value, and become a standard authority relative to Ireland's history as developed in 1798.

The story of the United Irishmen is one that, viewed as a revolt, without regard to the very peculiar circumstances of the sister isle, abounds with lessons to governments; but when taken in immediate connexion with the entire fortunes of that island, and the feelings of the great mass of the people,—with what had long preceded the outbreak, as well as with what has been illustrated by the nation down to the hour at which we write, the book must be admitted to abound with facts that need only to be fairly stated, in order to enable every reflecting and tolerably informed person to arrive at truths, maxims, and sentiments of intense interest, incalculable importance, and plain practical applicability.

Nothing is more common than to hear people use suchphrases as, the English misgovernment of Ireland,—the Protestant ascendancy of the few over the Catholicism of the many,—Orange tyranny,—the mal-administration of the law by a faction small in number,—and such like terms, whenever the sister kingdom is the topic. For a long stretch of years no doubt language and assertion of the kind mentioned has been so fully warranted, that one could run no risk of meeting with contradiction, however often it might be reiterated. But still it would be well did every man who volunteers his opinion, or is desirous of having at hand a reason for the faith that is within him relative to the political history of Ireland, make himself acquainted with its epochs and its fortunes, or rather misfortunes, since

the period that a handful of Normans set foot upon its soil, after leaving the coasts of England, and made good their hold; and then there would accompany the utterance of the *generalities* we have quoted such a strong and ardent conviction of wrong-doing, and such an earnestness to see justice and equal dealing accorded with a graceful cordiality, that ere long England would be constrained to rid herself of the foulest brand that has ever touched her honour. Then too, we believe, the distracted people of the *green* isle would speedily begin to set themselves to the cultivation of amity with this country, of the arts of profitable industry at home, and give out the gratifying evidence that they were susceptible of that civilization which has never yet been exhibited by them, and never can, while the existing elements of discord and discontent continue to have life.

The elements of distraction referred to, the failure or inefficacy of all the attempts that have been made by the British government and by British legistation to pacify Ireland, with the thousands of animosities that have sprung up, and of violences that have been enacted in the country, require no very lengthened inquiry in order to understand their nature, provided that inquiry be prosecuted honestly and without outrageous bigotry. We may indeed safely say that a glance at the leading matters and points of view contained in Dr. Madden's work alone will guide to a comprehension of such monstrous anomalies, that though reducible to a few in number, if distinctness be sought for and observed, yet that these few are so rife with mischief, so fertile of faction, conflict, and revenge, as to have given birth to legions of evils and an almost inextricable complexity of wrongs; so that the wonder is not less, how our statesmen should have so long clung to a policy that produced such local injuries and misery, and war so perilous to the empire, than that Ireland should have made the progress that she has really achieved amid the wild distraction.

A perusal of the present work cannot be supposed to carry the reader fully through the period of Elizabeth, when a Protestant priesthood was forced upon the Irish people,—nor that of Cromwell, when Presbyterianism took a firm footing,—nor that of the Revolution, with its invasion, conquest, and forfeitures,—nor that of Anne, with its penal statutes, its completed supremacy, its viceroy and parliament, when every thing came to be done according to Protestant feeling and English form.

The case of Ireland presents a variety of other epochs, that need to be looked into, such as that when the Irish Parliament endeavoured to become independent, and so declared itself. A vast deal of political intrigue and corruption attended this movement, which was thereby in a great measure turned to an English account. Again, agrarian grievances were a frequent source of outrage and outbreak-

ing; and these revolts were set down by the ascendancy party to political and popish motives, and consequently made a handle of, just in the way that best might serve the purpose of the powerful. Nor was there anything but what was to be looked for either in the conduct of the landholders, or that of the tenants. Our author has forcibly pointed out what must, according to the nature of things and of the human mind, be the result when the people of a country are so divided, as those of the sister island have been, and when authority is placed only in the hands of a section. In the same passage he also proclaims a well established truth that has solemnity in it and foreboding. We must quote him:

Let us not be accused of libelling the Protestants of Ireland; every ascendancy, wherever and however established, must, of necessity, exhibit the came course of evil action, whether the distinction of class be founded on creed, race, or colour. The Turks and the Greeks, the Normans and the Saxons, the Franks and the Gauls, the Moors and the Goths, the whites and the black of the United States of America,—are, or were, ascendancies of essentially the same nature as that which existed among the Protestants and Catholics of Ireland; they all exhibited equally strong proof that in such a state of things the demoralization of the dominant class is equally extensive with the degradation of the oppressed; they have shown that unjust superiority is always attended by that feeling of insecurity which generates savage cruelty and barbarous contempt for the restraints of Divine and human law; and they all point to a period when the ascendancy must sink under the weight of its own iniquities, unless its fall be averted by timely concessions. Ever since the day that the Egyptian Pharaoh established an ascendancy over the Hebrews, a law of nature has begun to ensure the final deliverance of the servile class—"The more they afflicted them, the more they multiplied and grew." The masters do not keep up their numbers; the serfs increase with a rapidity which it is impossible to check. In spite of penal laws, and bribes, and all species of honourable and dishonourable legislative contrivances, the Catholics of Ireland have increased in a far more rapid ratio than the Protestants; and had these laws continued, the latter must have been reduced to a minority so inconsiderable, that the reins of government must have fallen out of their hands, from sheer inability to retain them any longer. But though this system was iniquitous in its principle, destructive in its operations, and most ruinous to the very party it was designed to serve, yet all history, and all experience show us that men will cling to the banner of ascendancy, so long as any of its rags can be held together; and even when they fall to pieces from their own rottenness, multitudes of bigots and blockheads will be found offering an idolatrous veneration to the naked staff.

Could it be expected that a sensitive and inflammable peasantry would uniformly submit to oppression and an unequal distribution of law, right, and property, without rash efforts to obtain redress, or if they failed in this, to be revenged? They had not the means and

opportunity, and indeed they appear to want the qualities requisite for deliberated and extended combination. The Scottish Covenanters were the common people, the small farmers, and the sturdy labourers of the Lowlands; and they worked out their independence, as a Presbyterian body, if not altogether unaided by the great and the influential, yet mainly by the stern principles they held, and the steady attitude they took, so as to awe and to win. Theirs was a passive endurance rather than a devastating outbreak. No hostile landlord lived in fear of them for life or limb, for cattle or house; even the persecuting lord dreaded not a midnight visit or any murderous association. The Irish peasant has a different way with him in his desperate circumstances; at the same time that the oppressions he encounters are far more numerous and exasperating than the Scotchman has any conception of.

The following is Dr. Madden's account of those grievances:—

> The various outbreaks of popular discontent which took place between 1760 and 1790, and got the names of insurrections and Popish rebellions, can only be regarded as agrarian outrages, the result of oppressive measures taken for the collection of exorbitant rents, the exaction of tithes, and the conversion of the small holdings of the peasantry into pastures. The destitution attendant on those measures, and especially the latter practice, in a country where the unfortunate people turned adrift had no manufacturing districts to fly to for the means of support, drove the persons thus beggared, and deprived of house and home, to those of violence and desperation which usually follow in the footsteps of distress and ignorance. The same interests which reduced the people to misery, were exerted in representing their condition as the result of their own turbulent and lawless proceedings, and the conduct of any of the gentry of their own persuasion who sympathized with their sufferings, or dared to attempt to redress their wrongs, as influenced by seditious and disaffected motives. Wherever agrarian outrages were committed, and their causes were inquired into by such persons, the landlords and the tithe-owners never failed to raise a clamour against their character for loyalty; and even the writers of the day, who ventured to espouse the cause of the parties who had the courage and humanity to interfere in behalf of the unfortunate people, represented their advocates as well-meaning "but giddy and officious men."

Many of the wrongs and the misunderstandings which so irritate and distract the people of Ireland, cannot be fully appreciated in other parts of the empire without a deep acquaintance with the anomalies of feeling, condition, and government as witnessed in that country. Again, and with regard to the virtual, but tacit, construction put upon terms, laws, and overt acts in the sister kingdom, it is necessary to consult our author, or some one whose discrimination and opportunities for acquiring knowledge are equally ample. In one place he thus distinguisheth: "In England we all know that treason means 'conspiring and intending the death of the king,' &c., but in Ireland

it means, and is by a party still understood so, 'conspiring and intending the overthrow of the English interest and the Protestant ascendancy.'" Such was the ascendancy construction assuredly during the times of the United Irishmen. But the Union took place, brought about to fortify the English interest against any separation that might thereafter be threatened, and it would also appear, to enable the British Government to rule Ireland at less cost of money and trouble than could be done by bribing and swaying the Irish Parliament, or indirectly controlling the landlords.

It has often been asserted that the Union was carried by means of a dishonourable compromise between the British Government and the ascendancy faction; and that in order to have the seat of legislation transferred to London, the inordinate views and the grasping interests of that same faction were not to be interfered with. This at least is undeniable, the Union has not been productive of the benefits to Ireland which it promised, or to anything like an equal distribution between its Catholic and Protestant inhabitants; while pauperism, wretchedness, discord and heart-burnings have greatly increased. Even such measures of relief and reform as have been conceded, have been done grudgingly, and with provoking restrictions and limitations; passed in a shape that is either not workable in the way to meet the exigencies of the case, or that are sure to be thwarted when practically applied.

The English interest and the ascendancy of a minority in Ireland have been with slight exceptions the great objects of Imperial legislation and of the British Government, no matter who was in power, a Whig or a Tory Ministry. To be sure the late government set its face against ascendancy in the administration of justice, and disposed of its patronage in popular directions. But this was their one singularity and merit in Ireland, and but of a superficial nature. They dealt not with the radical ills of the nation, and therefore could not do more than for a season to avert the eyes of the Irish people, so apt to be quickly pleased as well as suddenly irritated, from the political and social maladies that are so deeply imbedded in a system of such aged growth. The effect of the superficial improvement however was completely to tranquillize the nation. What then is it that has almost instantaneously thrown the country into a ferment of Repeal, and that is hourly adding to the tumult? Part of the answer must be that the present administration has by its legal and clerical promotions gone contrariwise to the popular course of the Melbourne cabinet; while nothing has been, nor is promised to be done, in order to reach those radical evils which the late government left undone. Hitherto, at least, the Arms Bill seems to constitute the whole sum and substance of the Irish legislation for the Session. True, the language of conciliation has been used, and the principle of coercion is abandoned as an exploded thing; but where is the

positive deed or the positive intimation, that the one way of upholding the Union is to rest it on the affections of the people? Surely such an intimation will not be found in the bare declaration of the Premier, that he saw no means of continuing to maintain the country in the great position which she held, and to preserve the power and influence which she possessed, but in the firm maintenance of the Union. Surely the mere despatching of troops upon troops, and all the appliances for physical suppression, will not gain affection, or inspire hope. The vast Irish majority will and do declare that they remember the disposition of Toryism of old, nay that they can have no very cordial confidence in the good will and liberality of the minister who granted the Emancipation Act on compulsion, when Ireland was on the brink of rebellion, and when he had some misgivings with regard to the fidelity of some of the troops.

Was Sir Robert Peel (meaning his party as a body) a hearty supporter or strenuous opponent when the Whigs on any occasion strove to carry out the policy and principle of the Emancipation Act? What said he relative to the reform of the Irish Church, or of the close corporations in Ireland? But it is foreign to our journal to take any decided political part, and therefore we do not further pursue these questionings, which might be extended to a number of well-remembered and significant tokens of sentiment towards the people and rights of the Irish majority. Our only purpose by travelling a little beyond our usual line, is to lend, however slight it may be, some support to the long established maxim, that it is better to rule by justice and equal dealings than by ascendancies, by affection than by fear. We believe that it is not now too late to deal with the repeal movement; and that the mere exhibition of a hearty wish, a willingness to grapple with the evils of Ireland which lie below the surface, or which have never hitherto been touched by reform but to vitiate, would arrest the storm that rages. Every person should therefore throw the weight of his voice into the scale of peace, of concord, and union. Let but Dr. Madden's pages be read, the era of the United Irishmen be studied, and then an actual attempt at the severance of the two islands will be seen to involve terrific consequences. The author has with proper judgment refrained from comparing very closely the aspect of the passing scenes and of the present hour with those which he is particularly called upon to trace and to describe; but he has contrived to plant his readers upon those pinnacles for observation, and so to arrange his lights that each man may conduct a survey and a contrasting process for himself of the most impressive and instructive character.

The prominence which the emenald isle is offering, renders it unnecessary to speak about the process of clubbing publications together which have any thing like a common name or interest to unite

them therewith. "The Scenery and Antiquities of Ireland Illustrated," independently of its pictorial merits, gives in its letter-press so much that is characteristic, beautiful, and attractive, that we should at any time be induced to draw upon its paragraphs, supposing the work to appear in a finished form. Frequently have we mentioned its part and parcel contributions to the boudoir table and library shelves in general terms of high laudation; but the splendid work deserves, at one period or another, a more decided recommendation, viz. that which its own plates and paragraphs supply. Having been engaged rather gravely and gloomily on the subject in the preceding pages, it may not be amiss to follow up our Hibernian notices for this month with specimens of the delightful and enticing, in regard to the scenery and antiquities, the traditions and archives of the land, not merely because of the interest attaching to the Western subject, but the singularly attractive features of Mr. Willis's pencillings. We steer at once towards the Cove, and thus find,—

Although several splendid views may be obtained of the Harbour and River of Cork from different points on the land: the tourist who wishes to behold them in perfection will step on board a boat, or one of the steamers which ply daily between Cork and Cove, as this course gives a perfect command of the picturesque scenery on both sides of the river, with infinitely superior effect. Arthur Young, an intelligent traveller, who visited Cork at a time when the shores of the river had received little improvement from the hand of art, remarks, "that the country on the harbour he thought to be preferable in many respects to anything he had seen in Ireland." Inglis yields to the scenery the full tribute of his admiration. And Milner speaking of it, says, "that neither the Severn at Chepstow, nor the sea at Southampton, are to be compared to it." Another writer adds, that "no part of the scenery is barren or uninteresting; a perpetual variety is presented along the whole course. The eye, whilst lingering over some happy picture, is continually attracted by some new succession, possessing all the charms of the most romantic landscape."

Leaving the quay at Cove, we pass the islands of Spike and Hawlbowline; the former is the larger and more important. It faces the entrance of the harbour, and acts as a breakwater, to shelter it from the violence of the southerly winds and the strong flood-tides. It is also happily situated for the defence of the harbour, and has been strongly fortified for that purpose. This island is at present garrisoned by a small military force.

Hawlbowline is a small, rocky islet to the west of Spike, which affords the same protection to the vessels in the harbour from the strong ebb-tides that Spike island does from the flood. At the commencement of the French war, government erected on Hawlbowline immense naval and ordnance stores, warehouses, and a barrack, which, in these "piping times of peace," are perfectly useless.

The southern shore of the great bason now extends to our left-hand, from the harbour's mouth to the village of Monkstown. The scenery here is exceedingly beautiful: demesnes rich in cultivated lawns, woods, and green

pastures, stretching down to the water-side, arrest and charm the eye; while the broad expanse of the harbour, encircled by undulating hills, assumes all the feautures of a broad lake, and completes the noble picture.

Monkstown is a pleasant little village, delightfully situated in the opening of a lovely glen. Some modern cottages, built in the Swiss style, and a church of light and graceful proportions, on the slope above the town, give a highly picturesque appearance to the place when viewed from the river. The ancient castle of Monkstown—

"Bosomed deep in tufted trees"

stands in a commanding situation on the overhanging hill. It is a plain, square structure, and was founded by an ancestor of the Jephson family, in the reign of James I. A popular tradition exists in this neighbourhood, that the castle was built for *twopence*. It is explained in the following way. Anastasia, the wife of Sir John Jephson, during the absence of her husband, who was serving in the army of Phillip of Spain, resolved to surprise him on his return by building a stately castle, without diminishing his funds. To accomplish this, she compelled her tenants and workmen to purchase milk, vegetables, and other provisions, which were formerly given to them gratuitously by the former possessors of the estates: and, by this traffic, she realised a sum of money which enabled her to build the castle, and left her, on reckoning up the expense, a loser of only *two-pence*. The shore from Monkstown to passage is extremely beautiful. Rock Lodge, the residence of Mr. Galwey, midway between the places, occupies one of the most picturesque situations on the river; viewed from thence, the wooded hill, rising precipitously from the water, has a noble appearance: a white walled bathing-lodge, a rustic bridge, thrown across the deep channel of a brawling stream, a tea-house, and a mimic fortification, placed in different conspicuous parts of the wood, give a peculiar pleasing effect to the landscape: but the most remarkable feature of this "romantic" spot are those immense masses of rock which nature has piled up from the water's edge, with such apparent regularity as to present, when viewed in profile, a striking resemblance to a succession of huge steps, from whence they have received the name of "The Giant's Stairs." Here, too, tradition has been busy; and the tales of the peasantry assign to a powerful giant, called *Mahoon*, the construction of these stupendous steps: they implicitly believe that he resides in a cave beneath the cliff, and they gravely relate the adventures of persons who have had the hardihood to enter his subterranean abode. Carrick Mahon, the seat of Mr. O'Grady, next attracts our attention: the house, though an unpretending building, forms, from its elevated situation, a pretty and remarkable object, from the river. The improvements around it, I have learnt, are entirely owing to the taste of the present possessor; and the luxuriant trees and shrubs that now clothe the rich slopes to the water's edge, are the immediate successors of the unprofitable heath and ragged furze, which a few years since were the sole possessors of the uncultivated soil.

The town of Passage now meets the eye, between which and Cork a constant intercourse is kept up by boats of the best description, affording scope for the taste for aquatic amusements which distinguishes the inhabitants of Cork.

Although a passion for music is one of the striking characteristics of the Irish people, in no part of the country is the taste for this delightful accomplishment more generally cultivated than in this city. Music almost invariably forms a portion of their entertainments at home; and in their excursions on the river, it is rare, indeed, to find a party without vocal and instrumental performers amongst them. Nothing can be more delightful than to stand on the Glanmire shore on a calm summer's evening, when the last breath of the dying breeze, and the last motion of the flood-tide are rippling the little waves on the strand; and listen to the voices of the singers from the pleasure-boats gliding along the placid river, at greater or lesser distances. Sometimes, like the Venetian gondolas, the musicians in one boat join in concert with those in another; and, as their voices are generally harmonious and their taste correct, the effect of the melody is perfectly delicious, almost realizing Moore's fanciful simile, of those sweet sounds that come

> ———"Like the stealing
> Of summer wind through some wreathed shell."

An extensive view of the river and the surrounding country may be obtained from the telegraph-station, which is situated on the summit of the steep hill that overhangs Passage:—the ascent to it is rather difficult, but the toil of the walk is amply compensated by the delightful prospect which it presents. Hill and dale, wood and water, noble mansions and lowly cottages, green fields and rugged rocks; the deep blue sea, stretching far away to the southward in immeasurable expanse; the silvery Lee beneath our feet, winding placidly between its picturesque banks;—beautiful islands, bays, and headlands, momentarily arrest our attention, and appear to compete for the tribute of our admiration. Such are generally the impressions that a spectator receives when the varied and imposing picture from this spot first meets his eye.

On the nothern point of the Great Island, facing Passage, Merino, the residence of T. French, Esq., is beautifully situated close to the shore, and is surrounded by lofty trees, which grow down to the water-side. Doubling the point, you enter the little bay of Foaty. The water being shallow here, the ebb-tide leaves a great extent of muddy shore exposed, which materially disfigures the beauty of the scene; but, visited at high-water, the view of the bay and the adjacent scenery is really delightful. On the right, the woody point of Merino bends gracefully inward, as if wooing the truant waters to its fond embrace. On the left-hand, the fruitful fields of the Little Island and the handsome mansion of Captain Roche rise to view: further inward, on a low, sandy point, which at high tides becomes perfectly isolated, stands one of the Martello Towers, which the government engineers, during the late war, caused to be erected, at an enormous expense to the nation, along the coasts of the British islands, apparently as a means of defence, but in reality of no manner of use, except to serve as monuments of the folly of the men who projected them; and, like the Round Towers of Ireland, at some future day to puzzle posterity with vain conjectures as to their original use. At the upper end of the bay, in the demesne of Foaty,

a handsome castellated structure, built by J. S. Barry, Esq., forms a very striking feature in the landscape. It is designed as a pleasure-house for the accommodation of that gentleman and his friends in their aquatic excursions. Several long guns are planted in battery round the castle near the water, and others of smaller size frown threateningly from the battlements of the castle; but in justice to these peaceful days, when a man's house need not be turned into a domestic fortress, I may remark, that the greater number of these formidable pieces of ordnance are perfectly inoffensive, being what sailors call "Quakers."

The illustrator takes a coasting course, and, among other points, touches at Bag-en-bon Head, a small promontory, celebrated as the spot where Robert Fitzstephen landed,—"the first of all Englishmen, after the conquest, that entered Ireland," as Hollingshed hath it. The following day Maurice de Pendergast, a Welsh gentleman, landed at the same place with a small reinforcement, but well disciplined; and such was the original scheme of an invasion, which in the event proved of so great importance.

"At the head of Bag-on-bon
Ireland was lost and won."

We now set sail towards Galway Bay; upon quitting which through the northern passage, you meet with, Mr. Willis says, coast-scenery which has no equal in grandeur and sublimity. The land which here stretches along, is the wild and romantic chain known as Connemara and Joyce's country, a most interesting district, if regard be merely had to the aspect of the land; but still more so if the irregular indentations of the sea be considered, which run far into the country, forming deep harbours, where the navies of Great Britain might lie at anchor; yet so completely unknown and unfrequented, that scarcely a sail, save those of the poor fishermen's boats, is ever to be seen on their undisturbed broad waters. Some idea may be formed of the extraordinary facilities which this sequestered region offers for trade and commerce, seeing that no part of it is more than four miles distant from existing navigation. The district, with its islands, is said to possess no less than four hundred miles of sea-shore. Descriptive of, and in connexion with, one of the harbours, we have the following particulars:—

Birterbuy Bay is also of considerable extent; the beautiful little river of Ballinahinch falls into the bay at its upper extremity. This river has its rise in BALLINAHINCH LAKE, at about four miles distance from the sea-shore. On the banks of this lovely and secluded sheet of water stands Ballinahinch House, the residence of Thomas Martin, Esq., the proprietor of the greater part of this wild district. The mansion is a plain building, but the situation it occupies is surpassingly beautiful, overlooking the lake that sleeps in calm repose at the foot of the impending sides of Lettery and Bengower, which here form the front of the magnificent group of conical

mountains, callled the Twelve Pins of Binabola. From the bridge which crosses the river near the house, a fine view may be obtained of the lake and the ruins of the old castle, standingon a small island in the lake, and forming a picturesque object in the landscape. This castle, it is said, was built by the powerful sept of O'Flaherty, once the possessors of vast estates in the western parts of the county. Their frequent acts of oppression and lawless violence towards their weaker neighbours, obtained for them the appellation of "The bloody O'Flahertys," and so great was the terror with which their fierce aggressions inspired the peaceful inhabitants of Galway, that the west gate of the town, (that on the side nearest to their troublesome visitors) bore, until the gate was taken down, the following inscription:

"FROM THE FEROCIOUS O'FLAHERTYS—GOOD LORD DELIVER US!"

The peasantry, who here and in every part of Ireland shudder at the desecration of any person or place devoted to the service of their religion, ascribe the downfall of this turbulent family to the alleged fact, that the chief of the O'Flahertys, who built the Castle of Ballinahinch, pulled down the convent of Timbola on the mainland in order to obtain materials for his work, and that he compelled the friars to carry the stones on their backs to the shore of the lake, where they were placed in boats and conveyed to the island. The spot where the fathers are said to have deposed their burthens, has from this circumstance obtained a name in Irish, of which the English signification is, "*The Friar's bend* or *stoop*," referring to the attitude of a man carrying a heavy load.

Connemara, we learn, means "Bays of the Sea." Indeed, the district, and Hibernia as an island, may be characterised as the

> "Nurse of full streams, and lifter up of proud
> Sky-mingling mountains, that o'er look the cloud."

Let the reader's eyes be the judges, observes Mr. Willis, "and I fear not they will agree with me in saying, that no island in the world presents such an outline of coast for beauty or for utility—for all that the eye of the painter or the soul of the poet could desire—all that the hand of power, or the grasp of mercantile avarice could count. Australia, the largest island in the world, or more properly a fifth continent, does not contain so many practicable harbours throughout the whole extent of its vast circumference, as that portion of the Irish coast which lies between Wexford and Connemara.

> "Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun; the vales,
> Stretching in pensive quietness between;
> The venerable woods;—rivers that move
> In majesty; and the complaining brooks,
> That make the meadows green, and poured round all
> Old ocean's grey and melancholy waste."

But we are off to the fruitful plains of Leinster, furnishing another feature and phasis in a land for which God has done so much and man so little. We halt at Ballinasloe:—

Ballinasloe is a neat and thriving town, watered by the river Suck, one of the tributaries of that monarch of Irish rivers—the Shannon, which it joins about six miles eastward of this place. The plantations of the Earl of Clancarty, adjoining the town, have been laid out with great taste, but the general appearance of the country is bald and uninteresting; the great extent of bog and lowlands which lie on the Galway side of the town, and in the direction of the Shannon, being altogether opposed to the picturesque in landscape scenery. The trade, however, of this town is considerable; in the streets and shops I was struck with the air of business and an appearance of prosperous industry which I had not observed since I left Cork. The extension of the Grand Canal to Ballinasloe has considerably increased its intercourse with the fertile counties through which the Shannon flows, and it may be now considered as the centre of the inland trade and commerce of Ireland. This town has been long celebrated for its two great fairs, held in May and October, the first for the sale of wool, the second and principal for horses, black cattle, and sheep; as many as ninety thousand of the latter animals being frequently brought to it from the surrounding districts. During the week which the fair lasts, the town is literally overflowed with people from every part of Ireland, and to a stranger, desirous of studying the characteristics of the inhabitants of the different provinces no better or more favourable opportunity could possibly present itself. There he will see drawn together as to a common centre, the long-visaged and dark-eyed people of the west, slender in form, but agile and hardy as mountain-deer. In contrast with them, he may remark the stalwart men of Tipperary and of the eastern portion of Limerick, distinguishable by their great stature, by a certain reckless daring in their looks, and a freedom in their gait,—marking them as the finest and most turbulent peasantry in the kingdom. Let him next observe the groups of grey frieze-coated men, of middle height but well knit frames, from the adjoining counties in Leinster, whose broad faces, blue eyes, and light hair, show the admixture of the Danish and British blood with the primitive stock:—and, lastly, when he sees a stout-built, well-dressed peasant, quiet in his demeanour, and with a countenance indicative of more shrewdness than humour, and more cool resolution than eager courage, he may set him down as a dealer from Ulster, in whom the peculiarities of our Scottish neighbours are developed in a very remarkable degree.

In short, every class and description of people are to be met with at Ballinasloe fair. Obsequious shopkeepers from Dublin, with "a large assortment of the most fashionable articles," selected from their unsaleable stock; Mayo Jockies, who offer to sell you, "the best bit of blood that ever crossed a country," leaving it to the buyer's judgment to discover that the animal is broken down, spavined, and blind of one eye. Sheep-farmers from Galway and Roscommon, cattle-graziers from the banks of the Shannon; horse-dealers from Kildare; gamblers, showmen, and quacks from every place; forming altogether as miscellaneous an assemblage as can be well imagined; all and each in pursuit of gain—that great object for which men toil and strive from the cradle to the grave.

Mr. Willis connects a melancholy story with this neighbourhood:

It was about the middle of June, some twelve years since, I was returning to Athlone, after a long summer day's stroll through the country; the evening was delightfully fine, and even in those unromantic plains, the face of nature wore an attractive smile,—when I was struck by the superior air of comfort which distinguished a road-side cottage, around which a thick edge of flowering thorn, and dark green elder bushes grew in wild luxuriance. A little garden filled with flowers, and laid out with considerable taste, lay between the cottage and the road. Outside the garden-gate, which was open, a girl, seemingly about fourteen years of age, was seated on a bank of turf weeping bitterly. I could not see her features, but I could hear her convulsive sobs and low moans, as with her elbows resting on her knees, and her face hidden between her hands, she rocked her body to and fro with an incessant and regular motion. I approached the young mourner, and endeavoured to draw from her the cause of her affliction. At the sound of my voice she looked up, and showed a countenance ghastly pale and bathed in tears. I repeated my question, but the poignancy of her sorrow seemed to have obliterated all her faculties, for she shook her head, and with a look of unutterable anguish resumed her position without replying to me. At that moment the mournful wail of the *Caoine*, or Song of Lamentation, burst from the cottage. I then knew that the hand of the Angel of Death had fallen upon that household, and without further inquiry I walked towards the cabin-door, which on these sad occasions is open to all comers. On entering I perceived a crowd of people, sitting on wooden forms, ranged along the walls, or grouped around small deal tables, disposed, without any regard to regularity, through the apartment, which was dimly lighted by a few small candles stuck into raw potatoes, that had been ingeniously contrived to supply the place of candlesticks. At the further end of the room, on a platform constructed of a few loose boards supported on chairs,—the corpse, that of a middle-aged man of strongly-marked features, was laid, decently covered with a snow-white linen sheet. Another similar cloth hung like a curtain at the head of the corpse, to which were attached flowers and evergreens, which were also scattered about the bier, and a small crucifix with a little reservior at its foot containing holy water, was suspended from the curtain directly over the head of the dead man. Twelve candles were burning on either side of the bier, and on the breast of the corpse was laid a plate containing salt. Upon a table close by, a quantity of snuff and tobacco, and a formidable array of pipes were spread for the accommodation of the numerous visitors, who were regaling themselves with the contents of several large jugs, that, as often as they were emptied, which was pretty frequently, were replenished from a punch manufactory, carried on in an adjoining apartment under the superintendence of some elderly friend or relative of h e family. The sounds of sorrow which I had heard, proceeded from an old woman, one of a group seated around the bier,—who poured out in the Irish tongue an eloquent recital of the good qualities of the deceased in a low, wailing chant, which as she proceeded increased in pathos and energy until the singer became exhausted, when another of the aged mourners took up the wild and mournful song. I instantly recognised in these aged crones the professional *keeners*, who have obtained a reputation for chanting these funeral verses, and who wander about the country, subsisting partly on cha-

rity, and partly on the rewards they receive on those occasions, where their melancholy services are required. Contrasted strongly with the noisy grief of the *keeners*, was the silent but poignant sorrow of a woman who sat at the head of the bed, her hands clasped together, and her tearless eyes fixed intently on the face of the dead man. Her lips were half apart, as if she would have given utterance to the emotions that struggled in her bosom, but her tongue refused its office, and a convulsive motion in the muscles of her throat was the only sign of life she exhibited. This was the bereaved wife of the deceased, who, I learned, had been an industrious and honest peasant, renting a small but productive farm at an easy rent. He had married at an early age,—as most of the Irish peasantry do,—and had a family of six children, three of whom were now sitting weeping at their mother's feet, though too young to comprehend the full extent of the loss they had sustained. The girl whose lamentations had attracted my notice outside the cottage was the eldest daughter. Blessed in the love of an affectionate wife and children, Walter Kelly (the name of the deceased) led a life of perfect happiness, until in an evil hour he was induced to join one of those secret societies, which had for their object the redress of certain real or fancied social wrongs. The specious arguments of the leaders of these illegal associations overcame the scruples of Walter Kelly, and he deluded himself with the belief that he was performing a meritorious duty in lending his aid to remove the oppression under which his country groaned. In pursuance of their wild system of disturbance, large parties scoured the country every night, issuing their arbitary edicts to the terrified and peaceable inhabitants, demanding arms, and not unfrequently committing acts of personal outrage upon individuals who had dared to disobey the mandates of these secret legislators. It was in one of these nocturnal expeditions that Kelly met the awful fate that brought death and desolation beneath his roof. He had accompanied a body of his lawless associates to the house of a rich farmer, who, in consequence of taking some land from which the former tenant had been ejected, had drawn upon himself the hostility of the association. The object of their vengeance had, however, by some means become acquainted with the intentions of the gang, and upon application to a neighbouring magistrate procured a party of police, who were privately stationed in the farmer's house on the night of the expected attack. At midnight the party arrived outside the farmer's door, and with dreadful imprecations ordered him to open it. A volley from the police, concealed within, was the answer, which wounded two of the party, and killed Walter Kelly on the spot,—a ball having passed through his heart. The remainder of the band, confounded at this unexpected reception, fled hastily, pursued by the police, who succeeded in securing two more of them. On the following day an inquest was held on the body of the unfortunate Walter Kelly, and a verdict of "justifiable homicide" being returned, his remains were restored to his distracted widow and family.

So much for one of the associations, the offspring of discord and heart-burning, which have so long torn the bosom of Ireland. We hie to Athlone, and its reminiscences:

Athlone is the last town in Connaught through which the traveller passes on this road; in fact, only a portion of it lies in that province, as it is situ-

ated on both sides of the Shannon, which here divides the counties of Roscommon and Westmeath: the connecting link between them being the old narrow bridge, the approaches to which are through confined and dirty lanes, in which all the numerous obstructions of an old Irish street appear to have been collected. Yet this old bridge—unprepossessing as it looks, with its clumsy buttresses and narrow arches frowning over the broad river—should not be overlooked by the tourist, for it was the scene of one of the most memorable events connected with the history of Ireland in former days. Here it was, in the war of the Revolution, in 1691, that the concentrated forces of England, under the command of General de Ginkel, effected the passage of the Shannon in opposition to the Irish garrison commanded by Colonel Grace, and their French auxiliaries headed by General St. Ruth. Never was a place defended with more obstinate bravery than this important bridge, which formed at that time the key to the province of Connaught. One of the arches of this bridge was broken down, and though the heavy artillery of De Ginkel, posted on the Westmeath side of the river, had battered the old castle commanding the bridge on the western side, and reduced the walls and defences of the town to a heap of ruins, still he was unable to effect a passage over the broken arch. In the repeated attempts made by the British to force this resolutely maintained position, numerous instances of intrepidity and devoted heroism were exhibited on both sides; the following has, perhaps, been seldom equalled in the history of modern warfare. The English had, on their side of the broken arch, thrown up a regular breastwork, while the defence on the part of the Irish was constructed altogether of earth and wattles, which was set fire to by the grenades and other burning missiles of the opposing force. "While it was fiercely burning," says a writer on the subject, "the English, concealed by the flame and smoke, succeeded in pushing a large beam across the chasm, and now it was only necessary to place boards over the beams, and the river was crossed; when an Irish sergeant and ten men in armour leaped across the burning breastwork, and proceeded to tear up the beams and planks. The British were astonished at such hardihood, and actually paused in making any opposition, but the next instant a shower of grape-shot and grenades swept these brave men away, who, nevertheless, were instantly succeeded by another party, that, in spite of the iron hail-storm, tore up planks and beams, and foiled the enterprise of their foes. Of this second party, only two escaped: there is scarcely on record a nobler instance of heroism than this deliberate act of these Irish soldiers, who have died without *a name*." There is little doubt that the valour of the brave garrison would have foiled all the attempts of the besiegers to gain possession of the town, had not chance favoured their designs in an extraordinary manner. The river, which had fallen lower than it had ever been known to do before, was discovered by two Danish soldiers to be fordable below the bridge; availing themselves of this fortunate circumstance, a party of sixty chosen soldiers crossed the river at day break, and succeeded in placing planks across the chasm in the bridge, over which the whole body of the British forces poured into the town. The Irish, who were taken by surprise, made no defence, but fled in the utmost disorder in every direction. The French general, St. Ruth, whose confidence in the strength of the town had betrayed him into a culpable security had been amusing himself with his

officers, dancing and gambling in a house about a mile from the town, of which the ruins are still pointed out, and laughed to scorn the first account which was brought him of the English having taken the town. The disastrous intelligence was, however, soon fully confirmed, and this rash but brave man, was obliged to make a precipitate retreat into Connaught, where he shortly after ended his unfortunate career, being killed at the battle of Aughrim.

This bridge was built in the early part of Elizabeth's reign, by an architect named Peter Levis, (who was also a dignitary of Christ Church, Dublin,) under the superintendence of Sir Henry Sidney. All this is recorded in a monument, which contains in one of its compartments the figure of a man in clerical habit, grasping in his right hand a pistol, or something which has been conjectured to represent one. Upon this weapon appears an animal resembling a rat in the act of biting the thumb of the man's hand.

There is a curious story related of this sculpture :—it is said that the figure of the man represents Peter Levis, at one time a monk in an English monastry, who, having adopted the reformed mode of faith, came to Ireland and obtained preferment in the Protestant church. But the converted monk, though fortunate in his worldly ambition, could never enjoy his prosperity; he was tormented night and day by a good Catholic rat, who, indignant at his apostacy, haunted him at bed and board. For a length of time he bore patiently with this annoyance, until one day, descending from the pulpit, where he had been preaching, he perceived the filthy animal hidden in the sleeve of his gown. Unable longer to master his rage, he drew a pistol from his breast, and thought to shoot his persecutor; but before he could execute his intention, the rat sprang at his hand and bit him in the thumb. The wound produced mortification, which terminated in the death of the unfortunate Peter Levis.

" The Deserted Village."

On leaving Athlone I deviated from the direct road, for the purpose of making a little pilgrimage to the hamlet of Lissoy, (now called Auburn) immortalized in Goldsmith's charming poem of " The Deserted Village." It is distant about seven miles from Athlone, near the shores of Lough Ree, which are here more remarkable for quiet pastoral beauty than romantic grandeur—a characteristic that pervades all the writings of this delightful poet of nature. Goldsmith first saw the light at Pallice, near Ballymahon, a few miles from Lissoy, but he spent many of his youthful days at the latter place, where his brother Charles, the curate of a neighbouring parish, resided. His house is still pointed out, but, alas! time and neglect have reduced it to ruins, and a roofless shell is all that now remains to point out the place where

" The village preacher's modest mansion rose."

But though the mouldering walls be crumbled into dust, and the hearth be cold around which " the long-remembered beggar," " the ruined spendthrift," and " the broken soldier " forgot their sorrows, the memory of that good man, whose picture has been drawn with the feeling of a poet and the affection of a brother, will live for ever on the purest page of English litera-

ture. It was to this brother, to whom he was tenderly attached, that Goldsmith dedicated his exquisite Poem of "The Traveller."

The scenery in the neighbourhood of Goldsmith's birth-place is delightfully rural; it was on the picturesque banks of the river Inny, with its green islets, and clear waters sparkling and foaming over their rocky bed, that the young poet received the first impressions which called forth the latent spirit of song in his breast. It was to these scenes of his boyish days that he turned in after years with a deeply cherished affection, which the attractions of the world could never eradicate. The fervent wish he entertained of ending his days amongst them, is thus beautifully expressed by himself:—

"In all my wand'rings through this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has giv'n my share—
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bow'rs to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose."

While I am upon the subject of places rendered famous by the residence of celebrated poets, I must not pass by unnoticed, KICOLMAN CASTLE, where Spenser, the gifted child of song, composed his inimitable "Faery Queen," and other poems of great merit. The description of a castle in the county of Cork may appear to be unaptly introduced here; but my readers will, I trust, excuse the violation of the unity of place, for the sake of bringing into proximity two poets who have celebrated in sweetly descriptive verses the rural scenery of Ireland.

I confess that I could not view the ruins of this noble castle, within whose deserted walls the proud Desmonds once held sway, and which more recently had been the dwelling-place of one of England's most accomplished poets, without a feeling of deep sadness. The desolate pile, resting in lonely grandeur on the banks of the "Mulla fair and bright," seemed brooding over its vanished greatness, while the poet's favourite stream murmured sadly as it rolled along. It will be recollected by those who have read Spenser's biography, that he was one of those English settlers to whom Elizabeth forfeited estates in Munster, on condition that no Irish should be permitted to live upon them. The result of this impolitic and impracticable design, as might be foreseen, was to increase the hatred with which the Irish naturally regarded these intruders, and to expose the latter more effectually to the vengeance of their enemies. Spenser had obtained in 1586, a grant of three thousand acres of land, part of the forfeited estates of the Earl of Desmond:—the following year he took up his residence in his Castle of Kilcolman, and in the favourable retirement of its ancient walls, or wandering along the banks of his beloved Mulla, he composed his beautiful poem of "The Faery Queen," a work which for brilliancy of fancy and richness of thought, is unequalled by anything of a similar nature in the English language. Throughout his poems we find numerous allusions to the scenery in the neighbourhood of Kilcolman and of Castletown Roche, where he possessed another small estate. In the sixth Canto of "The Faery Queen" he particularly notices several remarkable features in the landscape around Kilcolman. In "Mutability" he celebrates the barony of Armoy, or Fermoy, under the name

of Armilla; and in "Colin Clout's come home again," he bestows the tribute of his admiration upon the river Mulla, a poetical name substituted by him for the less musical one of the *Awbeg*, which it still retains. This poem is a beautiful memorial of the friendship which subsisted between Spenser and Sir Walter Raleigh. The poet describes his friend as a Shepherd of the Ocean, coming to visit him in his retirement, in the following exquisite lines:—

——— "I sate, as was my trade,
Under the foot of Mole, that mountain hore;
Keeping my sheep amongst the cooly shade
Of the green alders, by the Mulla's shore.
There a strange shepherd chaunc'd to find me out;
Whether allured with my pipe's delight,
Whose pleasing sound yshrilled far about,
Or thither led by chance, I know not right;
Whom, when I ask'd from what place he came,
And how he hight? himself he did ycleep,
The Shepherd of the Ocean by name,
And said he came far from the main sea-deep."

Spenser, it should be observed, especially describes Ireland as a country formerly of such "wealth and goodness," that the gods used to resort thereto for "pleasure and for rest;" his muse expatiates upon the beauty of her rivers and mountains, and of the delicious verdure of the

——— "Woods and forests which therein abound;"—

but with all his poetic admiratian of the scenery of the country, displays in his "View of the State of Ireland" a decided dislike and prejudice against the people, and there can be no doubt that the antipathy was mutual. When the rebellion of Tyrone broke out in 1598, Spenser was compelled to fly to England to escape the fearful retaliations which were everywhere being directed against the English settlers. He saved his life; but his castle was burned, and all his property plundered by the rebels. It is not therefore surprising that he should have written with acrimony against the Irish, whom he regarded as natural and implacable enemies—overlooking the fact, that he had himself been in the first instance a party to the indefensible policy of England in her barbarous design of crushing and exterminating the people of a whole province.

Just so: English sentiments and Ireland's government again. Nor widely sundered from the idea, come notices of the *Duke*, of the "Hill of Tara," and of Ireland's *ouldness* in the general:—

Between Trim and the pretty little town of Summerhill stand the ruins of Dangan Castle, celebrated as being the birth-place of England's greatest general, ARTHUR DUKE OF WELLINGTON, who, on the 1st of May, 1769, came "into this breathing world," unheralded by any prodigy, undistinguished by any omen which might foreshadow the high andglorious destiny which awaited him. The remains of the ancient castle consist of the outer walls of the keep, to which a modern mansion, built in the Italian style, has

been added by one of the modern possessors. The general effect of this once noble edifice must have been exceedingly beautiful when viewed in its perfect state, with its battlements and turrets emerging from the crowding woods. But unfortunately the demense and castle passed from their original possessors into the hands of strangers: they were sold by the Marquess of Wellesley to Colonel Burrows, and by him let to Mr. O'Connor. While in the possession of the latter gentleman it was destroyed by fire, and all that now remains of this once stately pile is a naked and desolate shell. The noble woods, too, which adorned the demense have shared in the general destruction, and all the giants of the sylvan scene have been prostrated beneath the ruthless axe. How different was the appearance it presented when Mr. Trotter visited it in 1814. "From every part of the adjacent country," he writes, "the woods, and frequently the Castle of Dangan were visible. We continued to walk on magic ground:—the varied landscapes of a fine corn-country, always terminated by the widely extended woods of Dangan, could not but please." Yet even at that time decay and neglect had begun to do their work upon the place, for he also remarks, that, "the improvements and lakes which once highly adorned the demense are lost through neglect, and the fine gardens are uncultivated." This intelligent traveller learnt, while lingering in this neighbourhood, that a cottage, in which the Duke of Wellington had resided in great privacy for two or three years, when the Marquis of Wellesley was proposing to sell Dangan, was to be seen near Trim. If this retreat of the future victor of Waterloo be still in existence, I have not been fortunate enough to see it. Mr. Trotter thus describes his visit in a very animated manner. "We proceeded," says he, "with much eagerness to this little country-house: we soon saw it buried in trees. We reached the gate of its avenue, which is straight, of modest appearance, and lined with tall ash-trees. The house is perfectly rural, with a small lawn, and pretty shrubberies round it; but very simple, and just fit for a small domestic family. The apartments are commodious, and all the accommodations good, but on the most modest scale. The garden pleased us most; it is good and quite rural, suiting to the character of the place." It is not improbable that the duke was residing in this secluded habitation when his great rival, Buonaparte, was pursuing his splendid career in Italy.

I suppose it would be considered a grave offence were I to quit the county Meath without noticing the famous "Hill of Tara," celebrated by ancient bards and historians for its *Teaghmor*, or Great House, where, down to the middle of the sixth century, triennial parliaments of the kingdom were held;—for its sumptuous palace, the residence of a long and illustrious line of monarchs; and for its college of learned men, where the arts and sciences were cultivated and taught. Keating, O'Halloran, and O'Flaherty, whose poetic histories abound with florid descriptions of the grandeur and magnificence of the royal residence of Teaghmor, have dwelt with fond delight upon the solemnities of the periodical parliament, at which the kings of Leinster, Ulster, Munster, and Connaught are said to have assisted, in conjunction with the toparchs, dynasts, bards or *sennachies*, priests, and "men of learning, distinguished by their abilities in all arts and professions," in framing laws, and making wise ordinances for the government of the king-

dom. But, alas! for the past glory of Ireland, there remains no traces now of these stately palaces—not a vestige exists of the proud halls, where "chiefs and ladies bright," were wont to assemble; the voice of the bard is hushed—and "the harp," as Moore touchingly sings:—

"The harp, that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled."

Unfortunately, however, not even a wall has been left on which a bard's harp or antiquarian's conjecture might be hung. The remains of a few circular earthen entrenchments on the summit of a lofty green hill, rising from the centre of an extensive plain, are all that the most curious eye can now discover of the vanished splendour of the Hill of Tara. Notwithstanding that I differ with those writers, whose heated fancies would invest every object connected with Ireland's ancient history with a halo of gorgeous light, and in their eagerness to vindicate the fallen greatness of their native country, have suffered themselves to wander into the fairy regions of romance; I am far from coinciding with those cold sceptics who deny that civilization had considerably advanced in Ireland before Britain had emerged from the depths of barbarism.

Art. XVI.

1. *Preceptive Illustrations of the Bible.* Varty.
2. *Lessons on Scripture Prints; to accompany the Preceptive Illustrations of the Bible.* Varty.
3. *Graphic Illustrations of Animals.* Varty.
4. *Chronological Pictures of English History.* Varty.

The taste of the present day runs strongly in demand of Pictorial Illustrations, wherever the subject is capable of such lights. If this be the case with persons of mature years, and even when history or any collection of facts is to be elucidated and impressed upon the mind, not to speak of narratives of every class, surely similar aids and allurements will be with the happiest results set before the eye of youth and of childhood. We have somewhere met with the anecdote, then an intelligent girl, of ten years of age, having been found poring over the "Pictorial History of England" with great avidity for a whole morning, was asked by her mother, why she was applying so long at a time? Her reply was, "Mother, I cannot help it; the book won't let me leave it." Now, this attraction occurred where the work is addressed to minds of the most mature growth, and where the subjects for study are often of that more recondite nature, for which childhood's mind cannot be supposed to cherish a particular curiosity, nor to be capable of very soon accquiring such a rudimental knowledge, as will render a fur-

ther pursuit lightsome and enticing. Many, for example, of the illustrations in the work just mentioned are of an antiquiarian character; others are archæological, demanding erudition and protracted study, to understand their meaning and appropriateness; and even when the engravings or woodcuts may belong to the department of costume, architecture, remarkable historical scenes, or portraits of eminent persons, one would be ready to suppose that some considerable degree of studious and reading preparation was necessary ere the youthful taste was prompt to pant for more. *A fortiori*, military tactics, science, mechanical inventions, and other matters of vital importance in a nation's history, must offer fewer attractions to the uninitiated. And yet the speech was, "Mother, I cannot help it;" for it is through the medium of sight that from infancy upwards the most vivid and permanent impressions are conveyed.

Facts, events, natural scenes, and the whole world of activity and life, are particulary susceptible of pictorial representation. Whatever has been seen may be copied by the artist, and with a force and fidelity which no verbal or written description can reach. But it seems to be indisputable that it is not every subject and object which addresses itself to the senses, that admits with advantage of being thus represented, when the end is instruction, especially the instruction of the infantine mind, and ere the work of abstraction has systematically commenced. Many things, such as material objects, are best studied in their real condition. On the other hand, past and unwitnessed events and personages cannot, any more than the moral of their histories be communicated and stamped upon the imagination, save through the eye or ear, or by both channels at the same moment.

Of all the historical records that exist, and we may be sure that will ever be written, those which the Bible contains are the most susceptible of pictorial representation, and also of being by an artistic method and system made the vehicle of instruction. Where else shall we seek for equal simplicity, truth, majesty of thought, or grandeur of action? Where but in the Bible did the master-painters, whose genius has consecrated their names to all succeeding ages, seek for inspiration and for themes?

But it is not alone for the highest purposes of art, or the most lasting and delightful exercises of the intellect that Scriptural subjects are chosen. The plainness, authenticity, genuineness, paramount importance, and unction that distinguish them from all others, render them peculiarly suitable for early and abiding instruction. It is said that Doddridge received his first religious impressions from the Scripture subjects represented on the Dutch tiles of his paternal fireside. It must be perfectly manifest that if a series of Scriptural subjects, spiritedly and faithfully treated by the artist, be set before childhood's eye, accompanied by the explanations and additions of a

teacher or parent, who is imbued with the proper feelings and sentiments for the discharge of the interesting duty, the effect will be of the most gratifying kind; that the manner in which the pupil will follow, nay, outrun the competent teacher will be astonishing. The alacrity, the eagerness, the glistening gladness of the little student will tell you in more pleasing and beautiful fashion than language can utter, that a moralist is before you, that taste and exalted sentiment are receiving their best lessons and starting from grounds not less sound, pure, and broad for the embellishment of this life, than full of promise in respect of preparedness for the next.

The agency of pictures for the purposes of instruction might be rendered so powerful and embracing that it is matter of wonder the means should have been so much overlooked. We may observe that the ordinary and old fashioned method of teaching the young, and training the opening mind, has been through the medium of *words* merely, for the most part without conveying anything like a correct idea, if an idea at all; whereas pictures in a vast number of cases may be characterised as *things* made distinct to the visual sense. No doubt, just in proportion to the vividness of the medium, is it necessary that the representation should be truthful and most scrupulously correct. Of course those demands occur with unapproachable force where passages in Scriptural history are to be represented, and religious sentiments awakened, inculcated, and sublimated. The projectors and proprietors of the "Preceptive Illustrations" before us, have unquestionably been deeply sensible of their duty and responsibility in these respects; while the artistic conception and execution of the prints have admirably fulfilled the plan of the entire series, which, so far as we are aware, is not merely quite original, but finished in a style far surpassing any attempt of the sort that has yet been made.

It is not easy to convey anything like an adequate idea of the *strikingness*, if we may coin the term, of these prints. First of all we have to state that they are *forty* in number; half of the subjects being taken from the Old, and half from the New Testament. The size is upon a scale sufficiently large for the exhibition of minute details and for illustrative precision. The *coloured* sets we would particularly recommend,—and the price of each print is trifling,—for the engravings, although meritorious in every way, are made to speak not only more forcibly, but amply and informingly, by the aid of colours, which, by the bye have been laid on with skill and pains. Throughout the utmost attention has been paid to costume, to character, to national scenery and circumstances, and every available accessary which modern discovery and scholarship have furnished. In these exacting respects the Illustrations appear to us to have very high merit.

We cannot do better when wishing to give publicity to the character and features of the Series than to cite what we find said explanatorily

of the design of the work, and points particularly observed in carrying it out. After recognizing the great importance of pictures in early education, and especially on religious subjects, of attending most scrupulously to correctness and truth, and also that they be executed so as to raise the tone of feeling, and produce holy and pious associations, we meet with this statement:—"In preparing the prints now presented to the public, great pains have been taken to accomplish these object; there has been a zealous care to keep *literally to the text of Scripture*, and never to sacrifice truth in any degree to pictorial effect. Great attention has also been paid to the minor details, that no anachronism, no incorrectness in the costume, architecture, or in the features of the landscape, should be found; whilst, at the same time, the subjects have been selected simply in reference to the important lessons they are to convey to infant minds. At the head of each engraving, the precept or truth it is intended to inculcate is stated, and the interest in the picture concentrated to that point, in order to direct teachers, in all their instruction, to present some *prominent* feature, to avoid that common error of bringing before children a variety of ideas at one time, which prevents any from being well and permanently fixed."

We never became more strongly convinced at a single glance taken of any undertaking or work, that it was fitted in an eminent degree to serve the ends intended and professed, than when first casting our eyes over this series of prints. We believe they have already been of great use in Infant Schools. But we are also fully certain that they are not nearly so extensively known as they deserve; and that it has not entered into the minds of multitudes of teachers and parents that the collection may be of incalculable use where the pupils are farther advanced than is understood when the terms *infancy* and *childhood* are employed. Many persons of mature years would find impressions renewed, and others greatly strengthened and vivifyed by a study of these illustrations. And by a very simple and ingenious arrangement, the whole series may not only be most conveniently and to the adornment of a room, always at hand, but studied progressively and with a daily variety. A frame, with a glass, deep enough to contain the whole forty prints, has been contrived. The prints are reversed against the glass, by a door at the back, so that one subject only is exhibited at a time, but which can be changed as often as required by merely shifting the foremost print.

The "Preceptive Illustrations of the Bible" have been, we understand, used with excellent effect and results in the Infant Model School in Gray's Inn Road. Miss Mayo, the author of "Lessons on Objects," and a number of other educational works, has in fact prepared and published the small volume named second in the list at the head of our paper: being intended to "accompany" the series and

also "to assist parents and teachers in their use of prints as an aid to elementary instruction."

Her first object by the "Lessons" has been to excite an interest in the Scripture history through the medium of the pictures, "to lead the children up to the word of God." The second has been "to work out fully the leading idea of each print." The third, "by frequent repetition to fix the subject on the memory." The fourth, "to make a practical application of each lesson." We shall extract as examples two of the Lessons. First, "Adam and Eve driven out of Paradise:"—

What do you see in this Picture?
How many persons?
Do you know who they are?
Who were Adam and Eve?
Yes, they were the first man and woman that God created. I will read a verse from the Bible which tells you about their creation. (Teacher reads from the Bible, Gen. i. 27.)
What do you learn of Adam and Eve when they were created?
They were in the image or likeness of God, good and holy.
If they were good and holy, what must they also have been?
Yes, they must have been happy.
Look at the picture: what are they doing?
They seem to be walking very slowly, hand in hand.
How do they look?
Very sorrowful; they both hang down their heads.
When do you hang your heads?
And Adam and Eve hang their heads for shame, because they have been doing wickedly.
Upon what have they turned their backs?
Yes, upon pretty flowers and trees: how beautifully they seem to grow, and what a nice shade they give! What do you call the place where flowers and fruit trees grow?
When God had made Adam and Eve, he put them into a sweet garden which he had planted, where grew all kinds of trees, pleasant to look at, and good for food; and in the middle a very particular tree, called the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. But you see Adam and Eve are leaving this beautiful garden; and how did we say they looked?
They may well be unhappy and ashamed, for they had sinned. The first act the Bible relates of man is an act of disobedience.
I will tell you this sad history. About whom am I going to talk?
What am I to tell you about Adam and Eve?
When God put them into that beautiful garden he gave them a command. I will read it to you from the Bible. (Teacher reads Gen. ii. 16, 17.)

The other example belongs to the history of Joseph; the subject being his "Forgiveness of his Brethren:"—

Here is another picture about Joseph. Tell me who Joseph was.
What great troubles had Joseph undergone?

Who were the cause of his troubles?
What feelings led his brothers to be so cruel towards him?
Into what country was Joseph taken?
In what condition did he enter Egypt?
What did he become there?
What caused this great change in his condition?
How was his being raised to such power a proof that God's word cannot fail?
Which of the figures in the picture do you think represents Joseph?
How many persons are there besides Joseph?
Yes, there are eleven; who do you think they are?
Which do you suppose is Benjamin?
What is Joseph doing?
What feelings do you think were in Joseph's heart when he threw his arms round Benjamin's neck?
What must the brothers now know about him whom they looked upon only as Ruler or Governor of Egypt?
Yes, they must have discovered that he was that brother whom they had sold to be a slave. Now, indeed, they see that his dreams are come true. What do you think were their feelings when they found out that they were in the power of their injured brother?
How have you learnt in your text that you ought to behave towards an offending brother when he repents? "Take heed to yourselves: if thy brother tresspass against thee, rebuke him, and if he repent, forgive him. And if he trespass against thee seven times in a day, and seven times in a day turn again to thee, saying, I repent; thou shalt forgive him." (Luke xvii. 3, 4.
And Joseph's heart was full of love and forgiveness; but before he pardons his brethren, what has he about them to find out?
"Yes, he has to learn whether they have repented of their wickedness. Do you know what it is to repent?
Yes, it is to be sorry for what we have done; but it means more than that; for some are sorry when they have been naughty, and yet soon again they are tempted to commit the same fault. This shows they have not really repented. What more is meant by repentance than being sorry for sin?
Yes, repentance means such a sorrow for sin as will lead you to alter your conduct.
What then did Joseph wish to find out before he forgave his brothers?
Whether they were sorry for their past conduct, and whether they were changed.
For this purpose Joseph tried his brothers: he spoke roughly to them, and kept one of them a prisoner, whilst he sent the others to fetch Benjamin; it was long before his old father would part with him, not till they were all nearly starving. At last he let him go; and I will now read to you from the Bible what Joseph did to them when they were all returning home a second time. (Teacher reads Gen. xliv. 1, 2.)
What did Joseph desire his steward to do with all his brother's sacks?
What would he not take from them?
Yes; he would not take their money.
What was to be done to Benjamin's sack?

Joseph then desired his steward to follow his brethren, and accuse them of having stolen his drinking cup. Feeling that they were innocent of this charge, they begged him to search their sacks. (Teacher reads verses 11, 12.)

What did Joseph desire his steward to do?

What did the brethren do to prove their innocence?

And what discovery was made?

Yes, the cup is found with Benjamin, their father's darling; and Joseph said that he would keep him as his servant, and that they might go in peace to their father. Now if they had hated and envied Benjamin as they did Joseph because he was the beloved of Jacob, what would you expect their conduct to be?

Yes; if they hated Benjamin, they had now a good opportunity of getting rid of him; but we are told that they were all in great distress; they confessed that God had found out their iniquity, and they told Joseph that their father would die, if they returned without Benjamin. And hear what one of them called Judah offered to do. (Teacher reads verses 33, 34.)

What did Joseph find out by this plan of having his cup put into Benjamin's sack?

Yes, he found out that they had not the same wicked feeling towards Benjamin that they had shown towards him; he found out that they could not now bear to give their aged parent pain; and he also heard them confess that they had been very guilty towards himself. He discovered that they were not only sorry for their past sin, but that their dispositions were changed. What do you call this?

Yes, they had really repented of their former sin; what now should Joseph do?

Yes, and Joseph is well pleased to forgive them all; he can no longer keep in his great love to them; he sends out every one from his presence but his brethren. (Teacher reads Gen. xlv. 14, 15.)

What do you see in the picture?

What does Joseph do to all his brothers?

When did he forgive them?

What was the conduct he forgave?

You see Joseph forgives his brothers, though they had intended to kill him, and had sold him to be a slave; and yet some of you can scarcely be persuaded to forgive a brother or sister or companion who has only done some trifling thing to hurt or displease you. What does your text teach you?

Yes; it teaches you to forgive. Repeat it together.

"Take heed to yourselves :If thy brother trespass against thee, rebuke him; and if he repent, forgive him. And f he trespass against thee seven times in a day, and seven times in a day turn again to thee, saying, I repent; thou shalt forgive him." Luke xvii. 3, 4.

What a sweet character is Joseph! he freely forgives his brethren, nourishes them with all tenderness, and does not even reproach them with their former cruel conduct; do you not love Joseph, and wish to be like him?

But, dear children, there is one against whom you continually sin, the Lord Jesus Christ. You know what sin is?

Yes, sin is the transgression of the law, and you are continually transgressing or breaking his holy law; yet he is more ready to forgive than Joseph was, he is more powerful to nourish and keep you from harm, he is more unchangeable in his love. Come then, dear children, to this Saviour—pray to him to forgive your sins—seek earnestly his pardon—and trust to his love, for that will never fail.

Recollect also that this Saviour, who is so ready to forgive all who truly repent, has told you to forgive, and you shall be forgiven. What has he taught you to say when you ask for your trespasses to he forgiven?

Then if you hope yourselves to be forgiven, you must, like Joseph and like the blessed Saviour, be ready to forgive.

Miss Mayo has not carried out her Lessons beyond a very few of the prints earliest in the series. The plan, however, might with great advantage be completed. Very delicate skill and touching taste might be displayed in framing questions, in wording the explanations, in citing the Scripture narrative, in sprinkling remarks, and in performing the whole with the incense of pious sentiment.

It will readily be perceived, as soon as any one of Mr. Varty's pictorial elementary publications has been examined, that the scheme is of wide application, and that almost inexhaustible sources of instruction open up even when only one branch of knowledge is instanced; so inexhaustible indeed, that the chief difficulty respects selection. The moment, however, the object is fixed upon, and a scheme of treatment adopted, the manipulator will find himself carried onward with astonishing results,—these results in regard to value, beauty, and abundance being in exact proportion with the riches in his treasury of knowledge, and the grasp with which his mind can seize, as well as the firmness with which he can pursue his quarry.

The Animal Kingdom furnishes alone and of itself a world of matter for elementary instruction; nay, any one of the species in many of the families is fraught with facts and suggestions that have hardly a limit. It becomes necessary then to abide by some one distinct and defined principle and purpose, in order to avoid confusion and a vapid diffuseness. Accordingly Mr. Varty's "Graphic Illustrations of Animals" are confined not merely to a selected number, but each one of this number is regarded in consideration of its "Utility to Man," in its "Services during Life and Uses after Death."

Here is a limitation of plan and distinctness of scope quite necessary to a profitable treatment. Still, the scope is broad and greatly diversified; for you are led through the air as well as over sea and land; to consider not only the elephant and horse, the whale and seal, the swan, the bee, and the silkworm, but shell fish and reptiles, cochineal and lac insects; these being a few of the subjects.

The animals exhibited are about fifty in number, and in upwards of 200 illustrations. There are twenty prints, of a larger size, and

beautifully coloured, each exhibiting not only the particular animal with the precision and completeness of a perfect portrait, but in a great variety of its uses, and especially in its connexion with man, whose existence, whose comfort, nay, whose civilization so closely depends on members of the animal kingdom.

As pictures these illustrations are pleasing; as studies they give proofs of much research and pertinent information; and as evidences of God's Wisdom and Goodness as regards the interests of our race they can never cease to speak aloud. The practical accordingly as well as the pleasant has been successfully aimed at in this work. To quote from the advertisement;—

"If the Sheep is selected, what a fund of instruction may be extracted from it! The thousands to whom it gives occupation—the importance of its fleece to our country, as a staple commodity—the looms, mills, and steam-engines that it sets in motion—the inventions it occasions—the covering for our bodies it provides; and then the wholesome food which its flesh affords, and the value of its skin as parchment, leather, &c. With the Cow are connected some of our chief domestic comforts—milk, butter, cheese—nourishment for babes, and food for man. The repudiated Pig, too, becomes interesting through association; and the lady who enjoys the ease of a side-saddle —the housemaid with her broom—the painter with his pound-brush —and the artist embodying his imaginations on canvas—are its debtors.

The relation of each of the Animals to Man is never lost sight of in these pictures, every one of the illustrations that surround and accompany the central portrait, presenting a graphic, readily interpreted sketch of some particular service on the part of the animal, it may be in the shape of labour, of produce, of manufacture, of materials entering into the history of the fine arts, and so forth. It is made to be felt that nothing is useless or in vain that God has created, however lightly esteemed by the unthinking; yea, that everything, and each part of everything has a proper subordinated place and is indispensable to the general harmony.

"Chronological Pictures of English History," the literary portion of the work by Eliza Cartwright, is another of Mr. Varty's spirited undertakings that presents much novelty and peculiarity of interest. We shall allow the Publisher to explain his own plan, purpose, and method of procedure in respect of these tableaux, both the things which they communicate, and the method of teaching which they exemplify, being remarkable. "The work," says he, "consists of well-executed lithographic drawings, of subjects taken from the History of England (commencing in the first instance from the date of the Norman Conquest), arranged in chronological order, and exhibiting the progress of events up to the present day, whether connected with the religious, political, or domestic state of society. The sub-

jects illustrated are as various as they are interesting, and include portraits of the reigning monarch, and his most distinguished contemporaries; the events connected with the ecclesiastical policy of the country; the development of our constitution; military and naval actions; our progress in art, science, and literature; the erection of our principal public buildings; foundation of our universities, and the origin of the learned societies; progress of inventions and of the refinements of life; while the manners, customs, and costume of the people are carefully attended to."

Miss Cartwright's letter-press matter constitutes a connecting link between the periods illustrated, and is in a succinct and compact form. Mr. Varty's description of one of these chronological prints is fully borne out by the print itself; the subject being the reign of King John:—

"The centre compartment of the plate depicts the King surrounded by the Barons, reluctantly affixing his signature to the Great Charter of British Liberty—surrounded with a medallion portrait of the monarch. Beneath are representations, illustrative of such inventions and improvements as were first introduced in that reign. On either side of the central group is figured in correct costume, and within arches characterizing the architecture of the age, Prince Arthur of Brittany and Stephen Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury; while the connecting compartments complete the Chronological View, by depicting John receiving the Homage of the Irish Chieftains—his Submission to the Holy See—the confederated Barons demanding the Charter—and the loss of John's army and baggage at Fossdike, thus exhibiting at a single glance years of action, and results educed from the short-sighted policy of man, and the over-ruling providence of God, and forming one link in that chain of history, an acquaintance with which, whilst it is one of the most interesting, is also one of the most valuable acquisitions with which the mind of man can be furnished."

It will convey some idea of the pains-taking, compass, and particularity of these plates, when it is stated that fac-similes of the autographs of the sovereigns and the most distinguished contemporary characters are attached to each.

These Chronological Pictures may be warmly recommended as presenting a great national history, without political perversion or straining of any kind. They are altogether remote from dryness also; nor in the hands of a competent commentator will the things for which they stand as texts and finger-posts be soon exhausted. Talk, and that pertinent and arresting, will be found in and about the prints, such as no other signs or system of arrangement could supply. Any one wishing to know the military tactics,—the state of religion, of government, of national industry,—of literature and art, —of manners and customs, and of the social condition of the people

during the reigns of our kings may find far more light thrown upon these points in the educational work before us, than in many historical volumes of higher pretensions..

NOTICES.

ART. XVII.—*Dominici Diodati I. C. Neapolitani de Christo Græce Loqvente Exercitatio. Edited with a Preface*, by ORLANDO T. DOBBIN, LL.B.

IT is quite evident that the editing of this learned essay was a labour of love on the part of Mr. Dobbin, and that he is habituated to curious studies, and to the ransacking of rare works in theological literature. Dominici Diodati, we are told in the editor's preface, was a civilian born at Naples in 1736, of a family distinguished in literature. He received his education in the University of his native city. His first publication was the Exercitation before us, in 1767, and it appears to have produced an extraordinary excitement in its day throughout the learned world, procuring for the author great celebrity and enrolment in several literary associations. Afterwards, we are told, he directed his researches chiefly to the antiquities of Italy and Sicily. He died in 1801, in the city of his birth, "where a memoir of her distinguished son appeared in the year 1815."

It would be going quite beyond our depth were we to attempt any criticism of the argument of the essay; or to measure its precise importance and worth. Perhaps the editor himself does not look upon it as of vast doctrinal importance. Indeed, his prefatory account and remarks seem to be those of a person conscious that he is dealing with extreme niceties, and points not capable of demonstration. We quote part of what is there said, and dismiss the curious book, *two hundred and fifty copies*, we learn, being the whole of the impression.

"The subject of the Essay "De Christo Græce Loquente" is incorrectly described in the Biographie Universelle, vol. lxii. "Il soutient que Jesus Christ et ses disciples faisaient usage de cette langue, [le Grec] et parconsequent que les textes originaux du N. T. sont en Grec et non pas en Hebreu." On this latter topic our Essayist maintains a judicious silence, or makes but a passing mention of it. It lay out of his way, and belongs to a controversy quite distinct from that in which he took part. Any connexion which may be observed between them is casual not necessary, incidental not real. Unconcerned to trace that connexion in its causes or consequences, the author adheres with argumentative closeness to the track marked out by himself, and terminates his career with the goal at which he aimed from the outset, namely, that Christ and his apostles spoke Greek as their native tongue.

"The application, nevertheless, of this discovery, if the fact be considered as established, to the original language of the New Testament, is direct and obvious. We are conducted to an easy and natural solution of the question —why were the archetypal writings of the New Covenant given in Greek rather than any other tongue? But it will be observed that the present

inquiry does not assert this—it only assumes it; it does not demonstrate the affiirmative of this query—it explains it; it does not *prove*, it does not *seek* to prove, that the later Revelation was made to the world in Greek—it only presents a phenomenon in the history of its authors which would naturally account for its being in that language. Hence originated our remark just made in commendation of the simplicity of Diodati's argument, and our assertion, that the connexion between the controversy respecting the vernacular tongue of Christ, and that relating to the archetypal writings of the New Testament, is historical not logical, collateral rather than direct.

"That the Scriptures of the Christian Canon were composed in the language of Greece is a fact we conceive placed beyond the reach of successful dispute; but the demonstration of the hypothesis, that Jesus Christ spoke that language, may be perfect or not; its instability cannot shake the basis upon which the other verity rests. The one is a question of literary history which the consenting voice of antiquity has already decided, therefore not again to be opened by the affirmation or negation of Diodati's scheme; the other a question never yet submitted to a thorough dissection, although glanced at by several writers, and in which the most enlightened maintainers of a Greek original of the New Testament may adopt different sides without prejudice to their consistency, or affecting their opinion with regard to the previous question. The worth of our author's argument, if valid, is not that it validates the other, but that it affords a simple and ready exposition of the reason why the New Testament has been composed in Greek rather than in other tongues; to wit, that it was the native language of the various sacred penmen.

"No other ground, we venture to suggest, is sufficiently stable and comprehensive to sustain this conclusion. The reasons commonly alleged for the selection of Greek, such as, that it was the prevailing language of the time, —that some one language must be chosen, and therefore this with greater propriety than another, for the reason just given, are far from meeting the exigencies of the case. No satisfactory plea can be urged why there should not be *more languages than one* employed in the communication of the New than of the Old Testament Revelation. There might be Latin and Greek in the one, with as much fitness as Hebrew and Chaldee in the other. That the wide diffusion of the Greek language at the commencement of our era should justify its selection as the most suitable vehicle for the conveyance of Revelation at that period, is met by referring to the Hebrew of the earlier Revelation, to the adoption of which as the medium of communication with the world for two thousand years, the same reason will not apply. But to say that God spake by prophets and apostles in the language they severally spoke, is reasonable, reverent, natural, and pertinent under every dispensation, while it leaves the question of *a priori* proprieties in the shade, their only proper place in discussions relating to the super-natural. All difficulties attending the language in which divine communications have been made to mankind vanish, when we conceive of God ordaining each inspired messenger to deliver his solemn burden to the world in the accents of his native tongue, irrespective, or but partially respective, of the numbers more or less who speak it, and leaving those who are thus addressed to their own resources and ingenuity, to their philanthropy and religious fear, to multiply and diffuse the communication by translations. In most treatises on this

topic the Editor conceives that the subjective has been too generally sacrificed to the objective inspiration. The same necessity which would dictate the choice of ony *one* tongue, that it might be intelligible to the *majority* of men, would dictate the employment of *many*, that Revelation might thus be conveyed directly to *all;* an object which, were it the immediate scope of the Divine will, would present no difficulty to Omnipotence. Let the fact, however, of the later Scriptures having been written in Greek be considered as explained by the circumstance, that the writers spoke Greek as their vulgar tongue, and we are neither lost in the labyrinth of unprofitable conjecture, nor doomed to the disappointment of a miserable and defective causation.

"The broad principle just enunciated in regard to the vehicle of divine communications, the Editor has never seen so stated before; nevertheless he humbly conceives its simplicity is only equalled by its truth. To his apprehension it covers the whole ground occupied by this much mooted question—does away with whole volumes of logomachy and angry discussion, and admitted to be true, is more strongly confirmatory of Diodati's view than all the arguments contained in his book.

"When I assume, as I have done in a preceding page, that the writings of the New Testament were primarily composed in Greek, I do so in full cognizance of the fact, that various contrary hypotheses have been maintained. These have no weight with me. If the records of history and reasonings of logic have any value, the books of the New Canon from Matthew to the Apocalypse (although some familiar traditions with relation to one or two of them stand in the way) were certainly Greek in the apostolic autographs. The translator of Pfannkuche indeed, in Clark's interesting Biblical Cabinet (vol ii.47) has declared the hypothesis of their private translations, to be in his opinion "susceptible of demonstration." He has probably adopted the theory held more or less modified by Bolten, Bertholdt, and others, of an Aramaic original. Without feeling the slightest particle of theological jealousy as to the decision of this question, for my faith in the documents would be just what it is whether they be proved translations or originals, as a fact in history, I dare affirm it were scarcely less hardihood to maintain our English version to be the archetype, than to defend the position Mr. Repp has assumed."

ART. XVIII.—*The Life and Times of John Reuchlin.* By F. BARHAM, Esq.

REUCHLIN, although a profound scholar and a promoter of the Reformation which Luther and Melancthon were destined to complete, earning for him the title of the Father of the German Revolution, is a stranger to the great mass of English readers; and even by most of those amongst us who are counted learned in ecclesiastical annals, we believe his influence and history are but imperfectly understood. The present neat volume, however, will dispel most of this ignorance and indifference with regard to one of the most eminent men of his age. Indeed without an acquaintance with Reuchlin's character and life, many obscure and intricate passages of his

times will remain to arrest the progress of the historical student. To those persons, therefore, who speak the English language, Mr. Barham has not only contributed excellent service, but the contribution has been conducted with real ability and enlightened zeal.

ART. XIX.—*The Churchman's Companion; a Help to Scripture Knowledge for the Family Circle and Retirement of the Closet.*

REALLY an attractive volume, presenting much variety of matter, and that of the most important kind. A portion of its contents consists of selections from the most esteemed writers on the Scriptures and Christianity; there is a collection of prayers for the more remarkable seasons and occasions, observations on the Sacraments, &c. But the book presents also critical and Bibliographical matter; and much excellent counsel, as well as suggestion to the readers of the sacred writings. Besides an account of the books of the Old and New Testament, there is a concise history of their principal editions in different languages. What is new in the volume is well done. There is nothing like sectarianism in "The Churchman's Companion;" but most valuable information, real elevation of tone, and unaffected earnestness of sentiment.

ART. XX.—*The History of Junius and his Works; and a Review of the Controversy respecting the Identity of Junius, with an Appendix, containing Portraits and Sketches by Junius.*—By JOHN JACQUES.

DR. PARR, among the multitude of conjecturers about the identity of Junius, seems to have had, or fancied he had, very strong grounds for ascribing the authorship of the letters of Junius to Charles Lloyd, private secretary to George Grenville and his deputy teller of the Exchequer. The Doctor mentioned to General Cockburne, in 1820, the names of several eminent men, who coincided with him upon the subject; and also stated his and their conviction that the King was aware that Lloyd was Junius. In a letter to the General in the course of the same year the Doctor observes:—

"In regard to *Junius*, I broke the seal of secrecy two months ago, and having no restraints of delicacy about it, I communicated the opinion unreservedly to Mr. Denman. The impression produced by a well written pamphlet, and an elaborate critique on it in the Edinburgh Review, still direct the national faith towards Sir Philip Francis. He was too proud to tell a lie, and he disclaimed the work. He was too vain to refuse celebrity which he was conscious of deserving. He was too intrepid to shriuk when danger had nearly passed by. He was too irascible to keep the secret, by the publication of which he at this time of day could injure no party with which he is connected, nor any individual for whom he cared. Beside, dear sir, we have many books of his writings upon many subjects, and all of them stamped with the same character of mind. Their general Lexis, as

we say in Greek, has no resemblance to the Lexis of *Junius*; and the resemblance in particulars can have far less weight than the resemblance of which there is no vestige. Francis uniformly writes English. There is Gallicism in *Junius*. Francis is furious, but not malevolent. Francis is never cool, and *Junius* is seldom ardent. Do not suppose that I have forgotten the fact, upon which you very properly lay great stress. I have little or no hesitation in supposing that, under all the circumstances of the case, and from motives of personal regard to George Grenville himself, his friend and his secretary would venture upon falsehood; and Woodfall, knowing the importance of such disavowal, would record, although he disbelieved it. Woodfall stated a fact, and left his readers to their own conclusion; and it was the wish, if not the duty, of Woodfall to keep us in the dark. I retain my old faith: and in the true spirit of orthodoxy, I retain it the more firmly, in consequence of what I think unsuccessful attacks. You are at liberty to couple my name with that of Mr. Walsh, as fixing upon Mr. Lloyd for the writer."

And, in another letter, he thus speaks:—

I smiled at the scepticism of our sagacious friend, Lord Hutchinson, as to Lloyd. We must all grant that a strong case has been made out for Francis; but I could set up very stout objections to those claims. It was not in his nature to keep a secret. He would have told it from vanity, or from his courage, or from his patriotism.

"His bitterness, his vivacity, his acuteness, are stamped in characters very peculiar upon many publications that bear his name; and very faint indeed is their resemblance to the spirit, and, in an extended sense of the word, to the style of *Junius*.

"Burke is altogether out of the question; when he writes coolly, as in his book upon the sublime and beautiful, and in his imitation of Lord Bolingbroke, the style is very dissimilar. But in his political publications, there is what logicians call a specific identity. Even in the calmest of them (his thoughts upon the popular discontents), we see the mind of Burke; and yet this is the only political work in which there are few or no vestiges of a public speaker. Again, there is a very marked character in his invectives; they have not even the very faintest resemblance to the invectives of *Junius*; they have not the coolness and the poignancy of *Junius*. We have none of Burke's amplification, none of his high-wrought eloquence, none of his aristocratical propensities. No two witnesses can be more dissimilar: you and I, and Mr. Walsh, shall adhere firmly to our old creed. I do not blame you for telling the tale to Lord Hutchinson; with the exception of Mr. Fox only, I think Lord Hutchinson's judgment upon politics and common life, the very soundest I ever met with; and he has another noble property—he has no artifice,—he has no ostentation, and he is a faithful speaker of truth."

These letters met our eye about the time that Mr. Jacques's volume made its appearance, and served only to convince us that the secret was not more profound half a century ago than it is at this moment.

"But whatever may be the creeds of controversialists, or however sceptical we may remain respecting the theory of our present author, in no other single quarter whatever, no not in all the reviews, arguments, and treatises that the

question has given rise to, will so much be gathered concerning Junius, his genius, and his history, as in this earnest and remarkably able volume. The theory of Mr. Jacques is somewhat complicated, but with great dexterity it disposes of difficulties as well as arrays probabilities; telling all in a compact space that can be told of the libellous letter-writer, and leaving out whatever does not bear closely upon the matters in hand. If anything short of a positive discovery of the identity, can awaken an interest in our day relative to Junius, it must be this history of him and his works; the book being besides the very best commentary and illustrator of the letters that ever appeared. The research of Mr. Jacques has had no limit wherever there was a chance of making the slightest discovery; and then he honestly communicates the exact worth and amount of his findings.

ART. XXI.—*Tales of the Colonies; or, the Adventures of an Emigrant.* Edited by a late Colonial Magistrate. 3 vols.

WE have not yet had an opportunity to go through these volumes; but finding that such amusement and information closely linked together as offer themselves, in the following extracts, appear to characterize every portion of the publication, we shall make no scruple of availing ourselves of the lavish borrowing for the purposes of a notice, trusting that the sample may induce our readers to hasten to the circulating library for a fuller feast. Thornley, the Emigrant, arrives at Hobart Town, and soon, while in search of a location, falls in with Crab, who meditates to leave the country in disgust which the other has just entered. This was in 1817, when the settlement was still but in a state of infancy, comparatively with its more recent development; and when the scenery and society of the island, of which most lifelike sketches are given in the Tales, must have presented striking contrasts with the form and fashion of things in the mother country. Still, roughing it in the Wilderness was preferred to longer struggliug with adversity at home; and a stout and persevering face set to meet every danger and difficulty. And now for the sort of adventures which marked the settler's first days.

"We strolled on leisurely through the bush, and were within a short distance of New Norfolk, when our ears were suddenly assailed by a confusion of sounds that startled the quiet wilderness, and made us wonder what outbreak or disorder could occasion such a furious outcry; presently we descried a horseman riding with all his might through the trees beside us, now jumping over fallen timber, then ducking his head to avoid the branches of trees, but in spite of the dangers which he seemed ever to avoid by some special miracle, still keeping at the top of his speed, and urging on his horse, which seemed to be as much excited as the rider. Presently the cracking, it seemed of innumerable whips, making sharp reports like small fire-arms, was heard around, and a straggling multitude began to encircle us. * * My kangaroo-skin friend seemed to regard with a sort of scornful glee the hurly-burly around us. * * 'Now,' said he, 'master, you'll see how they manage some matters in this beautiful country.' 'What *can* the matter be?' said I. As I pronounced these words, a sudden crash of dead boughs

and dry bushes, at no great distance from us, excited in me apprehension of danger. Instinctively I turned to the quarter whence the threatening sounds proceeded, and stood ready with my fowling piece against accidents. I saw my friend Crab give a grim smile at this movement, as I was inclined to do myself, had I not been, I must confess, rather frightened; for at this moment I beheld a mad bull, as it seemed to me, making right to the spot where I stood. The animal appeared to be in a state of the most intense excitement, with its mouth covered with foam, its nostrils dilated, eyes wild, and its tail twisted into that corkscrew figure indicative of a disposition to mischief. I jumped aside as the creature made a plunge at me, glad enough to escape. 'It's a mad cow,' said I. 'I suppose this climate makes cattle very savage when they get worried?' 'Not madder than the people that are after her,' said Crab; 'however, wait a bit till you see the end of it.' By this time we were in the midst of the crowd which was chasing the cow, but I could not yet divine their particular object. 'What do you want to do with her?' said I to a tall thin man, who had ceased for a moment to crack his whip; 'she seems terribly wild.' 'Wild!' said he, 'the brute is always wild, but she's one of the best milkers I've got, and have her in the stock-yard I will this blessed evening, if I raise all New Norfolk for it.' 'I shall be glad to lend a hand,' said I, 'but I'm not used to the ways of the country yet, and perhaps I might do harm instead of good.' But my aid was not wanted on this occasion, for at this moment a general shout in the distance proclaimed that the victory was won."

* * * * * * * * * *

"There were about thirty people assembled, among whom were one or two women. I observed that some of the men were provided with ropes made of bullock's hide twisted together, of great strength. I was still puzzled to know what was intended by all these preparations. Presently a farming man appeared, with a tin pannikin of a half-pint measure, and a stool with one leg. The stool with one leg looked like a design to milk the animal, but what the tin pannikin was for was a mystery to me. Had there been a milk-pail, I should have made out their object at once: but this piece of machinery was as yet but little known in the colony. I continued to watch the proceedings with great interest, when presently a man advanced with a stoutish long stick, or a small pole, with a hiderope forming a large loop at the end of it; the other part of the rope he held in one hand in a coil. Climbing over the rails of the stock-yard, which were formed of the solid trunks of trees placed lengthways, about six feet high, he stood within the space. The cow eyed him as if she was used to the game, and without waiting to be attacked, made a dart at him ferociously. This did not disconcert the man with the pole and loop, who, stepping aside with the most perfect coolness, and with infinite agility, let the animal knock her head against the rails, which she did with a force that made the massive pile tremble. This process was repeated several times, to the great amusement of the spectators, some of whom applauded the pole-bearer's nimbleness, while others were inclined to back the cow. 'That was a near go,' said one, as the beast made a sudden plunge at her tormentor, tearing off with her horn, a portion of his jacket; 'she'll pin you presently Jem.' 'Never fear, said Jem, 'a miss is as good as a mile. She *is* the most cantankerous varmint

I ever seed: but I'll have her yet.' 'What are you going to do,' said I, 'kill her?' 'Kill her!' exclaimed my tall friend: 'what! kill the best, the nicest, and sweetest-tempered creature of the whole herd; she's so tame, she'll almost let you pat her, only she doesn't like to be milked; that always puts her out. Now for it, Jemmy, that's the way; haul in quick, keep it up—don't slack—hold her tight; now we've got her. Where's the foot-rope?' Watching his opportunity, the man with the pole had succeeded in throwing the loop over the animal's horns, and two or three men on the outside of the yard, quickly gathering the end of it, hauled it taut, as seamen do a cable in getting up the anchor, round the thick stump of a tree.

* * * * * * * *

"The cow, however, was not milked yet; to arrive at that conclusion, some further steps were necessary. The animal was now standing with its legs firmly planted before it, its neck elongated, its tongue hanging out of its mouth, and kicking with its hind legs continuously. These refractory members were now secured by a loop, into which they were dexterously insinuated, and half a dozen men catching up the end, hauled it out, and kept it on the stretch, to prevent her from plunging about. The creature, it seems, was now in a correct posture to be milked. Crab gave me another look. The man with the one-legged stool and pannikin now advanced, speaking soothingly to the animal to be operated on, and using much ceremony and caution on his approach. Seizing a favourable opportunity, he contrived to squeeze a few drops of milk into his pannikin; but the sensitive cow, outraged, it seemed, at this indignity on her person, gave a sudden plunge, which upset the heel-rope holders, and, recovering her legs, she kicked man, stool, and pannikin over and over. Shouts of laughter proclaimed the amusement of the bystanders, and numerous were the jibes and jeers lavished on the occasion. And now, the pride of the stockmen being roused, and their honour being piqued by the presence, besides, of two strangers, the witnesses of their mnnœuvres, they set to again to manacle the almost spent animal; and he of the pannikin, discarding the stool as a womanly encumbrance, boldly kneeling down, with the determination of a hero, and undaunted by the moanings and writhings of his victim, contrived to exude from her about half a pint of milk. This triumph achieved, the cow was set at liberty, the poles of the gateway were withdrawn, and the animal bounded into the bush."

Let us hear how Crab and Thornley were cabined for the night. * *

"I cannot easily describe the feelings of interest and curiosity with which I approached the place. I regarded it as a mirror into which I was about to look for the reflection of the condition which in a little time I was myself to assume. * * I beheld before me a low building, which I afterwards ascertained was built of the logs of the stringy bark tree, split in half, and set on end. The building was about thirty feet long, and whitewashed. Its roof was composed of shingles; that is, of slips of wood about nine inches long, four inches broad, and a quarter of an inch thick. These shingles had acquired a bluish cast, from exposure to the atmosphere, and had a slatish appearance. At one end of the house was a rough-looking piece of stone-

work, formed of irregular pieces of stone procured near the spot, and forming the end wall and chimney. At the back of the building was a tolerably large stack of wheat, enclosed with trunks of trees, forming an occasional small stock-yard. At one side was a garden, paled in with palings of the stringy-bark tree split into irregular rough boards or pales. I could see in this garden the aspect of the most luxuriant vegetation. In front of the house a small tree was left standing, from one of the boughs of which was suspended a sheep newly killed. At the sight of our approach, it seems, an attack was instantly made on the carcase, as a man was busily employed in cutting it up. At the same time, a sun-burnt, but very pretty face became visible at the door of the house, and instantly disappearing, a hissing sound was immediately heard within, proclaiming that some culinary preparation was put in progress. At a little distance was heard the bleating of a small flock of sheep, for evening was now set in; and from another quarter a team of bullocks, urged on by a strange-looking driver, with an immense cracking of his whip, and a prodigious deal of expostulation, slowly drew near with a huge load of wood for fuel. We were in the act of entering the house, when our passage was impeded by a tiny swarm of little children, the eldest about seven—the youngest of the six being held up by the eldest to greet its father. Each was provided with a thick lump of 'damper,' which had been served out to amuse them until the more substantial repast should be prepared. The clothing of these urchins was of the lightest possible description consistent with decency, and mocassins seemed to be the prevailing fashion. They were clean, however, and cheerful, but inclined to have a lanky appearance, like little weeds running to seed. This, I ascertained afterwards, was the general appearance of the children born in the colony. * * We entered the habitation, which consisted of one spacious apartment, opening into the air. At the end opposite the chimney a space was divided off into two small bedrooms. Opposite to the entrance of the house a door led to a skillion, which served for a kitchen; and it was from that spot that the hissing sounds, now become more violent, proceeded. In the middle of the principal apartment was a rough table of boards, on which were disposed sundry tin pannikins, a few plates, with some odd knives and forks. A gigantic green bottle, containing rum, graced one corner of the table, and in the centre was set, as a place of honour, the pannikin of milk, which had been obtained by the united efforts of the establishment within reach. And now the hostess emerged from the back recess, bearing in her hands an enormous dish of mutton-chops, which was quickly followed by another dish, in which appeared a sort of doughy cake. 'I thought,' said the lady of the house, 'you would like a cake in the pan better than a damper, so here it is. Edward, help the gentlemen; they have had a long walk, and must be hungry.' This hospitable intimation was responded to by her husband, who forthwith thrust out of the large dish three or four of the chops into a plate, and handed them to me. 'Help yourself,' said he to my companion; 'you're used to the ways of the place. Where's the salt? No mustard?'—'The mustard's out; we must have some from camp. And the salt! Well, that is unlucky. I declare there's not an atom left. Well, you must do without it, or we can send to Connolly's farm, not three miles off. I know they've got salt there, for they were to

salt down a bullock to-day.'—,'Don't trouble yourself," said Crab; 'Ive got some salt in my pocket—in this kangaroo jacket, which the bushrangers gave me for mine. I dare say they've missed the salt before now, confound them.' With this he inserted his fingers into a recess of his hairy garment, and produced a small quantity of a blackish and gritty substance.—"Ah!" said our hostess, 'that's come from Saltpan Plains. Well, any is better than none. And so, friend, the bushrangers have had hold of you; did they treat you ill?'"

ART. XXII.—*The History of the Scottish Episcopal Church from the Revolution to the present time.* By G. P. LAWSON.

THIS is a work of research and of high historical importance: but could hardly ever have appeared at a season of more distraction in the Church, Presbyterean as well as Episcopalian, and therefore been more likely to meet with an earnest reception. Circumstances have hitherto prevented us from laying before our readers some account of the views which it urges, and of the narrative, with some of the curious documents which it furnishes. In the mean while a snatch here and there supplies us with some matters that may be new to many. Bishop Rose, of the Scottish Church, arrives in London immediately after the Prince of Orange has gained the throne, and is employing every method to establish its foundation. Bishop Compton is the channel of communication with the King.

"The Bishop of London now addressed himself in an almost official manner to the Bishop of Edinburgh.—'My Lord,' he said, 'you see that the King, having thrown himself upon the water, must keep himself a-swimming with one hand. The Presbyterians have joined him closely, and offer to support him; and therefore he cannot cast them off unless he could see how otherways he can be served. And the King bids me tell you that he now knows the state of Scotland much better than he did when he was in Holland; for while there he was made to believe that Scotland, generally all over, was Presbyterian, *but now he sees that the great body of the nobility and gentry are for Episcopacy*, and it is the *trading and inferior sort that are for Presbytery*. Wherefore he bids me tell you, that if you will undertake to serve him to the purpose that he is *served here in England*, he will take you by the hand, *support the Church and order*, and throw off the Presbyterians.'"

The Scottish Universities come to be purged of all who refuse to subscribe the Westminster Confession of Faith.

"In no University city was this more conspicuous than in Edinburgh. Proclamation was made, and printed edicts posted, at the Cross and on the College gates; as also in Stirling, Haddington, and other provincial towns, charging the Principal and Professors of the University, and the schoolmasters of the city, county, and neighbouring counties, to appear before the committee of visitors on the 20th of August 1690, to answer upon the points contained in the Act of Parliament; also summoning and warning *all the*

lieges who have anything to object against the said Principal and Professors, and others, to appear before them on the said day and place to give in *objections.* 'After an edict,' observes Arnot, 'which bespoke that the country, although it had been subjected to a revolution, had not acquired a system of liberty, nor the rudiments of justice—after an invitation so publicly thrown out by the commissioners of Parliament in a nation distracted by religious and political factions, it is not to be supposed that informers would be wanting."

We quote some particulars relative to the ejection of Mr. David Lindsay the Episcopalian ianminister of Glenorchy.

"Mr. Lindsay would not conform. Pressed by the Synod of Argyll, the noble proprictor (the earl of Breadalbane) of the country reluctantly wrote a letter of invitation to a Presbyterian probationer in the shire of Fife, to be minister of Glenorchy. He accepted, came on the close of a week to the parish, but could find no room to receive him, or person to make him welcome. In his distress he was drove to the house of the man whom he came to supplant, and was received with a cordiality and kindness becoming a minister of the gospel. Over the whole parish there was a strong ferment. People of all ages and conditions assembled from all quarters in the churchyard on Sabbath, long before the usual hour of worship. At the appearance of the stranger, accompanied by their own pastor, there was a general murmur of indignation. Twelve armed men with drawn swords surrounded the astonished intruder. Two bagpipes sounded the *March of Death.* Unmoved by the tears and remonstrances of Mr. Lindsay, in this hostile and awful form, they proceeded with their prisoner to the boundary of the parish and of the county. There, on his bended knees, he solemnly engaged never more to enter the parish, or trouble any person for the occurrences of that day. He was allowed to depart in peace, and he kept his promise. The Synod of Argyll were incensed; time cooled their ardour; the proprietor was indulgent, Mr. Lindsay was deserving, and the people loved him. He continued in the undisturbed possession of his charge till his death, more than thirty years after the foresaid event."

The descendants of the Covenanters will hardly credit that such persecuting measures towards the Episcopalians were resorted to, as are described in the following paragraph.

"The Duke of Cumberland, in his march to the North, visited all the Episcopal chapels in Forfarshire, Kincardineshire, Morayshire, and Banffshire, with military law. They were ordered to be shut up, and in many places the people were incited to destroy the seats and other furniture, and to set fire to the humble edifices. These ravages were carried into some districts of Aberdeenshire; and scarcely a week had elapsed after the battle of Culloden, before his Royal Highness had succeeded in prohibiting any congregation from assembling for divine service, in which a Nonjuring clergymen officiated. The most shameful and wanton outrages were committed, and the clergy and laity were often personally maltreated and insulted. In other counties the mob did the work of the military in the North. The chapel in Cupar-Fife, in which Bishop White officiated, was

assailed and gutted, and the seats, pulpit, reading desk, and communion table, burnt in the streets. On Sunday the 27th of April there was divine service in very few of the chapels in Edinburgh, and before next Sunday they were all ordered to be shut up by the Sheriff."

ART. XXIII.—*The Confectioner.*

"THE Confectioner" is one of the best of the series of Guide-books to which it belongs; is to the purpose quite sufficient, and not unamusing from the gravity with which is forth the qualifications and requirements of a pastry-cook. For example:

"The person adapted for this business should be neat and cleanly in his habits, of a lively and ingenious mind, have a quick conception of design, a delicate taste, with a general knowledge of architecture, mythology, and the fine arts; for they are as requisite in the construction of a pièce montée, or an allegorical subject to embellish the table, as to an architect or sculptor in the construction of a splendid building or monument. I do not mean to infer that his information must be so extensive, or that he will be required to make the tour of Italy, Rome, and Greece, to study the original masters; but let him take Nature for his guide, with a peep at the Grecian and other statues in the British Museum occasionally, if possible; and if he possess the rudiments or principles of the art of design, he cannot fail, with a little attention and perseverance, to become an adept in the higher or ornamental branches of his business.

ART. XXIV.—*Classical Studies; Essays on Ancient Literature and Art. With the Biography and Correspondence of Eminent Philologists.* By BARNAS SEARS, President of Newton Theological Institution; B. B. EDWARDS, Professor in Andover Theological Seminary; and C. C. FELTON, Professor in Harvard University. Boston, (United States.)

THIS is rather a heterogeneous collection,—miscellanies in a greater degree than readily accords with one's notions of philosophical arrangement, or systematic scholarship. The publication, however, must be highly gratifying to the comparatively few ardent lovers of ancient learning, of whom the "go-a-head" people on the other side of the Atlantic can make boast; and it ought to excite such an interest and sympathy among the classical students of the old world, as will stimulate such enthusiastic labourers in the reluctant American soil, as those whose names are mentioned in the title. There is delightful reading in the book. For example, the Youth of Heyne.

"Heyne was a native of Chemnitz, in the kingdom of Saxony. His parents lived in the greatest poverty. Want was the earliest companion of his childish sports. The first impressions made upon his heart were those produced by a mother's tears, on returning to her house, at the close of the week, without having sold enough of the cloth woven by her husband, to furnish bread for their children. His earliest employment was to wander about endeavouring to force the sale of this article, in times of great commer-

cial depression. Indeed, his father's condition was not unlike that of the starving English operatives at this moment. The heart of young Heyne was driven to desperation, and the hungry boy was naturally enough a violent Chartist in feeling; and he afterwards attributed to the kindness of Providence, that there was no popular tumult to set fire to his patriotic soul. He entered the school in the fauxbourg, and, during the first year, gave lessons to little children, in order to raise money to pay his own tuition. At length, the ordinary instruction in the school no longer met his wants, and, to take lessons in Latin, would cost three cents a week more, which neither he nor his parents could provide. One day, as he was sent to a distant relative for a loaf of bread, his countenance showed that he had been weeping. On inquiry, it was ascertained that poverty kept him from those studies which he longed to pursue, and the three cents a week were at once promised him. The boy returned, tossing his loaf into the air, and bounding with his bare feet, like a lamb. As he made rapid progress in his studies, the time soon came, when he could learn no more at the school in the suburbs. At this period, if there had been the least encouragement to industry he would have become a weaver like his father. His fondest desire was to enter the Latin school within the walls of the town; but whence could he obtain his *gulden* a week for tuition, his books, and his blue mantle? A pastor in the fauxbourg had received good accounts of the boy's talents and scholarship, and was, moreover, his second sponsor. These circumstances induced the good preacher to have the youth examined by a competent instructor; and the examination turning out favourably, he sent him to the Latin school, at his own expense. In this school he remained seven years, during which period he made great progress in his studies.

"At the age of nineteen, he went to Leipsic; but, on arriving at the university, he learned, for the first time, that his support was to be discontinued. Indeed, he had earned his living, for some time, by giving private lessons; hut he had been encouraged to expect the continued aid of the old preacher. Thus, with but two *guldens* in his pocket—less than two dollars—with a slender wardrobe, and with no books, he found himself a stranger, in a large city, about to enter the university. Most boys would have returned home at once and have abandoned a pursuit beset with so many difficulties. Heyne was willing to endure any hardship, if he might go on with his studies. His sufferings, at this period, were almost incredible. He was reduced to such extreme distress, that a waiting maid was moved to compassion, and actually supplied him daily with food from her own wages. 'Dear creature,' he afterwards exclaimed, when at the head of the critics of his age, 'could I now but find thee among the living, how gladly would I repay thee!' Some of the professors admitted him gratuitously to their lectures; one of them lent him books, and gave him advice; and, among other things, advised him to follow Scalliger's example, and read the Greek authors through, in chronological order. He followed the advice with such ardour, or, in his own language, 'with such folly,' that, for more than six months, he slept only two nights in the week. But another professor sent the beadle to demand the tuition for a course of lectures, a part of which only he had attended. Heyne was in distress. He had never succeeded in obtaining a stipend. He often had to buy his dinner with less than 3 *pfennigs*, or about 1 cent. At

this time, he had an opportunity of becoming a private tutor in a family. 'But I perceived,' he observes, in his autibiography, 'that to leave the university then, would ruin my scholarship for life. For several days I struggled under these contending influences. I cannot now comprehend how it was, that I had the courage to decline the offer, and to pursue my studies at the university.' These are among the most interesting incidents in Heyne's early life. But his evil star followed him to the very day of his appointment to the most important philological professorship in Germany. Even after he had finished his course in the university, and while he was in Dresden, living on promises of promotion, he could not afford to hire lodgings. A friend permitted him to stay in his room, but could offer him no bed. He slept on the floor, with books for his pillow. Heeren his son-in-law, and biographer, says, that 'a sort of soup made of the empty pods of peas, was often his only repast.' After a few years, when the place of Gesner, the celebrated professor of languages in Göttingen, became vacant by his death, Ruhnken, of Leyden, was invited to fill it. But he preferred not to leave Holland, where he had resided so long, and was so advantageously situated, and declined the appointment, adding the inquiry, why the university should think it necessary to go out of the country to find a worthy successor of Gesner; and affirming, that there was a young man in Saxony, who would soon fill Europe with his fame; that his name was Christian Gottlob Heyne."

ART.—XXV.—*Orion: an Epic Poem.* By R. H. HORNE.

"AN epic poem in three books for one farthing." This announcement may stir speculation and catch curiosity. But the passages we quote without a word of comment ought to create a still more generous interest. As this of Philosophy,—

> The wisdom of mankind creeps slowly on,
> Subject to every doubt that can retard
> Or fling it back upon an earlier time;
> So timid are man's footsteps in the dark,
> But blindest those who have no inward light.
> One mind, perchance, in every age contains
> The sum of all before and much to come;
> Much that's far distant still; but that full mind,
> Companioned oft by others of like scope,
> Belief, and tendency, and anxious will,
> A circle small transpierces and illumes:
> Expanding, soon its subtle radiance
> Falls blunted from the mass of flesh and bone.
> The man who, for his race might supersede
> The work of ages, dies worn out—not used.
> And in his track disciples onward strive,
> Some hairs' breadths only from his startingpoint:
> Yet lives he not in vain; for if his soul
> Hath entered others, though imperfectly,
> The circle widens as the world spins round,—

His soul works on while he sleeps 'neath the grass.
So, let the firm philosopher renew
His wasted lamp—the lamp wasted not in vain,
Though he no mirrors for its rays may see,
Nor trace them through the darkness; let the hand,
Which feels primæval impulses, direct
A forthright plough and make his furrow broad,
With heart untiring while one field remains;
So let the herald Poet shed his thoughts,
Like seeds that seem but lost upon the wind.
Work in the night, thou sage, while Mammon's brain
Teems with low visions on his couch of down;—
Break, thou, the clods, while high-throned vanity,
'Midst glaring lights and trumpets, holds its court;—
Sing, thou, thy song amidst the stoning crowd,
Then stand apart, obscure to man, with GOD.
The poet of the future knows his place,
Though in the present shady be his seat,
And all his laurels deepening but the shade.

And this of the Pastoral:—

Rhexergon tore down the boughs, while Harpax slew
Oxen and deer, more than was need; and soon
On the green space Orion built the pile
With cross legs, underwood, dry turf and ferns,
And cast upon it fat of kine, and heaps
Of crisp dry leaves, and fired the pile, and beat
A hollow shield, and called the Bacchic train,
Who brought their skins of wine, and loaded poles
That bent with mighty clusters of black grapes
Slung midway. In the blaze Orion threw
Choice gums, and oil, that with explosion bright
Of broad and lucid flame alarmed the sky,
And fragrant spice, then set the Fauns to dance,
While whirled the timbrels, and the reed-pipes blew
A full-toned melody of mad delight.
Down came the Mœnads from the sun-brown hills,
And flocked the laughing nymphs of groves and brooks;
With whom came Opis, singing to a lyre,
And Sida, ivory-limbed and crowned with flowers.
High swelled the orgie; and the roasting bulk
Of bull and deer was scarce distinguishable
Mid the loud-crackling boughs that sprawled in flame.
Now richest odours rose and filled the air,
Made glittering with the cymbals spun on high,
Through jets of nectar upward cast in sport,
And raging with songs and laughter and wild cries.
* * * * *
The wine ran wastefully, and o'er the ears

Of the tall jars that stood too near the fire,
Bubbled and leapt, and streamed in crimsoning foam,
Hot as the hissing sap of the green logs;—
But none took heed of that nor anything,
Thus song and feast, dance, and wild revelry,
Succeeded; now in turn, now all at once
Mingling tempestuously. In a blind whirl
Around the fire Biastor dragged a rout
In osier-bands and garlands; Harpax fiercely
The violet scarfs, and autumn-tinted robes
From Nymph and Mœnad tore; and, by the hoofs,
Autarces seized a Satyr, with intent,
Despite his writhing freaks and furious face,
To dash him on a gong, but that amidst
The struggling mass Encolyon thrust a pine,
Heavy and black as Charon's ferrying pole,
O'er which they, like a bursting billow, fell.

ART. XXVI.—*Sphor's celebrated Violin School, translated from the original German.* By JOHN BISHOP.

SPHOR's work has a European reputation, being pronounced by competent judges to be the best of its kind. It furnishes besides a remarkable proof of the ardent enthusiasm with which he regards the violin, its wondrous instrumentality and capability. He begins with the first rudiments and gradually advances to the highest refinement that violin-playing can reach, so far as this can be taught in a book. The author has exemplified what he declares to be the true aim of a player on the instrument, by his own untiring industry, and laborious study. "Success can only reward him," he says, "who unites to the requisite natural endowment unwearied assiduity. Above all, the student must endeavour to acquire the free polish of art." A few sentences more may be quoted; and these shall be taken from the third section of the work, being on the manner or style of performance.

"The fine style of performance is, in truth, a capability of discerning the true character of the piece performed, of seizing its predominant features and characteristic expression, and displaying those in execution. The mechanical powers of execution must be first acquired, but these are but the means to an end: good taste must watch over and direct their application, and the soul of the performer must speak in his instrument."

"The reason why the public favour has been very much of late transferred from violin concertos to sinfonias, may be accounted for from the degenerate character of the former. Too many solo-players select such compositions as are calculated only to astonish their hearers, or are unable to resist the vanity of performing what they call their own compositions, but which are frequently gleanings from such as they have been accustomed to practice. That the public, after having acquired a taste for the beauties of a clasical sinfonia, should turn with disgust from such exhibitions, will excite no wonder."

Spohr's manner with his band is that of a friend to friends, or a father to his children. They love as well as venerate him. In this spirit, which so truly indicates the single-heartedness and warmth of his character, as well as his high-minded love of his art, the valedictory address is written.

"As I must now leave the pupil's further improvement to his own exertions, I venture to offer him a few words of parting counsel.

"My dear young fellow-artist, you have now overcome the chief difficulties in your progress up the steep ascent of art. As you advance further, new and greater enjoyments await you. Delay not—slumber not—be bold, be diligent. If once you stand still, the next step will be backwards. You have chosen the most difficult of all instruments; upon which you can only make progress, or indeed retain what you have already acquired, by daily practice.

"Aim at all times at what is noble and elevated in art, and disdain quackery of every kind. He who aims only at pleasing the multitude, will but accomplish his own degradation—he will sink lower and lower at every step. Have a due regard to the sort of music which you play; seek out the finest and best of every kind; study it diligently, and be sure of improvement. Acquire also, and as a first essential, a knowledge of harmony: and exercise yourself in composition; since, even if you have not the gift of invention and have not the power to distinguish yourself as an original writer, a well-grounded study of the theory of composition will be found not only useful but necessary if you aspire to the office of leader or conductor of an orchestra.

"Lastly, should you obtain high eminence in your profession, let me ask of you, when standing on the elevation you have reached, sometimes to direct your kindly thoughts to him who has in this work endeavoured to smooth and facilitate your ascent."

It only remains to speak of the present translation; which has been executed by Mr. Bishop with great skill, fidelity, and technical correctness; and we commend it to all students of the violin, as the most complete, unmutilated, and accurate translated edition of the work, with which we are acquainted.

Art. XXVII.—*The Papal and Hierarchial System compared with the Religion of the New Testament.*

The great object of assault in this volume is the Papal system, the Pope being held to be the real Anti-Christ. But Episcopay does not fare much better; nor indeed does any church communion or sect escape the author's attacks, which are, however, used solely against systems, free from personalities. Every system is treated according to the claims it advances to authority, the writer maintaining that the Bible is the church to every man, and he who possesses it the priest. The arguments are from Scripture, although many will pause ere they agree with the author in his interpretations. A more zealous and plain spoken writer need not be sought for. He has ability, education, and force of expression. But then if every one were as warm and as uncompromising as he, why there would even be a more violent controversy than has ever yet troubled the Christian world.

ART. XXVIII.—*Counting-House Manual and Introduction to Business.* By Calculator.

THE long title page informs us that this Manual is "an outline of Practical Book-keeping. Merchants, manufacturers, and wholesale and retail dealers, are instructed in the correct principles of ascertaining a true state of their affairs, and exact income from trade at all times; also simple rules for calculating interest and discounts for any given time at any rate per cent, and for the proper divisions of profits and losses in partnerships." Such is a fair account of this plain and practical publication. Its method is simple and the directions pertinent, while the dialogue form in which the examples are given, not only keeps up the attention by means of a conversational sort of vivacity, but serves by repetition to impress the instructions intended to be conveyed.

THE

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FOR

AUGUST, 1843.

ART. I.—*Medical History of the Expedition to the Niger, during the years* 1841-2*; comprising an Account of the Fever which led to its abrupt termination.* By JAMES ORMISTON M'WILLIAM, M. D., Surgeon of H. M. S. Albert, and Senior Medical Officer of the Expedition. With Plates. Churchill.

DR. WILLIAMS accompanied the Expedition to the Niger, from its leaving England till the return of the Albert to Fernando Po; having continued in the pestilential river to the last, and fulfilling sundry important offices besides those of a professional kind, when nearly every white on board was completely prostrated by the fever. It is proper to mention that he volunteered his medical services immediately on his return from the western coast of Africa, where he had acted as surgeon in the Scout.

The volume consists of several parts that may be separately considered. First, we have a short account of the voyage, containing notices of the scenery of the Niger, of the conduct and character of the native chiefs, together with some of those incidents that might be looked for in a book of travels intended for the perusal of the general reader. Still, this part of the work does not go minutely into particulars, being meant to be explicit only so far as to put you in possession of those circumstances of position and climate which could produce and modify disease. It is probable indeed that a popular narrative of the voyage will be given by some other person. Secondly, we have an elaborate treatise on the Niger fever, and a history of the cases that came under the notice of Dr. M'William, so far as he was enabled to record. And lastly comes a class of miscellaneous matters, the principal of these giving us the results of the scientific observations, and an account of Dr. Reid's system of ventilation with the view of guarding against the deadly malaria. Much ingenuity was displayed for this purpose; the air collected in the wind-sails being conducted into a chamber where its floating poisons were supposed to be extinguished by a superior poison.

With regard to the efficacy of such a provision, different opinions will be held. The people could not always be below decks, even supposing the air which was then breathed to have been completely purified. To be sure, according to a general order, those who were obliged to be on deck, and when on unhealthy stations, were to be supplied with respirators; and in these precautions Dr. M'William appears to think that moral influences also operated beneficially. He says "moral impressions are intimately connected with the maintenance of health as well as with the production of disease: a conviction that the ship herself is sweet; that there is nothing in her to generate disease, will, I am persuaded, go far to fortify many against the evils of the coast climate." But would not moral influences be by these means impressed, and with quite an opposite effect, seeing that the men were thus constantly kept in mind that pestilence surrounded them, and that the moment they happened to imbibe a mouthful of the tainted and unmedicated air they ran the risk of being infected? Indeed, the white portion of the crew appear to have been dispirited before they were taken ill; and not a few, it is remarked by the Doctor, as soon as they were seized became speedily despondent.

The number of whites engaged in the ill-fated expedition was 145; yet although they were all vigorous young men, there were no fewer than 130 cases of fever, 44 of which terminated fatally. The total of the deaths was beyond this number, and embraces several blacks; but these arose from accidents or are attributed to other disorders. Of 25 blacks brought from England, 11 were attacked by fever, but none died. Of the 128 engaged on the coast, not one was even attacked.

The river was entered by the expedition on the 13th of August. After six days delay, the voyage upwards was commenced. On the 27th it reached Ibu, 120 miles from the sea. On the 2nd of September they gained Iddah, 80 miles further. At this date disease does not appear to have yet distinctly manifested itself; but two days afterwards "fever of a most malignant character broke out in the Albert, and almost simultaneously in the other vessels." By the 17th the expedition had reached the junction of the Niger and Tchadda, 272 miles from the sea. Seven of the whites had been cut off by this time, and 60 were sick, the only chance of their recovery being held to depend on their escape to the sea air. It was therefore determined to send one of the vessels down the river; but she had scarcely departed when new cases broke out; so that it became a question whether the whole squadron should be withdrawn for the season. But as one vessel could still be made sufficiently effective for an effort to carry out the expedition, the resolve was finally taken that the Albert should make the best of her way upwards, and that the Wilberforce was at once to speed for the

ocean. The Albert advanced to Egga, which she reached on the 28th of September, this place being 340 miles from the sea; the Wilberforce in the meantime speeding down the stream. Matters may be said to have grown worse and worse the farther that the Albert advanced, and such hopes as they happened to entertain had to be relinquished, as the following passage will show:—

On leaving the confluence on the 21st of September, it had been hoped that the violence of the fever was in a measure exhausted, and that the climate of the more open country, higher up the Niger, would be found sufficiently healthy to enable us to reach Rabba. The result proved otherwise. Captain B. Allen was taken ill on the evening of the same day; and when we arrived at Egga, not less than twenty more of the crew had been attacked, of whom two had died. On the 3rd October, Captain Trotter was seized with fever. Captain B. Allen was in a very critical state; and there remained capable of doing any duty, only one white seaman, the sergeant and one private of marines, Dr. Stranger, Mr. Willie, mate, John Huxley, hospital-attendant, and myself. Mr. Willie was already labouring under incipient fever, and could not be persuaded, even when very ill two days afterwards, to keep quiet. The season was advancing, and the river had already begun to fall. Dr. Stranger found by the marks on the shore that the water had fallen fourteen inches on the 29th September, and on the 5th October not less than three feet. Under such circumstances, to have endeavoured to proceed to Rabba would have been madness; and as there was no object to be gained by remaining longer where we were, it was resolved that we should withdraw from the river with all possible speed. The Kroomen having now cut a good deal of wood, we weighed on the morning of the 4th October, and dropped down with the stream some distance below Egga; and the next day, in the same manner, we reached the village of Eddogi. On the 6th, Dr. Stranger undertook to work the engines, with what assistance he could get from Mr. Brown, the only engineer who could move out of bed. The steam was accordingly got up, and we were soon making good way downwards. Mr. Willie being now too ill to have any charge, I was necessitated to attend to the duties of the ship, in addition to those of my profession.

On the 13th of October, at three in the afternoon, as the Albert was nearing Stirling Island, a steamer was seen coming up the river at full speed. In a very short time Captain Becroft from the Ethiope was along side, who conducted them to the open sea.

It will readily occur to any one that much must depend upon the haste with which the passage is made up the river, and the speed of the return, for purposes of trade. It appears also from a statement in the doctor's volume, that a steam-vessel could go 100 miles farther than Egga, and come back in about the fourth of the space occupied by the expedition. The importance of making the most of the time will be impressively gathered from the statement we now extract:—

In no case did the fever break out before the sixteenth day after commencing the ascent of the river, or sooner than the twenty-first day from entering the river. The Albert, Amelia, and Soudan were twenty-three days inside the river before fever made its appearance, and the Wilberforce about two days less; therefore, as the invasion of the disease was nearly, if not wholly, simultaneous on board the ships, a case may be said to have occurred in the Wilberforce on the twenty-first day. Assuming that the poison was not inhaled until the vessel steamed upwards, which will reduce the period of latency to the shortest probable duration, and taking the cases on board the Albert, the ship the longest in the river, I find that out of fifty-five cases among the whites, and six among the people of colour entered in England, the days of seizure were as follows: on the 16th day, three; on the 17th, two; on the 18th, two; on the 19th, three; on the 20th, four; on the 25th, one; on the 26th, three; on the 29th, three; on the 30th, three; on the 31st, three; on the 33rd, five; on the 34th, four; on the 35th, two; on the 36th, one; on the 37th, six; on the 42nd, three; on the 45th, one; on the 47th, one; on the 48th, one; on the 51st, one; on the 60th, three: average day of invasion 33.286. Among the six people of colour, two were attacked on the 16th day, one on the 18th, one on the 21st, one on the 29th, and one on the 42nd day; making the average period of attack the 25th day, (25.200.) Bearing also in mind that about one ninth of the white crew escaped the river fever altogether; that the people of colour only who had resided for some time in a temperate climate were affected by it, but in small proportion and in a mild degree; and that the blacks entered in Africa did not suffer at all,—we shall have some data for the selection of crews for future operations in the Niger.

Dr. M'William's facts are conclusive with regard to the crews who are fitted to navigate African rivers. But in reference to the time spent by the expedition in the river, and when the period is taken in connexion with the number of days that elapsed before the fever broke out, one cannot but entertain regrets. Still, we are not in a condition to censure the officers for apparent delay, not being aware of the various obstacles that intervened, and the interruptions occasioned by the precise orders for carrying out the objects of the rash undertaking. Passing from this part of the subject, let us for a moment attend to some of the facts as well as opinions connected with the fever itself.

Dr. M'William has established this fact, that one effect of the morbific influence which generally produces the Niger fever is ulceration of the intestines. Yet the disease does not seem to have the horrors which attend some other Tropical fevers, such as black vomitings. The patient has headache and flying pains, though generally not very severe; nor at first is he induced to apply for advice. In the course of twelve hours or more he grows worse and complains of cold. We must now allow the Doctor to describe at length the general characteristics of the disease:—

He would shortly express a wish to lie down; and would complain somewhat suddenly of increase of headache or giddiness, and intense heat of the skin, which had a dry parched feel, restlessness, intolerable nausea, and difficult breathing. The dyspnea in several instances, particularly in my own case, was extremely distressing, and continued from one to four hours, until relieved by spontaneous vomiting, or the occurrence of diaphoresis. Headache was with some the prominent symptom during the hot stage; and the feeling was described as that of a cord being tightly girded round the temples. The thirst was very urgent; the tongue was foul in the centre, moist, clean, or reddish, and invariably marked by indendations on the edges. The countenance was more or less flushed; the eye occasionally suffused, and always looked wild. Pulse rapid, but small, frequently feeble; thirst urgent, bowels constipated, and urine passed often and in small quantity. There was in general tenderness of the epigastrium, sometimes acute, but often not discoverable unless upon pressure.

In some cases, coldness of the stomach was complained of some days before death. A subsidence of febrile action in general followed in from three to six hours; or at all events these symptoms, if continued beyond the latter period, became much mitigated. Diaphoresis came on, the thirst moderated, and the signs of oppression in a great measure disappeared. The principal complaint at this period was from the *disagreeable odour of the perspiration, especially in those cases that subsequently prove fatal.* I was not sensible of this peculiarity in the smell of the perspiration in my own case, but I perceived it very distinctly in several others. The sweating continued until from eight to twelve hours had been occupied by the whole paroxysm. The patient, although considerably exhausted, expressed himself as free from all trouble, and the countenance also indicated improvement. This seemingly favourable change did not last long, for the accession generally returned in from six to ten or twelve hours. Occasionally the respite extended to twenty-four hours. In a few cases there was a treacherous interval of forty-eight hours in the early period of the disease; but these invariably assumed afterwards a low malignant type. The fever in them seemed to have rested only to give strength for a fresh accession.

The accessions did not seem to observe any law of periodicity. They came on, disappeared, and returned, at all hours of the day and night. The evening, however, was a more common time of accession than any other; in which case, after the cold sensation had passed off, the paroxysm generally ran through its stages in the course of the night, and had suffered a considerable remission by the hour of breakfast (eight) the next morning.

In a few instances the remissions were as complete as in the interval of ague. These were, however, only exceptions to the general rule; for total absence of fever was indeed of rare occurrence during the course of the disease.

I cannot say that the influence of critical days was at all apparent, further than if no material improvement was evident by the eighth or ninth day the prognosis was then most gloomy. The patient became weak, irritable, and exhausted, and extremely restless. The remissions were most indistinctly marked; the skin was dry and constricted, the tongue parched, pulse small and irregular; the fever, in short, now assumed a low asthenic form. Occa-

sional symptoms of mental aberration would appear at this period: the countenance pale and shrunk; but not unfrequently the patient would talk most rationally upon the state of his mind, so far as regarded his eternal happiness. In several cases this stage was wonderfully protracted, as in case 12.

Local pain was seldom much complained of: indeed, with the exception of headache (often very slight) at the commencement of the paroxysm, there were several instances in which the patients expressed themselves as quite well, throughout the disease, although this ultimately proved fatal.

When the disease was about to take a favourable turn, the remissions became distinctly marked, and the intervals were lengthened. The countenance (the best criterion) assumed a natural expression, a certain look of convalescence, that one can only become acquainted with by experience, and contrasting it with that indicative of a fatal termination. The skin became moist, the thirst diminished, the pulse was more voluminous and softer; the tongue gradually lost its tremulousness, and could be more easily thrust out of the mouth: it often continued a long time loaded, but the crust was less brown and more moist, and seemed to have lost its firm attachment to the organ. At this period diarrhœa was by no means uncommon, and also a copious flow of urine; which latter was a very favourable symptom. A strong desire for food was expressed by most of the patients who had advanced thus far; and I had more than once cause to regret having gratified it.

Such were the general characteristics of the fever as it occurred in the Niger: but the description is not to be regarded as applicable to all the cases, for, on board of the Albert alone, there were several in which there was neither complaint nor evidence of suffering of any kind. There was a disinclination to be spoken to, or to be in any way disturbed; and a listless expression of countenance, with a clammy skin and small pulse. The periods of exacerbation were so feebly marked as to be scarcely perceptible: food and medicine were taken when offered, but seldom or ever was anything asked for; and the invariable answer to inquiries after their health was, "I am very well." Constant watchfulness was the only appreciable symptom in these cases, which all terminated fatally, seemingly from mere exhaustion. It would have been interesting to have ascertained the nature and amount of the organic lesions in these cases; but, unfortunately, circumstances did not permit any of the bodies being examined.

Contingent symptoms.—Of the contingent symptoms, the most prominent were delirium, yellowness of skin, and convulsions, affecting various parts of the body.

Delirium was a very bad symptom in the fever of the Niger: of twenty-one cases in which it occurred, fourteen died; of whom one was drowned by eluding his nurse, and jumping into the river. It was not uncommon for patients, whether affected with delirium or not, to be haunted by dreams of a frightful nature,—as of being drowned, stabbed, or falling from a precipice. In the worst cases the mental aberrations were expressive of some personal misfortune, or unheard-of disease. The imposition of the slightest restraint was always a heavy grievance. In one case the patient constantly harped upon his being condemned to everlasting punishment: when reason for a while resumed her authority, he would express shame and contrition for previous misconduct. The most solemn promises to behave well, if left

at liberty, were not unfrequently made only to be broken whenever an opportunity offered for the exercise of the cunning so characteristic of this stage of the disease.

With regard to the nature of the poison, or even the progress of the disorder, the Doctor's views are not conclusive; his opinion seems to be that miasmata has impregnated the air, and that the particles being inhaled, they mingle with the blood, which thus becomes the first seat of the disease. Still he confesses his entire ignorance with respect to the noxious particles themselves. He says,—

But the nature of the poison to be combated was unknown, therefore it was impossible to predict what the effect of various materials might be. Such materials, therefore, were provided as were known to be most powerful in acting upon those poisonous bodies that have been found in the air, more particularly acids, lime, and chlorine; and to these were added substances capable of influencing the hygrometrical condition of the atmosphere. I do entertain the opinion that had we been fortunate enough to discover the precise nature of the poison, and had it been confined to no very extended district, that by keeping the white men below as much as possible, and steaming rapidly through that situation, the medicator might have been brought into much more efficient operation than was possible when, with every attention to experiment that circumstances permitted, no clue as to the constitution of the virus was obtained.

But if there be a virus at all as assumed, and something positively poisonous independently of the peculiarity of climate, how comes it that the blacks were not affected? The doctrine from this striking fact would naturally be this, that the different results were accountable only on constitutional principles, and such as arose from a greater or less susceptibility in respect of absorbing and generating heat.

Of the blacks attached to the expedition, consisting of natives of various parts of Africa, including Kroomen, Americans, West Indians of African origin, and East Indians, to the number of 158, eleven only were affected by the fever of the river; and these eleven had all been in England, and for some years absent from their respective countries. The disease in them, it is worthy of remark, assumed a comparatively mild form; and in no case did it become fatal; proving, we think, that it requires a process of acclimatizing, whether it be to fit or unfit the person for enduring the air of the Niger and of the coasts of Africa. But not to tarry longer amid pure conjectures, we go forward to mark two important questions respecting the fever, viz., whether it leaves the seeds of disorder behind it, and whether it be contagious. Let the Doctor make the answer in his own words:—

The question as to whether contagion contributed to the spread of the disease on board of the ships may, in my opinion, be briefly disposed of.

All were exposed to the same influences, and nearly all were attacked with fever. Two only of the four medical officers who died had been in attendance on fever patients. Dr. Pritchett, Mr. Thompson, Mr. Stirling, and Dr. Stranger were among the few who escaped being seized with fever, although they were in constant intercourse with the sick; and I was the last person in the Albert laid down with fever. The nurses on board the Albert were among the latest taken ill, and one escaped altogether. No fact came under my observation affording the slightest evidence that the disease was communicable from one person to another. Does one attack of river fever afford any protection against a second? My own experience, added to information obtained from many of my brother officers, and from Mr. King, the surgeon of the Ethiope, who has been more in the Niger than any other medical man, is wholly unfavourable to the opinion that one attack of river fever affords any immunity from a second. On the contrary, those who have once suffered from this treacherous disease seem particularly predisposed to it, if they again venture within malarious influence. Of those who had the Niger remittent, on board the Wilberforce in 1841, many were again attacked with fever, on the return of the vessel to the coast the following year, while surveying the Cameroon river and Amboises islands; and when that vessel proceeded up the Niger the second time, in July 1842, six out of seven who had already passed through river fever, were again seized with it, from the effects of which two died. In many cases the character of the second attack may not be exactly like that of the first, but Mr. Stirling, who saw the patients on the return of the vessel to Fernando Po, considered the fever as in no way differing from that which had come under his observation when in the river during the previous year.

With respect to prescriptions and medical treatment, Dr. M'William's facts as well as opinions seem to guide to this conclusion,—that change of air is the most certain means of cure, and that nothing which can reduce the patient ought to be attempted. In fact the recoveries appear to have resulted from the powers of the constitution to resist the poision, or whatever may be the nature of the noxious influence. However, had the expedition continued much longer in the river, there are grounds for thinking that few or none would have returned to tell the dismal tale that is now before us. Of the three vessels, the Soudan was only exposed for forty days, and the Wilberforce for five more; and yet of all the white men, only fifteen escaped the fever. These are facts which teach that it is a fearful thing to encounter the marsh miasmata or poison of the Niger, and that had there been fewer precautions used, and a longer stay made by the expedition, its fate must have been still more disastrous than it actually turned out to be.

ART. II.—*Numerous Cases of Surgical Operations without Pain, in the Mesmeric State.* By JOHN ELLIOTSON, M.D. Baillière.

MESMERISM bids fair to distract the attention of people of fervid temperament away from some of the more exciting political as well as ecclesiastical topics of the day. In Paris we learn there are persons who make a profession as mesmerisers, and others as mesmeric patients, and who frequent private parties in order to entertain and astonish people; these exhibitions having become so fashionable that rank and grandeur do not disdain to countenance them. In London too the subject is creating considerable sensation; and even the Maids of Honour to the Queen Dowager, it is reported, have been converted to the mesmeric creed. But what shall be said to the *canny* citizens of Glasgow, where seven-and-thirty mesmeric patients have been exhibited at once in the largest hall of the town, and to a crowded audience?

Mesmerism, however, as a subject, is not to be disposed of by sneers; for if the physical phenomena spoken to by medical gentlemen and creditable witnesses really occur, enough has been witnessed to entitle these symptoms to the earnest investigation of physiologists.

Dr. Elliotson is one of the most able and ardent preachers of the creed; and his acknowledged eminence in medical science should secure for him a patient hearing while explaining and defending himself in the present pamphlet. Of course, it is not for us to offer an opinion on the point at issue; but this we have a right to say, that it is not by abusive personal epithets, nor by merely charging him with quackery, or any species of hollow pretension, that his views and statements are to be set aside. He may be in error on the subject in question; but it cannot be denied that his personal character is unimpeachable and his learning extensive; any more than that his contributions to the science of his profession have been rich, his actual discoveries important, and his standing as a physician high.

The Doctor has been called a reckless speculator and pernicious projector. His answer to this charge is couched in the following terms; and the reader cannot but admire the manly sincerity, and the simple force with which he expresses himself in vindication. "I have never," he declares, "speculated, but have always devoted myself to the observation of facts; so that whatever I have advanced, I have seen ultimately established. I appeal to my writings on Quinine, Hydrocyanic Acid, Iron, Creosote, Glanders, the Use of the Ear in ascertaining the state of the Heart, my Human Physiology, and my Lectures on the Practice of Medicine, and my Clinical Lectures. I came into practice solely from the devotion to facts evinced in my Clinical Lectures."

Dr. Elliotson is not less candid and earnest in his defence of his

mesmeric patients, the "Sisters Okey." He may be called an enthusiast on his favourite theme, but his honesty cannot be impeached. He declares that both sisters were genuine throughout: that they were perfectly virtuous but afflicted female children. He adds,—

The display of disreputable unacquaintance with this kind of case, and the composition of vulgar tirades by so many professional men pretending to medical knowledge, was precisely the conduct which we witness in the streets when a deranged or imbecile person is pursued and hooted by boys and rabble, as though he were master of his own condition and conduct, and not the subject of an affliction profoundly interesting to the philosopher and to the man who can feel for others. *Everything* stated or ever printed to their disadvantage was *an absolute falsehood;* I repeat these words emphatically, *an absolute falsehood.*

Again:—

To accuse the patients of imposition is very easy. But it is a very vulgar, as well as cruel habit, founded on ignorance, presumption, and heartlessness. We should never prefer such an accusation on light grounds: and, to be assured of the grounds, we should be well acquainted with the subject. He who is ignorant of a subject is surely not justified in giving an opinion: and yet, medical men and others, because they are ignorant of the phenomena of the more wonderful and uncommon diseases of the nervous system, and of mesmerism, preposterously pronounce the subjects of them impostors, and those, who know the truth, to be fools, or rogues, or in league with the devil. It was the same cause which made the people pronounce Democritus mad, when he looked for the source of insanity in the brain; to pronounce Roger Bacon a sorcerer, who knew physical facts of which they were ignorant; to ascribe epilepsy, St. Vitus's dance, and numerous other diseases, to demoniacal possession; to ascribe the phenomena of electrical and galvanic apparatus to the agency of spirits, as the savage supposed there must be a spirit inside the watch.

The pamphlet is intended to answer and expose the "Members of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society," who resisted a Report of "Surgical Operations without Pain," which had been read at a preceding meeting. In so far as manner and the allegation of facts are concerned, the thing is effectively done; especially where the Doctor charges the Members with inconsistency and with ungrateful conduct:—

Though I had been above thirty years a member of the society,—had been its president when it obtained its charter, which has no other living name in it than my own,—had procured for it myself the epithet *Royal*, and for its members the title of *Fellows*,—had allowed the society to hold its general evening meetings and the afternoon meetings of the council at my house when it had no house of its own, and given the members numerous *conversasioni* during the two years of my presidency, and afforded not merely

my house but the proper trifling hospitality on all these three kinds of occasions, and had furnished many papers to the Society's Transactions;—I thought that I could not consent to continue a member of it.

There is eloquence in the concluding passages of the pamphlet, where he urges upon the medical profession three grounds why disaffection ought not to have been shown to him, or hostility to the report of "Operations without Pain." These grounds are science, liberality, and humanity. But take the Doctor's own words:—

It is the character of a *scientific* man to acknowledge that he is only an observer of the universe, and of a minute fraction of it; that he comes into existence with his peculiar nature, and is placed here without his own interference, and has had no share in constructing the universe; that he must admit all that he finds, and could never have imagined what he does find; that he can explain nothing, and what he calls explanation is merely the placing of various facts under the same head. Medical men constantly refuse to admit facts, because they presumptuously suppose beforehand that such facts are not; thus creating the world according to their poor narrow conceptions, and forgetting that it is their duty to be "humble, teachable, and mild." . . . It is the character of a *liberal* man to give others credit for sincerity, a love of truth, industry, and sense equal with his own; yet they are puffed up, thanking God that they are not such fools as some other men are,—even as this mesmeriser. . . . "Plagiarist! liar! impostor! heretic! were among the expressions of malignant hatred lavished upon Galileo," in 1609. . . . . It is the character of a *humane* man to be anxious that all promises of benefit to his fellow-creatures may be fulfilled; that every alleged means of curing disease may turn out, not a fallacy, but a reality,—to "hope all things." *Medical men should be the humblest of all practitioners of art.* Highly as I estimate the powers of my art, when carefully and earnestly employed, and invaluable as is a skilful, laborious, and conscientious medical man, *we know in our hearts that we have yet but an insufficient insight into disease;* that the investigation of cases is too difficult and too laborious to be carried on efficiently, in the greater number of them, by persons who see many in the day, whether in charities or in a profitable round; that well-established measures require more pains for their perfect administration that are generally given; that for a very large number of cases, our means are very inadequate, for many all but useless; and that medical men are receiving money every day for doing little or no good. *Were not their art so imperfect, they would not have to complain, as they do everlastingly, of the prosperity of quacks and persons altogether, and not, like themselves, in part, pretenders.* They should each feel it a duty strenuously to be looking out for improvements of their art; and, satisfied that it may be as greatly improved as any other art, they, instead of hugging themselves on their receipts and sneering lazily at the disinterestedly industrious, when a new fact or remedy is mentioned, should hopefully listen, and determine to ascertain what amount of good it contains, ashamed of the errors and vices of their predecessors, who violently opposed the truths of the circulation—the lacteals, and then of the lymphatics,—the physiology of the brain,—

inoculation, and then of vaccination,—bark,—antimony, &c.;—remembering that our College of Physicians imprisoned one physician for employing cantharides, and another for differing from Galen; that Ambrose Paré was "hooted" for tying wounded arteries instead of applying boiling pitch, the pain of which they thought nothing of, and which Dr. Copland would have admired; that, just as the course of the earth taught by Pythagoras and to be taught afresh by Corpernicus, at the end of two thousand years, after being reviled, and then again required all the powers of Newton for its demonstration, so the truth of nerves of sense and motion being distinct fell into contempt in the last century, and no preparation of that ancient and powerful remedy, colchicum, was in the London Pharmacopœia when I was student at St. Thomas's and Guy's Hospitals, in 1808.

The happiness of a scientific, liberal, and humane course they would find great beyond all expectation. They would feel raised as men, and be enabled not to view their poor coterie, or college, or profession, as their world, fashioning their opinions, and habits, and whole nature by its cramping influence; but, regarding themselves as a part of universal nature, would find themselves always moving freely in it, would keep their regards constantly upon its truths only, and, walking happily onwards, bestow no more attention upon the sayings and doings of the coteries and prosperous men of the moment, than upon the noisy sparrows which flutter and chirp outside their window to-day and will not be heard of to-morrow.

We have already admitted that it is not for us to enter the lists with such a writer and scientific observer, when the subject is of the professional nature of that under consideration. In so far as the pamphlet is concerned, it seemed enough that we should show that Dr. Elliotson was entitled to a hearing, and that he urged grounds upon which every inquirer and experimenter has an undeniable right to appeal to a society of gentlemen whose only object should be the ascertainment of truth, not victory by the despotism of the majority. Let prejudice be scouted, and the existence of certain phenomena, which may be of great importance in a physiological view, be calmly tested and investigated. And where shall you find a fairer opponent than in the author of the pamphlet? Where one whose aid will be more efficient in the course of observation, or whose deep knowledge coupled with peculiar opinions will elicit a better rivalship of study and of insight? We learn, for example, that he is sceptical with regard to the alleged intuitive powers of knowledge in the stage of "clairvoyance." He could never be privy to a case of collusion, which, we are persuaded, is not such a rare occurrence in mesmeric practice as its less educated and honest professors would have people to believe. There surely can be but faint reliance placed on a mesmeriser who goes about, generally on public occasions, attended by one unchanging patient, and where gain or *eclat* is the object of the performers.

Honest believers in the alleged science do wrong to the interests

of truth when they encourage public exhibitions and add to the fashionable fervour that attends any new excitement, especially if mystery is an element connected with the subject. The contagion of example is thus propagated among the weakest and most credulous; and disgustingly maniacal may be the results, without the slightest approach to a discovery of any new physiological fact, or other than the further derangement of morbid constitutions. We should say that even in the hands of the most skilful physician the process and manipulation by which magnetic sleep, or artificial somnambulism, is alleged to be produced,—as for the purpose of facilitating the cure of a disease,—should be most cautiously resorted to, seeing that the persons most susceptible of the influence appear for the most part to be labouring under a heated imagination, or some derangement of the normal state of the human system. Hence, we should fear,—supposing it to be established that mesmeric influence can be, and has been, exerted on those susceptible persons,—lest the additional excitement of the imagination, the feelings, or the passions, should prove a more serious evil than the disorder whose cure was intended.

It is obvious that great guardedness should be maintained in relation to the enlargement of doctrines connected with mesmerism, its alleged phenomena being as yet surrounded with mystery. Both delusion and imposture therefore have here the widest scope, and may riot in the wildest fancies. We offer this observation merely to have an opportuntity of noticing the fact that in certain quarters an attempt is making to connect phrenology with mesmerism; and for quoting a letter which we have met with in the "People's Phrenological Journal," that may cause our readers to stare and to shake their heads.

Louisa Taylor, aged sixteen, came from Hull a little more than two months ago, to visit her sister, who resides in Bradford, and lives next door to Mr. William Prest, a practical mesmero-phrenologist. When about a year and a half old, L. T. was deprived of the proper use of her right arm and left leg; and although several medical men were consulted about her case, she derived no benefit from their treatment. During the last two or three years she has grown stouter, but the paralysed limbs have become worse, and she has frequently fallen whilst walking along the street. Her neighbour, Mr. Prest, seeing her unfortunate condition, proposed to try the effect of mesmerism once or twice daily, for a few weeks, to which, after some hesitation, she consented. He found some difficulty at first, owing to chronic inflammation of her eyes; when, however, she had been operated upon a week or ten days, they had regained their usual strength and appearance, although previously inconvenienced by them for some months. The magnetiser called upon me a few days ago, to ask if I should like to see her before she returned to Hull; and stated that he had found her a good phrenological subject, as well as capable of evincing community of taste. He brought

her to my house last evening; and as her case is a very interesting one, I invited a few friends to witness it. She told us that she felt every week increasing strength in her arm and leg, and looked forward with much pleasure in confident anticipation of an eventual cure. After being operated upon for about one minute, she fell into a state of mesmeric sleep, when the operator, in addition to the ordinary manifestations, elicited some others which I shall briefly notice.

Idleness and *industry* were excited at pleasure. When the upper part of *colour* was pressed, in connection with *individuality*, she saw corresponding changes; a man with white trousers, at the upper portion; the pressure being removed to the middle, the trousers became red, but black on the outside of that organ being excited. *Individuality* and the centre of *form* being chafed, she told us she saw a man with a pug nose; if the pressure was applied to the right, his nose was long; but on touching the left she said that his nose was flat. The bottom of *locality* being acted upon, she invariably moved her hand as if in the act of making and throwing away soap bubbles; on being asked what she was about, she replied, "What, don't you see? I am making blobs." When the centre of this organ was touched, she struck out her hands and made an attempt to swim: the upper part of *locality* was then excited, when she instantly altered her gesture, as in the act of rowing a boat. The inner portion of *causality* being acted upon, she invariably begins to wind; but changes this motion for rolling, if the finger or instrument be placed on the outer side of the organ. The last manifestation was *pity;* when she turned her head away, and with a countenance expressive of distress, said she saw a poor old man.

We then wished to see a powerful demonstration of the *community of taste*. The magnetiser being in contact with her, took hold of Mr. Crofts, he of Mr. Roberts, Mr. R. of Mr. Joseph Hollings, I joining him at the extreme point of the chain, put a little ale into my mouth, and on asking what made her move her lips, she said she tasted ale. After rinsing my mouth I swallowed a little mint water, which she could not so readily distinguish, but said it was teetotal drink; but on being asked whether it were ale, wine, or mint water, she replied mint water. I afterwards put salt into my mouth, but she could not tell what she then tasted. As the taste of mint still remained in my mouth, and Mr. Crofts out of curiosity had also tasted the same, the chain was discontinued. Mr. Roberts then taking hold of the magnetiser, took a little salt into his mouth, when she instantly "set a face," spit out, saying it was salt. Mr. Joseph Hollings next took hold of the operator's hand, and ate some very hot pickle; when asked what she then tasted, she replied "mustard."

L. T. was then demesmerised, and the magnetiser went into an adjoining room, and in about two minutes again threw her into a mesmeric sleep although he was several yards distant, and separated from her by a thick wall. I talked to her during this time, but could not prevent her falling asleep.

WILLSON CRYER.

Art. III.

1. *Political Philosophy.*—By Henry Lord Brougham. Part II. Of Aristocrcy: Aristocratic Governments. Chapman and Hall.
2. *The Influence of Aristocracies on the Revolutions of Nations; considered in relation to the Present Circumstances of the British Empire.* By James J. Macintyre. Fisher.

There may not be much in common between the two works whose titles we have placed at the head of this paper, either in point of manner of treatment or order of sentiment. Still, as both properly belong to the department of philosophy which has the principles of politics for a subject, and have a pretty close resemblance in name. they may be coupled together without inconvenience, and perhaps with certain reciprocated advantages.

The British Aristocracy may be said to have been occupying of late an unwonted share of public notice. Should any one of the titled conduct himself with gross profligacy, neither he nor his order is suffered to escape without the people's denouncement and the castigation of a vigilant and bitter press. Rank and wealth no longer bring immunity from censure, or secure any privilege from just scorn. Our lordlings and hereditary legislators find it necessary to stand well in the estimation of the multitude, and to strive to keep, if not in advance of the more enlightened classes, at least so as not to fall to the rear. It is by arduous studies, life-labour, and devotion to business that the peerage is most frequently recruited.

Again, it is natural for the aristocratic body to be conservative in their policy, and to offer checks to the views of the more popular branches. Consequently the smaller body, in these days of free and unmeasured discussion, is continually the subject of remark and criticism; and were it but as landowners and corn-law monopolists they would in the present times of repeal and animadversion be the constant objects of watchfulness and unscrupulous exposure. Mr. Carlyle and others have been giving a more pointed and foreboding direction to opinion relative to our noblesse; nor, if we are not mistaken, will the present volumes go without teaching sundry lessons, and urging certain facts, that will tend to familiarise the public with the disadvantages as well as advantages, the vices and follies as well as the virtues and merits, of the titled of the land.

Lord Brougham figures as the author of the *Second Part* of Political Philosophy, and it is dedicated to the Queen. The volume treats of the origin, uses, and distinctive character of an aristocracy, and also presents a comprehensive summary of the history of aristocratic governments, ancient and modern, with many departures from the immediate themes of the work, in his Lordship's accustomed

disquisitional style, intended of course to give a more philosophical air to the political principles of the writer. His digressions indeed are more numerous and violent than usual even with him; and altogether the book may be justly described as being marked and marred by all his characteristic faults, and by others of which he has not been wont to be accused. In none of his publications have we observed more distinct evidences of an obtrusive attachment to particular notions, although there appears to have been an effort to maintain the semblance of great equanimity and philosophical sobriety; which purpose however has led to a feebleness of expression, without disguising the favouritisms and crotchetty partialities of the author. Besides, his involutions are more fatiguing and perplexing than ever; his rashness, haste, and carelessness more apparent. No doubt much ground is traversed, and samples of stores of thought and information, extraordinary in kind and magnitude, are constantly met with. The author's range of reading must have been vast, and his habits of speculation remarkably curious, however onesided may be his tendencies, or eccentric his whims.

The portions of the volume which will be read, we think, with greatest satisfaction, are those which are properly historical, passing in review the aristocratical governments of Athens, Sparta, and Rome; those of the Italian cities of the middle ages, and next those of modern existence. The rise and nature of aristocracies; the virtues and vices of such bodies; their uses as an ingredient in government, both as acting upon the monarchical and democratical principle; and their disposition to decline into oligarchies, are with many other points handled with skill, although lawyerlike and too often after the manner of a partisan. We cannot so readily note the character of his digressions, for this would require analysis and argument in order to animadvert on the objectionable matter, to point out the peculiar, and to found a just praise of that which is admirable. We shall content ourselves therefore with two examples taken from the more episodical portions, each of them displaying the writer in his terse and spirited manner. The first of these passages relates to public opinion, and its classifications.

It is the constant and invariable disposition of all men in resolving upon the line of conduct which they shall pursue, so far as they shape it by the public opinion, to cast their eyes rather upon their own class than the world at large. Judges and advocates look to the bar: "the opinion of Westminster Hall" is a well-understood expression among our own sages of the law: it is almost to them synonymous with the opinion of mankind. If our statesmen do not confine their regards to the chambers of Parliament, it is because they are subject to the direct interposition of the people out of doors. Were there no House of Commons, and were the whole powers of government vested in the Peers, each patrician would look to that body

alone, and shape his conduct in accordance with its views. The case supposed would be a pure aristocracy; and this is the first and fundamental vice of that scheme of polity. The supreme power is vested in the hands of men who form a body numerous enough to be to themselves as the whole world; and those men never look beyond it. The tendency of the constitution is to place them wholly above the influences of public opinion, which restrain even tyrants in their course. In modern times, it is true, this irresponsibility never can be complete, because the natural aristocracy interferes with it. The respect due to talents, learning, wealth, even virtue, obtains for those who belong not to the privileged class a certain weight in society; and their opinion will be in some degree regarded by the members of the ruling body. But such a controul must always be exceedingly slight and uncertain, compared with its effects upon the very few men, or the single man, who in a monarchy wields the supreme power of the state.

One of the most striking digressions fills a chapter upon Party, which the noble author severely denounces. Take his views of one of the most dangerous and unprincipled forms which it can assume.

It is a very different and a very pernicious kind of party to which the term faction is generally applied, and which arises out of the contentions for power and not out of the desire to further principles: and this weed is the natural growth of popular, but most of all, aristocratic government. Men bind themselves together, and obtain the support both of their followers among the ruling orders and their dependents among the plebeians, that they may be enabled to engross the whole power in administering public affairs. The possession of power with its attendants, patronage, honour, places, wealth, impunity for malversation, indemnity against charges of maladministration, all the benefits that uncontrolled dominion can bestow upon those who are clothed with it—this is the object of the party combination; and to this every other consideration, among the rest all regard to public duty, all concern for the interests of the community, is sacrificed without hesitation, without scruple, and without remorse. There is generally a pretext of principle put forward to hide the nakedness of the association; but no one is deceived by it, and the less, that the same principles are successively taken up and abandoned by all the factions successively as it suits their position and serves the purpose of the day; so that you shall see the party the most clamorous for certain measures before its accession to office, the readiest to abandon and even oppose the same proposal immediately after that event; and the same men who had the most loudly condemned a given course of policy lay themselves meekly down by its promoters and join in patronizing it, as soon as their interest in the clamour has passed away.

This is the first, and it is the worst of the evil effects which party produces. Principles are no longer held sacred in the estimation of mankind; They become secondary and subordinate considerations; they are no more the guides of men's conduct, but the false fabricated pretexts under which the real motive and object is cloaked; they are the mere counters with which the profligate game of faction is played. The highest public duties are thus not merely violated, but brought into open and unblushing contempt. A

low tone of political morality becomes the prevailing sentiment of the governing classes in the state. Stern principle is scorned; rigid virtue is a laughing-stock; and men in the humblest stations see those who should be their patterns set them an example of the most scandalous profligacy. Add to this the disgusting hypocrisy which men practise in their loud assertion of opinions which they care nothing about; their solemn declaration of doctrines in which they have no faith; their earnest expression of feelings no deeper than their mouths; their inflated avowal of devotion to principles wholly foreign to their nature and habits. All this makes up a picture which the people must be debauched by beholding so continually unveiled before their eyes.

Mr. Macintyre's "Influences of Aristocracies on the Revolutions of Nations" is a work as different as possible from that of the ex-chancellor. It is strongly radical, although the author disclaims, and for aught we have discovered, honestly, that he is not a party man; and it is written in a highly popular strain, having a fluency and abundance of expression that reaches eloquence in the matter of language and imagery at least. A good-natured sarcasm sometimes characterises the more *telling* passages; and a very considerable command of illustration renders the whole still more pleasing. There is nothing like dulness in the book; both earnestness and animation imbue its pages. On the other hand, Mr. Macintyre does not penetrate far beyond the surface; there is little that is new in his ideas, although he frequently puts them in a novel light; and altogether we may pronounce him unequal to the requirements of his theme. His logic is but lame; he interprets not seldom, both rashly and wrongly; his philosophy wants breadth and depth. These few general observations we have ventured to offer, but shall not enter upon the dry task of contesting particular points of political doctrine with him; preferring to let him be heard at some length, and on various topics. The volume is calculated to attract many readers; and it only needs samples to be shown to enlist an interest and a curiosity relative to the whole of its contents.

The Preface affords a good idea of the manner and the matter of the numerous succeeding chapters. Mr. Macintyre there says, "This work is an attempt to bring from general history, ancient and modern, a few passages to bear upon the peculiar condition of the British empire, in its political, fiscal, commercial, and colonial relations, but particularly on those circumstances which affect the comfort and happiness of the great mass of the people." His attempt is, "with a sounding-staff in his hand," to discover the nature of the dangers embedded below the hollow surface, the kind "of materials in a state of fermentation, which will work into an explosion." The result of his soundings amounts to this, "that there is at present, in this country, the excited action of that law of society that terminates in social convulsion, out of which will arise the body of military des-

potism, or, will emerge a new constitutional fabric, cemented in the alluvium deposited by the flood of revolution."

We stop not to remark upon the danger which a flowery and metaphorical writer runs, of being led astray by the mere tinkle of sounds and glitter of imagery; neither need we detail concerning the presumption that he who has cultivated a taste for floridity is not very likely to have habituated himself to the severity and grasp of thought called for by political topics and in the discussion of principles belonging to constitutional history.

Mr. Macintyre indicates in the Preface that he is going to lay the blame and responsibility, which attach to our present alarming condition, upon the aristocracy, whose usurpations and protracted system of unfair and bad laws have brought us to the brink of ruin or revolution. The people are in the meanwhile bewildered; and in their perplexity, while not knowing what to do, "sink into lower depths; the cruel oppressors at the same time by their party-strife, and their noisy declamation in the senate, and various other practices, drowning the voice of pity, and smothering the cry of distress, just as the bloody persecutors in former times caused "drums to be beaten and shouts to be raised, to prevent the shrieks and cries from being heard, or to hush the last words of the dying patriot from rousing the feelings of his assembled countrymen."

In the noisy and party strife made to "drown the cries of the wounded and the groans of the dying," a great part consists of attempts between the factions to "give to the country the appearance of a struggle between the landed interest, and the manufacturing and commercial interest, for political influence and ascendancy; or to throw on machinery, and its uses, and its employers, the onus or responsibility of the distresses of the country; or to utter economical jargon on joint-stock banks, and their effects on the monetary system and the encouragement of speculation.

There is a good deal of truth in this; and we particularly like the view taken of machinery, the author explaining himself by saying that although there may be a derangement or transition of labourers from one employment to another, on the first invention and use of a machine, such is only temporary or local. He adopts Dr. Chalmers's forcible way of putting the subject: "Machinery does not impair the fund out of which industry is supported, neither does it lessen the amount of industry, but only alters the distribution of it, and makes it more productive than before." "What will be said," continues Mr. Macintyre, "of the machinery by which the scrawl of an author is converted into a printed book, such as this? The most useful and intelligent class of labourers employed on it, were not known in society, as a body, before the invention of the printing-press. The party opposed to machinery, must wage war against the principle of it, and not against the mere materials of wood and iron;

and it would be well that they at once settled the question by breaking their own heads on the printing-press."

Before leaving the Preface we notice one or two points more, in order to furnish the author's key to his entire doctrine about the British system of fiscal arrangements, and apparently complicated politics. He scouts the idea that the country is suffering under over-production. "Stocking-weavers cannot afford to wear stockings." How is this? While earning only about ten shillings a week, like many others, they "pay in direct and indirect taxation on their food, *fifty per cent.* of their hard-won wages! This is a fact demonstrated in this work." Then come other facts. "On the fifteenth of this present month, (April, 1843,) the duty on foreign wheat imported into this country, was twenty shillings a quarter, equal to *forty-six and a half per cent. on the market-price of that necessary of food.*" Another of Mr. Macintyre's facts: "The taxes on corn have the effect of increasing the rents of land from 20 to 25 per cent." And again: it "has been proved that a duke, with an income from land to the amount of one hundred thousand pounds, receives in that sum a bonus of about four times the amount of all the taxes, direct and indirect, which he contributes to the support of the government, and institutions of the country."

In his introductory chapter, Mr. Macintyre draws analogies from the inferior animals, which he argues ought to teach to man the doctrine and practice of "live and let live." The contrary, however, he holds, is the creed and conduct of the aristocracy; for the powerful having sagaciously made the discovery that Food is Power, he endeavours to show from history as well as from the nature of man, that they in their rule, whether monarch, oligarchy, or priesthood, have acted on the principle of controlling the subsistence of the vassals and votaries.

In the progress of his work our author takes a survey of Roman history, and especially of aristocracy and democracy as there developed; finding that the aristocratic power controlled the people, by controlling their means of subsistence; but that the latter regained their liberties and secured their sway by recovering possession of the public lands, as the source of subsistence. At last military despotism crushed the Republic. "The cycle of two thousand years is coming round to the middle of the nineteenth century." Passages from the French Revolution are then ransacked by Mr. Macintyre, and in these he thinks he finds parallels and analogies demanding the gravest consideration of England at this moment. We quote:

Necker wrote like a wise statesman, when he said, "The alterations that may happen in the circumstances of the rich are indifferent to the state, and it is sufficient to subject these variations to the rules of justice and to the empire of the laws; but the diminutions that the moderate incomes of the poor may experience, are so nearly allied to the very sources of their exist-

ence, that they interest every one, and demand more especially the attention of the sovereign. * * * The man who by his labour gets no more than what is necessary for the subsistence of himself and his family, is continually exposed to troubles and anxieties; the least diminution of his earnings, or the smallest augmentation of his expenses, affects him in a very sensible manner, and every unfortunate incident that he cannot foresee must lessen those scanty savings that proceed from his labours, and which were intended to supply his wants in the hours of sickness and repose. A minister cannot impress these truths too deeply on his mind."

Those remarks were written at a time, when the relative circumstances of taxation in Great Britain and France were very different. It is absolutely necessary for the inhabitants of the country to look matters sternly in the face, when they are informed, that our system of taxation is now the same in principle and as intolerable to the bulk of the people, as that which existed in France previous to the great Revolution. Necker says: "The burden of the taxes is more especially aggravating, when too great a share of them falls on the poorest classes of the subjects; for a proper direction in the assignment of the taxes, modifies their essence: and we see that, in Great Britain, that part of the taxes to which the poorer sort is liable, is infinitely less considerable than in France." How altered is the state of the case in the present year, 1842, from what it was in 1782! but there is an addition of 600,000,000 to the national debt since that period, the interest of which is paid from taxes on FOOD; by which means the veriest beggar is made to contribute his share. It must be impressed on the minds of the individuals in this country born since 1815, that the war entered into with the French nation, at the beginning of its Revolution, was one of dynasty, —that is to say, the British government fought to replace the Bourbon family on the throne, and to uphold the French aristocracy.

It must however be stated, that the war, after the truce of Amiens in the year 1802, became, on the part of Great Britain, a defensive one, as the Emperor Napoleon avowed his object to be to reduce or ruin the power and influence of this country. But, taking the grand result of the war, we find the original object carried into full effect, by the restoration of the Bourbon heir to the throne of France in 1814; and by the forcible replacement of him by the armies of Great Britain and her allies, after the decisive victory of Waterloo in the following year. The French people, however, recovered their liberty, and, in one week, neutralized all our efforts during a war of a quarter of a century, by dethroning, in 1830, the family that has cost the labouring classes of this country so much misery.

The total amount of taxes in France some years previous to the revolution, was, in sterling money, £24,375,000.

The expense of collection between 10 and 11 per cent. The number of persons of all kinds employed in the collection, was about 250,000.

The total amount of taxes of England and Scotland in 1784, including the cost of collection, poor-rates, and turnpikes, was about £17,800,000.

The total amount of taxes, including the cost of collection, poor-rates, and turnpikes, in 1842, was about £60,000,000.

So much for wars to force a royal family on a foreign nation!

Again:

Necker was beset by a crowd of begging aristocrats, who pressed on him their respective demands on the exchequer. To one, who asked for a thousand crowns, as being a sum that could not put the treasury to much difficulty, he announced "that a thousand crowns were the amount of the land-tax of two villages, and left the applicant to judge whether he had a right to such a tax." Barruel a contemporary historian, thus describes the aristocracy just previous to the revolution; "greedy courtiers disgust the monarch with their intrigues—alienate the people by their scandals—corrupt them by their impiety—and irritate them by their luxury."

And again:

But the victims of the guillotine, of the dungeons, of famine, of war, and of pestilence, are now at rest, "after a life's fitful fever," and what is the present state of France?—her population is 34,200,000 of souls, against 24,300,000 fifty years ago—She possesses a representative legislative system that guarantees her liberties—she has established the charter of her freedom, under a constitutional monarch, called to the throne by the voice of the nation—she has abolished a hereditary legislative aristocracy, and attained an equalization of property by a law of inheritance, annulling the right of primogeniture—she has secured equal rights and privileges to all her citizens—she enjoys the inestimable blessings of trial by jury, liberty of the press, liberty of conscience, and religious toleration.

Mr. Macintyre views aristocracy as exemplified in different nations and states, and also as it developes itself in the same country at different times and under diversified conditions. For instance, "Colonial aristocracies in British settlements are of the most rampant character. The system of free grants of land to dependents and favourites of the home ministry, bestowed perhaps for some party services, or to enrich some poor relation of a minister, has established a body of men in possession of a large quantity of public property; and the spirit of the order often rises to a pitch of sublimity, in the colonial legislative councils."

A corporate body will do that which each individual composing it would be ashamed of, on his own single responsibility; but there are periods when particular and partial interests are more grossly served than on others, even to the extent of being spoliatory. Imagine an era and a case to be the termination of a long and severe war, and the transition to a state of universal peace, when there is a breathing season for the passing of generous laws.

But, a small portion of the people, to whom are entrusted the working of the laws, find that their property is for a time depreciated by the change of circumstances; and in order to keep up its value, to enable the proprietors to live in their usual style, a law is passed, which in its effects, is neither more nor less than a tax on the food, namely bread and meat, consumed by every individual, man, woman, and child, throughout the country; and, from the nature of the society in which this occurs, the most hard-working and

poorest classes of the inhabitants are the heaviest taxed. It will at once appear incredible, that any class of human beings, however poor and abject, should submit to such a nefarious imposition, but the thing is so contrived, that the tax is concealed from the consumer, in the price which he pays to the baker and butcher: and on the other hand the receivers of the tax get their respective proportions in a disguised shape from the farmers, in the rents paid for the use of their lands. It is not an easy matter to form a sliding scale of the exact onus, which the legislative landowners are supposed to put into their pockets, or into their bankers' books, derived from this tax; but whether they be five hundred pounds or fifty thousand pounds each, it may be confidently stated, that very few of those landowners would venture to collect, in a direct manner, the tax, to make up their respective shares. The nerves of the strongest man, even supposing he had the disposition to collect the quota that belonged to him, would utterly fail him in the attempt.

Who could enter the dwelling of the plain, hard-working man with a demand of a tax on his food, for the purposes stated in the hypothesis? who could stand for one instant in that wretched hovel, and be able to subdue the feelings on making the iniquitous charge of a rate to diminish still more the scanty provision of the coarsest food to sustain the unhappy inmates?

The collector, struck with remorse at the enormity of the demand, would dash the pittance, wrung from the miserable beings, to the ground, and rush from the scene of his rapacity. Events will show how near this suppositious case comes to the realities of life.

We have cited Mr. Macintyre's general notions relative to colonial aristocracies. The following passage refers to the same subject.

The evil principle of the British monopolizing system of colonization, lies in the placing of a third party between the state as the proprietor of the public lands, and the men by whose industry the lands are to be made productive. Throughout the whole system, from the first grant issued by Queen Elizabeth, down to the last charter given to a New Zealand Company, the same fatal error is preserved. The grantees of the lands bestowed by Queen Elizabeth and her successors, soon found out, that without labourers, their possessions were unproductive wastes.

A third party, as proprietor between the state and the cultivators, acts either with profuse liberality, pernicious to those who receive it—or, if gain is to be made, he squeezes out of the laborious cultivator, as much of the produce of the land as possible. A man who received a whole province as an estate, was at times very bountiful in his grants to other persons, with a view to encourage them to do something to improve the lands. Hence a struggle was carried on, by a few persons greedy of gain, to subdue nature in the wilderness of a boundless extent.

The theocratic aristocracy is the object of Mr. Macintyre's special dislike, the order being pronounced to be the most rapacious, and one that "appears to exult in the exhibition of a barefaced disregard of the rights of humanity;" whose "cry has ever been, Give flesh to roast for the priest—but thou shalt give it me now, and if not I will

take it by force!" The lay and the landed branches, however, are bad enough; for they make the food of the people the basis of their power and privileges.

The landed Aristocracy, that make the laws for this great manufacturing and commercial nation, tax themselves to the amount of only about two and one-third per cent. of the national burdens; while they tear from the subsistence, or tax the industry of the people, to the amount of ninety-seven and two-thirds per cent.! Scarcely one person out of a hundred is aware of the real state of the case, and hence the apathy of the people. This is a question of the greatest personal interest to every individual, however humble, in the United Kingdom, and it is of vast importance to the farming, manufacturing, commercial, shipping, banking, and every other interest in the country.

How does it happen, that each and all of these interests are successively, or almost at times simultaneously, in a state of depression and apparent decay? And how comes it that the landed interest, or, in other words, the few hundred families that form the legislature, flourish amid the universal distress, and year after year, and generation after generation, become richer in lands, houses, and stock, as the property of the other classes diminishes, and the labour of the poor man, by all his efforts, cannot supply him with food?

It will be again said, by the supporters of the present system, that the legislators are not exempted from the operation of their own laws, and, as consumers, are subject to the same duty on their corn, sugar, and beer, as the poor artisans of Manchester or Paisley, or as the miserable agricultural labourer on his 7s. to 10s. a week! But it is real mockery to justify our fiscal laws, by pleading the liability of their makers to those laws. The class of men who are the law-makers are few in number, but of great value as proprietors; they tax themselves as consumers, but, from the smallness of their numbers, contribute little to the revenue; and they keep their property, which would give a great deal, free from all burdens.

We have to look to this source for the cause of the distress of the country. Common sense will at once teach men, that when consumption is thus severely taxed for a long period of years, and property allowed to remain scathless, labourers toil in vain, and sink in a struggle with famine and disease, and the fruit of industry, which at first accumulated into capital, at length disappears from the possessors. When to the enormous load of taxation or consumption, is to be added the still larger amount indirectly abstracted, through means of monopolies of bread, corn, and other provisions, the wonder is, that the British people have not long ere this, sunk under the effects of such a spoliatory system. No other race of people could have survived it so long.

But aristocracy not only makes the food of the people the basis of their power, but as a monopolism would check the bounty of nature, and restrain the commercial intercourse of nations. How monstrous is the doctrine that there is no room at nature's feast for a vast portion of mankind!

The Creator has been charged with the responsibility of the destitution and misery of a great portion of the human race, in the doctrine of the modern

school of economists, which asserts, that man increases in a ratio beyond the increase of food provided for him on earth! Against a doctrine so impious, all nature cries, No! It is man himself, who, through laws which betray a dulness united to a selfishness of feeling, inflicts the curse on his fellows. The means of subsistence are spread in abundance over the earth, some spots have more and some less, but an exchange could be made to equalize the division. God covers the ground with vegetation—he puts the seeds in a shape fit for transport to any region. He, by his distribution of land and water, invites man to exert his faculties, and improve the advantages placed at his hand. The stretching of the great continents and principal countries of the globe from north to south, and the direction of the chief rivers between those points, would instruct men, that Providence designed a mutual exchange of commodities, raised in the various climates between the equator and the poles.

Even within the limited space of the British islands, nature has given the elements of exchange—in fish from the Orkneys, and cattle from the Highlands of Scotland, for the wheat and the hops of Kent. How much more extensive is the space, and varied the productions, between Great Britain and Spain, America and Southern Asia! The Euphrates, the Nile, the Indus, the Ganges, the Cambodia, the Volga, the Dnieper, the Rio de la Plata, the Mississipi, the St. Lawrence, are all prepared to convey the produce of countries under cold climates, to warmer regions near their mouths, or from warm to colder climates. The Amason and the Orinoco rivers, and the great rivers of China, appear to be exceptions to this rule, but they really are not; for although their general direction is in one zone, yet as the level of the countries whence they issue, is so much higher than the regions through which the main streams flow, the productions of the higher countries are actually those of cold climates.

There will always be rich and poor on the earth; were it not so, a stimulus to active exertion would be wanting, and men would sink into passive machines. Poverty is a relative term; but a man is not poor, who, by the daily labour of his body or mind, gains sufficient wholesome food and raiment for himself and family. There is a very sweetness in the food to which exertion has given an appetite.

A government stands towards a people in the relation of a parent to his family, and if it neglect to provide the means of subsistence, or put obstacles in the way of the people procuring their food, that government takes upon itself a fearful responsibility.

According to the law of God and nature, no class or order of men, forming a government, have a right to tax the food of the rest of the citizens, in order to save their own property from taxation.

The proportion of the fruits of the earth demanded by Moses was a land or property tax, and nothing else; or it may be called the rent of the soil, paid to God as the proprietor. It formed the total burden of taxation, for the support of the worship of God, and for the general expenses of the government of the country.

Such is the stupifying effect of the avaricious disposition on legislators, that the laws of many countries excite, among impartial investigators, contempt for their authors. But the varied expressions, which the smiles of

pity and derision give to the beholder, is soon overcast by the gloom which the fiendish spirit of those laws throws around.

The aristocratic sect of political economists, to whom reference has been made, turn round to millions of the human race, and tell them that there is no room for them at nature's feast! But how can they thus impeach the wisdom and beneficence of the Author of nature, with their knowledge of the provision-laws made by dominant parties among the Spaniards, the Dutch, and the English!

The laws made by the aristocratic government of Spain, decreed that the olive and the vine should be rooted out and destroyed from the soil of Mexico, and prohibited the cultivation there of every article that might interfere with the consumption of the productions of Spain.

The colonial regulations established by the monoplizing government of Holland, condemned to destruction all the produce of their Spice Islands, that exceeded the limited quantities assigned for the markets of Europe, held under monopoly. The Dutch Spice Islands have been appropriately called the gardens of the earth, and nature is there most exuberant in her productions; but man interposes his laws, and casts a blight on what he touches.

The sugar laws made by the colonial power in England, are in principle precisely similar to the Spanish and Dutch decrees, for they are established to uphold a necessary article of consumption at an extravagant price, in order to enrich a few hundred families at the expense of millions of consumers.

We might have extracted many more entertaining passages than the bulk of those quoted. These, however, may serve to satisfy the reader that Mr. Macintyre can divest subjects which are daily discussed by tens of thousands to the most hackneyed degree, and which are in themselves not of the most attractive nature, of most of their forbidding character and dryness. We have also felt the propriety of keeping the minds of the people directed in these pressing times to the question, whence arise the evils which are wringing the heart of the empire, and how are we to escape a still more miserable, embittered, and direful condition? If we are implicitly to follow our author, there is little hope for us in the present race of statesmen, who,—unlike all great lawgivers, whose distinguishing power was that of foresight, continually look backwards. Sir Robert Peel himself, who is characterised as "one of the phenomena of the age," is "quite deficient of the higher powers of the mind, which are shown in invention." "Fact and plausibility" are the principal qualities which give him ascendancy. But what is to be done in our hollow state, in our lack of forward-looking—future-grasping men? "This country must settle its account with the aristocracy as it may think proper." The nation "must shortly make up its mind whether an aristocracy shall be compelled to do justice, or a people remain impoverished and unhappy; and more than that, it must decide in the extreme case, whether an aristocracy shall survive, or a people perish."

ART. IV.—*Egypt and the Holy Land in* 1842: *with Sketches of Greece, Constantinople, and the Levant.* By W. D. STENT, B. A. 2 vols. Bentley.

MR. STENT, starting from Malta, visited Athens, Alexandria, Cairo, —crossed the desert to Gaza,—extended his pilgrimage to Jerusalem, Jordan, the Dead Sea, &c.; he afterwards directed his course to Beirout, the account of his travels closing at Constantinople. There is consequently nothing of novelty in respect of the route nor of the places at which he alighted or sojourned; nor can it be said that there is newness in the manner of the author, or in the matter of his thoughts. Indeed some of his subjects have not only been rendered threadbare, but often and years ago have they been much more spiritedly described and sensibly commented upon. Altogether our traveller seems to be what is understood by the phrase "a good sort of person;" plain, practical, and religious; ready to be pleased with whatever met his eye for the first time, and willing to tell all that he knew or felt about it. He does not look like a book-maker; that is to say, he did not travel in order to publish the results of his observations, but published because he travelled, and had collected a mass of notes that seemed to him to have value. If we except his enthusiasm in regard to sacred scenes and subjects when in the Holy Land, he evinces little of that colouring commodity. Classical antiquities did not draw deeply upon his time; neither does he display any particular favour for natural science. He is a jog-trot sort of tourist, forming an agreeable companion; but being far from competent to set your heart on fire, or to rivet you to his volumes; for these without much reluctance will be laid aside at any time, just as they will as soon as a leisure moment is at command be frankly taken up again, to be relinquished ungrudgingly whenever another interruption occurs.

Mr. Stent has a good deal of the utilitarian in his constitution, and would perhaps distinguish himself if he were employed on economical statistics. At Athens, for instance, he shows a taste in that direction; or at least for collecting minute information that would be serviceable to any stranger who might happen to follow in the same track of travel.

Before the arrival of the court, land around Athens might be purchased at a few shillings per acre, which realizes at this day several pounds: the value of building-ground there has risen from sixpence the square yard to eight times that sum. Among the inducements to reside in this country, the low price of provisions would act as an important consideration; butcher's meat varying from twopence to threepence per pound, while fruits and vegetables are extremely cheap and abundant. A well-fattened turkey costs from two shillings, and the small fowls from sixpence each. The game

includes the red-legged partridge ; snipes and woodcocks abounding throughout the country ; with pheasants, deer, and wild boar, in particular localities. The former are met with near Missolonghi, but the coasts of Albania and the Western shores of the Morea afford excellent amusement to the sportsman in quantity and variety.

Woodcocks are in such excess that we loathed the sight of them at our table ; the price is from sixpence a bird. Lambs are slaughtered so small that one was served for our dinner as a hare, being scarcely of greater size. It is not the custom to cook either of these animals with the head remaining on them.

The butter is quite white, having a burned flavour ; it is made by simply propelling the material to and fro in a bladder. The honey of Hymettus maintains its classic fame : amid all the changes of Attica, the Cecropian bees remain in their wonted excellence : the aroma of the honey is truly delicious, arising from the thyme, whence it is plentifully culled. * * *

Owing to ignorance in their manufacture, the oil and wine are very inferior ; the latter is, indeed, almost nauseous, quantities of rosin being mixed with it, not only for the purpose of fining, but to prevent acidity : notwithstanding, it is largely consumed by the lower classes of the community, who delight also in garlic, olives, bread, milk, and fruits.

Jerusalem had special attractions for Mr. Stent; and yet he adds little to our knowledge of the people or the antiquities of that venerable place,—not even by his sympathies awakening much fresh interest in its history and prospects. The most important particulars, and the newest that we have found, relate to the Protestant Bishop lately arrived there ; but our author, although of course a zealous member and hearty admirer of the Anglican Church, gives but a sorry account of the condition and prospects of the communion. We quote several paragraphs descriptive of what our traveller observed and personally ascertained on the subject.

A small upper room, within the city, on the lower slopes of Sion, appropriately fitted up, and ascended by a staircase from without, is as yet the only place for the administration of our holy worship ; and that was too spacious for the little flock that assembled there, including, besides ourselves, only the architect, the Bishop's family, with a portion of his household, and two Missionaries. * * * *

Adjoining the temporary chapel, are laid the foundations of the new Protestant Church ; for which the ground is excavated to the depth of fifty feet, through accumulated rubbish. Assuredly it will now stand, for it is not only founded on a rock, but "her foundations are upon the holy hill, and the Lord loveth the gates of Sion more than all the dwellings of Jacob :" once more, "out of Sion hath God appeared in perfect beauty."

This sacred edifice is intended to contain five hundred persons. Where so many are to be found, remains yet to be seen. God will, if it be so decreed, prosper the work.

As yet, the only Protestants in the "City of God" are the Consul, a very trifling number of Hebrew converts, and the Missionaries. The prayers of

our liturgy are read daily at seven o'clock in the morning in Hebrew, and in the evening in the English language: on a sabbath afternoon, and on other occasions, the German is used in addition.

Having received an invitation to attend evening service in the confined, though comfortable, well-furnished residence of the Bishop, in a narrow street, I gladly availed myself of the privilege: and subsequently enjoyed much conversation with him. His family consists of a wife, daughters, a governess, chaplin, two or three English servants, and a medical man,—a most requisite addition, the climate at certain seasons being decidedly unhealthy, the rain falling in spring causing fevers and ague: so severely was the architect suffering, that on the occasion of our dining at his residence he was compelled to keep his bed. * * * *

The Greek Church, which is not opposed so strongly as its sister of Rome to the tenets of Protestantism, gives its countenance, in some degree, to this new mission, which, though undoubtedly detested by the Turks, and not strengthened by a guarantee to be depended on from the Sultan, was yet, as regards appearance, received with due marks of respect; the Governor of Jerusalem, accompanied by a guard of honour, having gone out to meet it on arriving from Jaffa, and escorting it into the scene of its future labours.

The prospect, it must be confessed, is at this moment aught but cheering; the continuation of the building of the church being, by the last report, forbidden by authority.

There are notices to touch the feelings in the following about the Jews who dwell in the Holy City:

So slight is the trade in the Holy City, that, except during the period about Easter, when it is thronged with pilgrims, a peculiar stillness prevails. Its population approaches thirty thousand, composed of Mahometans, Jews, and Christians: to all these distinct quarters are assigned; those for the former being in the neighbourhood of their chief mosque; the latter, of whom the Armenians are the wealthiest, and the Greeks most numerous, reside in the Western parts, in the vicinity of their convents. But the Jews, strangers in their own land, dwell at the foot of Mount Sion, in the lowest districts. They are poor and cruelly oppressed; yet of late they have decidedly increased in number, now amounting probably to five or six thousand; and many come hither from distant climes, when of advanced age, in order to lay their bones by the side of their great forefathers. Several of this misguided race may be occasionally observed bewailing their sad fate, at an ancient ruined wall which divides Mount Moriah from Acra, in consequence of a tradition that it was a portion of the Temple. And a truly interesting though piteous sight was it to witness, as I did, many fair ones of the daughters of Judah, "arrayed in robes of virgin white," seated in silence, on their Sabbath eve, around the southern slopes of Sion.

We have intimated that Mr. Stent's enthusiasm found utterance as soon as he entered Palestine; and although he must be sufficiently a scholar to visit Greece with a knowledge of its classical attractions, he seems to have cherished a still deeper acquaintance with Scriptural history. Hence it is that he followed the steps of the Redeemer

with devout feelings, although we think he betrays at times a credulity which previous travellers might have guarded him against. The brevity of his descriptions, however, is worthy of imitation; and some of his conjectures as well as scraps of information are deserving of notice. For example, his testimony will not support the stories which say that fish will not live in the waters of the Dead Sea. The statements which were made by persons familiar with the place were of quite a contrary nature; and he himself saw wild ducks alight and swim on the surface of the lake; although it has been fabled that birds cannot live in the exhalations which ascend from it.

Steaming it from Beirout to Constantinople gives occasion for the scene of bustle and amusement now to be described.

The steamer was to convey us in eight days, to Constantinople; the fare for each thither being ten pounds, besides five shillings per day for meals. Our captain and crew were remarkably civil; the berths and saloon sufficiently commodious; and we were daily treated to madeira, and once or twice to champagne also.

The weather, with only one day's exception, was propitious; the party, too, was extremely agreeable, including English, Irish, and American; so that, being furnished in addition with a tolerable library, the trip was truly delightful, especially when such magnificent imposing scenery was continually offered to the view. The general drawback to our comfort was the cramped condition of the deck, which was literally thronged with passengers; and among them filthy Turks, who, with their wives and children, continued unceasingly squalling or smoking, praying or devouring garlic, to the no slight disgust of our organs of hearing, seeing, and smelling, besides obstructing a promenade. These poor people looked most destitute: scarcely had they a rude piece of sackcloth, perhaps, to protect them from the night air, and with food most meagre in quantity and bad in quality, to satisfy their craving appetites.

On the deck of the second class passengers were, moreover, numbers of dogs, the enormous tailed sheep of Lebanon, besides horses from Syria, sent as a present to the Sultan. A never-failing source of amusement was afforded by the harem of Selim Pacha; consisting of eight fair ones, though forsooth some were Nubians, and therefore none of the fairest. These were permitted to come on deck for two hours daily; but were always closely veiled and wrapped in the common ample white linen or cotton robe, seated too in a solitary corner, with a large sheet spread before them to prevent the vulgar gaze, and their attendant black keeping vigilant guard. Their cabin could be clearly discerned from the window above; and on my presuming to approach it, when opened for the sake of air, the chief protector of the happy ladies thrust me back with violent gesticulations, looking bowstrings and daggers unutterable at the presumption of the infidel dog for having the impudence to cast an eye towards the unfortunates; who, however, made themselves happy enough in working, playing, and chatting with the attendant Nubian slave; whose doings we could clearly discern through a crevice in the adjoining apartment.

Art. IV.

1. *Marmaduke Wyvill; or, the Maid's Revenge.* By Henry Wm. Herbert. 3 vols. Colburn.

2. *Gabrielle; or, Pictures of a Reign.* By Louisa Stuart Costello. 3 vols. Newby.

Mr. Herbert is not an entire stranger in the realms of fiction. In the preface this disclosure is made:—"In presenting him for the first time in *propria persona* as a candidate for the favour of his countrymen, the author of 'Oliver Cromwell' takes the liberty in the first place to thank them for the kindness with which they received that work, when introduced to their notice under the disguised sanction of Mr. Horace Smith, and to express a hope that they will not deny to 'Marmaduke Wyvill' that meed of encouragement by which alone he was emboldened again to appear before them." The story partakes of the character of historical romance, being laid at a period in English annals, viz., that of the Great Rebellion, which the author must have made the subject of his fond and partial study; and precise as well as animated are many of the pictures of the men and manners, the incidents and scenes that distinguished that extraordinary epoch, which the tale unfolds. The work is skilfully constructed and carefully executed. There is power at the same time that there is tastefulness in the writing. The dialogue is natural and often dramatic; and altogether the tale is one which keeps up the reader's interest, besides impressing right lessons, and exciting in the heart sentiments that are either melting or elevating. Our chief objection is that Mr. Herbert *uses up* the staple and stock, may we not add, the hackneyed situations and turns of fortune, of the novel-school; and that his descriptions, however beautiful in themselves and abstractedly, his incidents however stirring, his sentimentality though removed from the morbid, and his delineations of character though clearly sketched, present little that is new melodramatically, still less anything that seems to us exquisite on account of nicety of touch, and far from that spontaneous energy of thought and soaring pinion of imagination which proclaim originality and conscious independence. One cannot, we think, but feel persuaded that the author is capable of better things,—cannot but marvel why it is that he has not done more with the materials at his hand, and through the sympathies which he cherishes.

The story opens immediately after the Battle of Worcester, where the royal troops were so signally routed. It is on the evening of that important day that Alice Selby, daughter of the owner of Wolverton Manor, happens to be at a small fishing house which commands a view of the road. As she is about to return homeward her attention is suddenly arrested.

But at that very moment a dull flat report, as of a distant gun-shot, broke the silence, and the dog pricked his pendulous ears, and stalked with a low growl to the door-way, while the lady turned her head quickly towards the window, whence she had just withdrawn. Her first glance was towards the road, and where it crossed the hill-top she saw clearly the head of a man, and then his whole figure, with his horse, rise rapidly against the brilliant gleam of the western sky; so instantaneous was his transit, however, that she would almost have distrusted her eye-sight, had not the clatter of hoofs, dashing fiercely down the hill side, assured her of its accuracy, for now the slope and base of the hill were all in misty and uncertain shadow. Before she had well thought on what she had scarce seen, another, and another, and another head crossed the steep verge, and as they crossed it were discovered, by the bright glitter, to be covered with steel caps, the well known head-dress of the puritan troopers; another second sufficed to bring into full view a party of some twenty horse, who halted for a moment on the summit. A dozen of quick flashes ran along their front, and the sharp rattle of a volley followed; again a minute, and they too had galloped down the slope, and were enveloped in thick gloom. All this passed in less time than it has taken to describe it, but still the lady had marked and understood it all, and acted on the instant as a kind heart, instigated by woman's natural sympathy with the oppressed dictated. With a quick step she left the fishing-house, and stood upon a little flight of steps which ran down a platform level with the bridge, to the stream's brink. And scarcely had she reached her stand before the single horseman wheeled round the angle of the wood, and crossed the bridge at as fast a rate as his drooping steed could compass. The pursuers, scarcely five hundred yards behind him, were still beyond the woodland, which alone hindered them from seeing him.

"Hist!" she cried, "hist, sir cavalier!" in clear low tones, which made themselves distinctly audible to him whom she addressed, though they would have been scarcely heard at three yards distance. "Halt, as you love your life!—halt, for God's sake!"

The cavalier who has been thus speeding from the Roundheads is none other than the hero of the story; Alice, of course, being the heroine. She succeeds in directing and guiding him so as to elude the pursuers; and at length the pair reach old Mark Selby's baronial dwelling. The father, daughter, and Marmaduke stand in the library, where after some words, a little dumb show, and a few preliminary movements, a secret opening is discovered. And now for the business of elaborate concealment.

"Alice," the old man said, "to-bed, we will speak more to-morrow—pass in, sir!" And the girl left the room, and hurried to her chamber with a glad but quick-throbbing heart; and the stranger entered the dark passage, and old Mark Selby followed him, and drew the concealed panel, masked by the ponderous book-shelves, after him: and the old library was tenantless again, and not a soul could have suspected, though he had searched it for a month, that private passage. But when they stood within

it the old man struck a light, and lit the lamp, and raised it to the face of his new guest, and gazed into his features as though he would have read his soul. "Ha," he said—"ha," and paused again a little while, and then added, "Be it so—I will trust you." And no word passed between them more, for the old man almost angrily imposed strict silence when the stranger would have spoken. And far he led him by long and winding corridors, delved through the thickness of the wall, up-stairs and down, till he had brought him to a low dark vault, scarce six feet perpendicular height by twelve in circuit, in which stood a table of dark oak, an old arm-chair, two or three stools of the same plain material, and a large pallet bed, heaped high with blankets, and soft coverlets, and sheets of snowy whiteness. Besides these articles of furniture the gloomy chamber contained nothing but a few shelves, in one corner whereon were piled two or three pewter platters, an earthen bowl and pitcher, a salt-cellar, a knife-case, a cruise of oil, and four tall Venice wine-glasses. There was no carpet on the floor, nor any hangings on the bare plaistered walls; nor was there any window, or even shot-hole, whereat a single ray of blessed daylight could peer in to cheer the sad soul of the inmate. As if to compensate, however, for this want, there were no less than three doors beside that which had admitted them, massive and steel clenched, and secured by bolts of singular device, and bars and chains of iron.

"This is a poor abode, young sir," said Selby, as he set down the lamp upon the table, "but it is safe, at least, and that to one in your condition is something always. No person now alive, save Alice and myself, knows the existence of this hiding-place, much less the ways that lead to it; and you, before you quit it, must swear by all that men hold holy, never by word or deed, by sign or hint, or writing, to reveal it. Meantime, here will we shelter you until such time as we may send you forth in safety. Food shall be brought you daily, and light, and change of raiment, and if you wish it, books, but on society you must not count, not even on ours, for carefully we must eschew suspicion. Before I leave you to repose, one other secret of your dwelling place I must disclose to you." He opened, as he spoke, another door, and showed a narrow stairway, winding, as it seemed, downward into interminable gloom.

"At the foot of these steps," he said, pointing through the opening, "you will find what appears a square well of water, and by it a trap door; the first will furnish you the means of cleanliness and comfort, and by the latter you may cast into the moat nightly the remnants of your food, and aught else, that if discovered here might cause suspicion. On no account, however, enter the well to bathe, for it were certain death, unless you knew the secret. Be careful when you pass those stairs to do it very silently,—here you cannot be heard though you should sing or whistle, there it were perilous indeed. The other doors lead elsewhere, and are locked. Let me know now who is my guest; and pledge me, as a soldier and a gentleman, your word of honour not to leave this apartment, except by the door I have shown you, leading to the water. You would risk all our lives by wandering about the corridors."

Marmaduke remains for weeks in the most wonderfully secret chamber, but at length makes his escape to France; although not till

after the ministering angel, Alice, has lost as well as, she confidingly trusts, made captive a heart, but all with the entire concurrence of the father; who, however, on account of the suspicions of his having secreted the cavalier, is obliged along with the heroine, to make his escape. They find themselves in Paris, Wyvill in the meanwhile having distinguished himself in the French service. But alas! the gentleman is as fickle as the lady is faithful. One scene,—it is in the palace garden,—crowns the slow-coming convictions of the maiden.

After a while, "Well, Alice," said her cousin, "I think we have had enough of this. If Monsieur de Bellefonds will be so good as to inquire for my carriage at the gate, we will sit down and wait for his return in this quiet arbour." The place of which she spoke was no more than a nook or green recess, hollowed out of the thickness of a great yew hedge, with a seat capable of accommodating two, or at most three persons, overlooking the principal *jet d'eau* and *carrefour*, the great or common centre from which the several avenues diverged. The gentleman bowed and walked quickly off towards the gate of the Tuilleries, and the two ladies sat down in the shade, neither of them for the moment much inclined to talk; for there is a re-action which follows the excitement of very forced and brilliant conversation, as surely as it does excitement of any other kind, and a sort of vague lassitude, which makes them rather to think within themselves than to speak of what had been passing. It happened to be the case, however, that the same hedge in which the sylvan seat was framed where they were sitting, was the external boundary of a maze or labyrinth, laid out with rare skill and many intricate and double windings; and exactly behind the spot where Alice sat, another similar recess had been cut in the thickness of the hedge opening to the walk behind, and only separated from the bower in front by a few inches of thick evergreen foliage, sufficient, indeed, to prevent the eye from discerning any thing beyond, but suffering every word that was spoken to pass through its leafy screen. This seat, the existence of which had been suspected by neither of the ladies, was unoccupied when they first sat down; but scarcely had they been there a minute, when they discovered the footsteps of two persons, one evidently a lady, coming along the walk behind them, and immediately afterwards became aware that they had paused almost beside them. A moment afterwards, the sweet and low-toned voice of a woman was heard, saying, "Oh, this is very wrong; I fear that it is very wrong, indeed. What will my father say when he misses me, and finds that you have come off with me?"

"Say? why what should he say, sweet Isabella," answered a man in tones, each note of which struck to the very heart of Alice, "but that you are a wild one ever, and ran away into the maze, and that I came to seek for you, lest you should lose your way. But Isabel, it is not you, but I that have indeed strayed from my road, and if you will not deign to lead me back I fear me I am lost for ever. Beautiful, beautiful Isabella, listen one moment; nay, do not turn your head away, nor beat the earth so proudly angry with that small foot; listen, for I must speak. I cannot be confined, and cribbed, and fettered by their confounded rules of *convenance*, and I must speak and be answered. I adore you; words cannot speak my adoration; and you

know it,—yes, well you know it, Isabella,—and you have smiled on me, and seemed not wholly to despise my suit. Speak then, speak, Isabella, and say can you not love me? will you not be mine?"

The moment she had recognised the voice, Alice grasped Henriette by the arm so rigidly, that instantly she comprehended what was passing; and when her cousin would have risen, detained her quietly, yet by a hold so firm, that she could not escape from it without creating so much noise as would have reached the ears of the others.

A second or two followed before any answer was returned by the girl, and there was a sound that might have been either that of weeping, or of suppressed laughter; but when she spoke her voice was clear and silvery, and, perhaps, even pitched somewhat higher than before. "Yes," she said, "Major Wyvill, I will be quite frank with you—I *have* perceived your attentions—nay, *chafe not*—your love if you will—and I will not say that I have perceived them altogether with indifference—but ere I give my love I must be certain. And I am not quite certain, sir—I have heard something whispered of love passages in England—something of a fair girl who rescued Captain Wyvill from strange peril, and loved, and was loved in return—methinks."

"Mere talk," Marmaduke answered, interrupting her—"mere empty idle slander, uttered by fools who know not, or knaves who care not, what they publish. Nay—dearest, loveliest Isabella—I swear to you that my whole heart is yours—yours only—and for ever! Why she—she was the merest country girl—I never thought of her."

"Enough," whispered Alice vehemently, "I *will* hear no more," and starting to her feet, she hurried out of the little arbour before Henriette had time to hinder her.

Ay, and that was enough for poor Alice. From that day she began to droop.

We must not disclose the sequel of the story, which now becomes more complicated and interesting. Neither do we speak further of the manner of the maid's revenge, than to say that it is refined, nor more of the denouement generally than that it is accordant with poetical justice at least towards the faithless cavalier.

Miss Costello's Gabrielle is also of the nature of a romance of the historical class, dealing with the scenery and chronicles of France in the manner of one familiar with them; nay, as if her sojourns and sympathies were almost engrossed by the elements which the wilder parts of the country, as well as the more dazzling passages of its courtly annals furnish. The period chosen is that of the Grand Monarche when the splendour, intrigue, and vice of the palace and the capital may be said to have reached their summit; when Paris was thronged by the heartless and profligate from all quarters; and when the power of the aristocracy in the more distant provinces exhibited the least scrupulous features of feudal arrogance. The historical characters introduced besides Louis the Fourteenth and the Queen, are De Fontages, De Montespan, and De Maintenon,

De Grammont, young De Sevigné, the Physician Fagon, Ninon de l'Enclos, with numerous others, real as well as fancied. Much of the story is taken up with the pomps of Paris, and the intrigues and fortunes of the three mistresses. To this same department may be assigned the schemings of Lomaria,—a Breton noble, and the villain of the fiction,—to procure a wife with a fortune. The contrasted and more romantic portion, intended to relieve the formalities of busy idleness and polished depravity at Paris, give us a tale of bigamy; Gabrielle, the daughter of a hotel keeper being beheld and beloved by Count de Mezeraye, but under the disguise of an artist. A marriage takes place, and he passes the principal part of his time with the innocent and beautiful girl, pleading regimental business to his prior wife as the reason of his absence. The end, however, is not joyous. We must not omit mentioning that the tale of a gipsy hero is intertwined with both parts of the story, but without any necessity; just as other tales are foisted in to the marring and confusion of the fiction.

The faults of the work are,—bad construction, and want of naturalness in regard to situation, incident, character, and speech. It is an artificial affair from beginning to end; but felt to be so much more when read as a whole, than when any one of the stop-stories is alone read. On the other hand Miss Costello excels in description, in her knowledge of manners, and in her display of intimacy with French annals, costume, and personal passages. Her literature too is graceful, though lifeless rather than animated, just as are her conceptions and sentiments.

The courtiers and court of Louis the Fourteenth do not appear to be particularly well adapted for romantic fiction, supposing that the novelist intends to keep pretty near to the truth both of character and incident. One cannot sympathize with persons and scenes where utter heartlessness, unceasing envyings, and struggling intrigue were the elements of thought and occupation; unless indeed we except the cold levities of the wittier spirits as some relief. At any rate Miss Costello has not the original genius or the acquired skill to be faithful in her portraiture of forbidding and reluctant subjects, and at the same time to excite an interest in them. But we must give some examples; and shall select two of the best, because being much of the nature of separate, distinct, and complete tales, they do not involve a critical examination of the larger constructive power, or questions relative to consistency and probability.

We first extract a scene where Gabrielle and a bevy of the courtiers figure. She has come to Paris to petition for Mezeraye's pardon. This purpose has reached the ears of the worthless clique; and for their amusement they contrive to bewilder the earnest suppliant, and to deceive her by a mock audience. De Grammont personates the King; and the scene is enacted at Ninon's :—

The hour arrived, and the aunt and niece were punctual. A thousand hopes and fears agitated the mind of the latter, as she thought of the probable consequences of her interview with the King; and as the carriage stopped at the door of the hotel, and De Sevigné handed her from it, it was with difficulty she was able to support herself.

The beautiful Ninon received her with that grace and courtesy for which she was celebrated; and a feeling of remorse sprang up instantly in her mind when she beheld her emotion; but the fondness for excitement checked it, and she made the speech that had been agreed on, promising that when the King arrived she should be summoned.

She and her aunt were then left in a room alone, and in a short time they judged by the bustle in the house that the moment so much desired was come.

They were not kept long in suspense; for the Marquis De Sevigné presently entering, informed Gabrielle that she might follow him. With trembling steps she accepted his hand: and, after passing through a long corridor and several rooms, along which a great many persons elegantly dressed were stationed, the folding doors of a large saloon were thrown open, and she beheld a cavalier, whom she imagined to be the King, surrounded by gentlemen, conversing with Mademoiselle Ninon with an air of affability which was calculated to give her courage.

De Grammont, for he it was who personated the Monarch to the life, turned round on her entrance, and, looking at her with intent admiration, could scarcely suppress an exclamation; while Lomaria, who stood by, at once recognised the fair creature he had seen at Seignelay.

Gabrielle, pale and trembling, threw herself at his feet, and awaited his pleasure.

"Speak," said he in a soft voice, "and be not alarmed. Louis is not a tyrant, that the sight of him should terrify his fair subjects. Tell me the cause of your distress, and we will see if it be possible to assist you."

"Your Majesty can with one word put an end to the fears and danger of three persons," said Gabrielle: "what I now venture to entreat is a safe conduct for one whose wife lies under a false imputation. If he could appear, it would be sufficient to release her from suspicion; but he has, alas! committed a crime which places his life in peril, and without your Majesty's word of grace he dare not venture before the judges of his wife."

"And his name, fair suppliant, is?—" De Grammont was continuing, and had bent down his head towards the weeping girl, when the doors were flung open with violence, and the physician Fagon advanced with a rapid step into the centre of the room.

"Hold, gentlemen!" cried he, in an angry voice: though you may be at liberty to play what fool's games you please when it concerns only yourselves, you have no right to deceive and mock the feelings of a lady, whose misfortunes are entitled to compassion from all who have a right to the name of man. To those dishonourable buffoons who think it a pleasant jest to wound the heart of innocence, I announce that this injured lady is under my protection, and is no fitting subject for this disgraceful deception. Rise, madam, I entreat," he added, addressing Gabrielle: "This is no place for you—you have been imposed upon by worthless persons, who think their nobility will shield them from contempt. Let me lead you back to your aunt, and to your

home; and despair not that the King will yet hear your prayer and listen to your sorrows."

So sudden was this interruption, and so vehement the indignant manner of Fagon, that at first none of all the group had uttered a single word. They looked at each other with shame and annoyance: at length De Grammont spoke.

"Doctor," said he, "you forget in whose presence you are: if it was indeed in the King's, your insolence might pass unnoticed, for he gives too much licence to his menials; but we endure no such conduct, and you had better quit the house this instant, while you have escaped the chastisement you merit. Lomaria, turn the Doctor out of the presence-chamber: the lady is under our protection."

Lomaria, with an insolent air, advanced to the Doctor, and laying his hand on his cloak, was about to obey the sovereign command: but Fagon laid his hand on his sword.

"Marquis de Gwerrand," he said, "you are not in Brittany, nor are your oppressed vassals before you. This is not the aire neuve."

Lomaria recoiled, and the paleness of death spread over his countenance; while Fagon took the hand of the bewildered Gabrielle, and led her from the saloon.

As he passed Ninon he addressed her.

"Madam," he said, "none know better than I, that in spite of your levity you have feelings which should have prevented you from permitting this scene."

"Come, Fagon," said De Sevigné, "you insult not Mademoiselle de L'Enclos: dare to utter another word, and your descent into the street will be more rapid than you anticipated when you ventured to disturb our amusement."

"Silence, De Sevigné," cried Ninon rising: "I have acted in a base and cruel manner in countenancing this outrage: let no one who values my friendship now and for ever oppose Monsieur Fagon, or detain the young lady; whose pardon I most earnestly entreat for the part I have taken in this affair. Although I am ignorant of her history, I am convinced she deserves better than even to be seen entering my house. Go, Doctor, and take with you my admiration for your zeal, and thanks for your plain speaking."

No rejoinder was made to this remark; and Gabrielle was carried rather than led to the carriage of her protector, where Madame Collard already sat; and they arrived at her house in a few minutes.

Our other specimen has more of description in it, and therefore also exhibits Miss Costello to advantage. The scene is the execution of two of Count Lomaria's infamous agents, De Maintenon being the prime and subtle mover, for whom the villain employed the most nefarious arts. A tragedy succeeds the sacrifice:

Madame de Sevigné records in her famous letters that she was fortunate to get a sight of the procession as she sat at the hotel de Sully, with numerous ladies of rank, her friends, all of whom appear to have been equally gratified. Through many of the streets thus lined, the bridegroom Lomaria, and his intimate and inseparable friends de Sevigné, de Grammont, and the

rest, rode on their superbly caparisoned horses towards St. Germain de l'Auxerrois. Lomaria's dress was one which had excited great admiration, and it was pronounced by those excellent judges an inimitable one. His mantle and doublet were of violet velvet, with an embroidery of diamonds—the first lined with black satin, strewed all over with small diamond stars, said to surpass in richness that of the Prince de Conti on his wedding day. His hat was surmounted with a white plume, and fastened with jewels of great value, and, as he rode along, the grace and ease with which he managed his fiery steed were the theme of admiration in many a crowded balcony, whence fair hands were waved to the gallant party as they paced along. As they had to pass near the Place de Grève it was proposed by the bridegroom's friends, and readily assented to by him, that they should turn down that way, and see the preparations for the execution: they accordingly directed their horses' heads down a little alley, which leads into the square, and had soon gained the opening. In the centre stood a high stake, surrounded by huge logs of wood, and light brushwood, and straw spread over them. A band of guards stood close to it, preventing the near approach of the populace, who were pouring in by every avenue. Presently from the opposite side from that at which Lomaria's party had entered, a cart was seen advancing, in which stood the condemned—La Voisin and de Rouville. They were dressed in white, and in their hands, tied together with cords, each held a torch. La Voisin was very red, and had all the appearance of being intoxicated—she violently repulsed the priest who was by her side, and refused to look at the crucifix he held up to her. De Rouville remained motionless, with her head bent down upon her breast, her brows strongly knit, and her lips pressed closely together. "Let us leave this place," said Lomaria, turning pale, "I had no idea the victims had arrived. I have no taste for an *auto da fé*." "We must halt a moment," said de Sevigné, "for the mob is so great that we shall scarcely be able to pierce it. Look at La Voisin, they say she has been drunk for several days, and is resolved to die merrily. The other is de Rouville—poor things how they must feel the jolting of that odious cart! they who had so much taste too—it is really a pity. But see—the fair Pole recognises us—she gesticulates—she would fain wave her hand, but that it is tied. Lomaria, it is surely you she is addressing." Lomaria looked in the direction his friend pointed, and met the eye of the unfortunate woman who was addressing herself to him.

The crowd rushed on, their howlings and hootings as the prisoners were hurried along became fearful, but above them all the bridegroom heard the curses of his nurse de Rouville, as she tore her hair with her manacled hands, and strove to break from the guards who held her. "There!" cried she, "there he rides, flaunting and gay—to church to his bride—he who is a greater sinner than us all—a murderer and betrayer. He told me he would save my life at the last, but he abandoned his poor nurse, he turned a deaf ear to her prayers—he would not speak one word to Scarron to keep her from the stake—but he will not escape. Go—go to the bridal—enter the church and shine in beauty and wickedness—but beware of leaving it—the Aire Neuve! the Aire Neuve! Bretons do not forgive!" Lomaria spurred his horse—his companions did the same, and they soon cleared the crowd, and heard only at a distance the shrieks of the condemned and the execra-

tions of the mob. "The fair Poles," said de Grammont, "who deceived us all so well, deserved a better fate, it must be exceedingly painful to die in this way." "Oh!" remarked de Sevigné, "I am assured that they will be strangled before the pile is lighted—one of their own band who is experienced in the art, and says he practised it in the East, has been accepted for the office, his dexterity is wonderful—he is a gipsy—we will go one day Lomaria, and see some of his performances—it must be very curious—he will exhibit on animals, as it is thought wrong to take human subjects—though heaven knows our jails are full enough to spare some as specimens." Lomaria laughed hoarsely. "We shall be late," said he, "and the bride will be kept waiting. Poor Angelique! she is no doubt already on her way; in a few minutes I shall be a rich man." "What an agreeable sensation that must be," said de Sevigné, "I really think I shall give my mother carte blanche to marry me to some fortunate heiress—if they could arrange it all without my appearing in the business, I really would not object."

Talking thus, the friends arrived at the church door, where they took their stations, and waited till the bridal cortege appeared, which it shortly after did, and all entered together. There was a great crowd in the square before the church, and it was with difficulty a way could be made through the concourse of people. Many artizans and persons of a low class were mingled with well-dressed groups, all eager to gaze on the scene. Amongst them might be observed two men of rather singular appearance, who stood together and gravely looked on: they were dressed nearly alike, and wore large black hats, very much flapped over their faces, their long hair hanging over their shoulders, their nether garments of great amplitude plaited in large folds round their waists, and fastened by a girdle, in which were stuck the long knife peculiar to their nation: their costume at once proclaimed them as Bretons, and the singular patois in which they uttered a few words to each other at intervals, left no doubt on the subject. They seemed quite careless of the jibes of the mob, who cut many jokes on their outlandish appearance, but continued to keep close to the door of entrance, one on each side, maintaining their post with great perseverance, as if determined to be the first to see the bride and bridegroom when they came forth as man and wife. Their apparent desire was soon about to be accomplished, for, the ceremony over, the folding doors were thrown open, and the bridal party began to walk forward: the Queen, and many of her ladies, had been witnesses of the ceremony, and when it was finished, Mary Therèse, unable to suppress a tear, stooped down and imprinted a kiss on the bride's forehead. A strain of solemn music filled the aisles as Lomaria gave his hand to Angelique, and led her down the centre aisle to the door, where stood a magnificent carriage covered with gilding, and the panels richly painted with emblematic figures and devices. Plumes nodded at each corner of the gilded roof, the horses we recaparisoned in dazzling colours, and the numerous attendants were clothed in liveries of the richest description. The pair reached the door, and Lomaria handed his bride into the resplendent chariot, a present from the king, and substituted, as a surprise, for the travelling carriage which was to have borne the new-married lovers to St. Germain, where a grand fete awaited them. Angelique smiled as she observed the change, and paused an instant as she placed her foot on the step, turning to Lomaria

with a gratified expression. At that moment the two Bretons darted forward, their knives gleamed in the air, and before the flash was scarcely observed both were buried in the body of the bridegroom. "L'Aire Neuve!" shrieked Lomaria as he fell on the steps of the carriage, dying the white garments of his bride crimson with his blood. The crowd, paralyzed with amazement and horror, pressed forward—many had seen the blow, but no one had presence of mind to seek for or seize the assassins, who had disappeared, and were nowhere to be found, when, the confusion having subsided, inquiry was made for them. As de Sevingé, de Grammont, and the rest returned with the body of the murdered man to his residence, they again crossed the Place de Grêve—the crowd had deserted it—all had hurried to the wedding, but in the centre were still seen a few smouldering ashes—a strong smell of fire filled the space, heavy masses of smoke rolled sluggishly away, and all told the tale that Les Amis had expiated their crimes, and that the catalogue of their dangerous revelations was hushed, by the frightful death to which they had been condemned.

ART. V.—*The Progress of the Nation, in its various Social and Economical Relations, from the beginning of the Nineteenth Century to the Present Time.* By G. R. PORTER, Esq., F.R.S. Sections V. to VIII.

THIS is the third of the series of the volumes which Mr. Porter has published within these few years, upon the subject of the Progress of the Nation in its Social and Economical Relations, from the beginning of the Nineteenth Century to the Present Time. The first volume related to Population and Production; the second was devoted to Interchange, Revenue, and Expenditure; and the one before us treats of Consumption, Accumulation, Moral Progress, Colonies and Foreign Dependencies. Mr. Porter's merit is such as any person of high purpose, and exemplary labour may be proud of. He is a man of science as well as of facts; and both are made to point and work towards the same enlightened and benevolent end. Political economy with him is something more than an array of satistical tables or computations,—although these are numerous; for the general views deduced have life and language in them; and spite of the dulness or erratic taste of the popular reader, will bind his attention to matters of a social and moral nature interesting to all, and send him away with principles defined, and with more practical impressions than probably he ever dreamt of. The author's mode of selection and combination is excellent. Nothing more brief, clear, and substantial of the same sort of commodity was ever before provided; nothing more liberal and yet more unflinching, firm, and fruitful of suggestion.

Before quoting passages of some length and more or less connectedly, in order to enable the reader to form a tolerably correct

idea of Mr. Porter's manner of composition, and of his system of treatment, arguments, and doctrine, we shall refer to or announce several of the more remarkable facts ascertained, or conclusions arrived at. For example, under the head of *consumption*, it is shown in respect of bricks and of timber, that the increase has been vast, while of gold and silver plate there has been a falling off, even with all our growing luxury and display. These results have occurred, be it borne in mind, some of them on the one hand outstripping, and others again lagging behind, the ratio of population. The falling off of plate is the more observable, when it is considered that while the consumption was at the highest rate, the prices of bullion were unprecedently high. We must refer our readers to the volume itself for speculations on the subject, as well as for all others that we may name.

The progress of the nation is conspicuous if the consumption of paper be taken into view. Various reasons may be assigned for this improvement. But not to stop to consider these, let us observe, that it is believed great improvements might still be introduced in the manufacture of this article if the duty were removed or modified. The candle trade has been quoted as a case in point. Says Mr. Porter, "During all the time that an excise duty was levied upon candles, it may be said that there was no improvement made in their quality; and it is probable that, had the duty not been repealed, the regulations enforced by the revenue officers would have continued to prevent any such improvements. No sooner, however, were the manufacturers relieved from the restraints thus imposed, than their ingenuity was set to work, and each year that has since elapsed, has produced one or more inventions or combinations, whereby the essential good qualities of candles have been increased, and their cost, relatively to their value in use, diminished."

There is another remarkable and suggestive fact connected with the history of candles: their use in dwellings, and especially the use of wax-candles, has increased in a greater proportion than the population, since the introduction of gas-lighting. A similar rise has taken place in the consumption of whale oil.

Mr. Porter discovers indices of prosperity where others would only either perceive enlarged selfishness, material aggrandisement, and tokens foreboding of evil and retribution. He does not interpret statistics in the way that Mr. Macintyre on Aristocracies would adopt; while he also reads chapters of the book of the onward world which that gentleman probably has never perused. It is the social and the economical progress, rather than the moral aspect of the nation that our author contemplates. It is chiefly with the statistics of the former branches of political economy that he deals; from these drawing general conclusions, and expressing such conclusions in a singularly lucid and able manner; so as to have produced a volume

that must be interesting to all. We say interesting even in this broad sense; for it is impossible for any reader who is capable of reflection and feels merely idle curiosities, not to be taken up with the clearest existing view of the national transitions and enlargements in a vast variety of departments, or not to experience a generous and expanding solicitude when the eye is directed by such a master of propects as our author into the future. To persons whose studies lie among statistical details, it cannot be too often repeated, the present work is indispensable.

Many striking and important facts are brought to light in the course of Mr. Porter's laborious collections and patient searching calculations. The increase in the consumption of timber and iron for example, during the present century, has been extraordinary. Then with regard to the statistics of liquors, of beer, spirits, and wine, our consumption is certainly immense. One of our extracts will give however, not an altogether gloomy account of the national progress in drinking.

The number of servants has increased from 86,093 in 1812 to 109,814 in 1840. This however is not at a rate equal to the increase of people; and to be still more precise, Mr. Porter shows that it was only from 1831 to 1835, that the augmentation in the number of male-servants was in exact keeping with the growth of the population. Reckoning the annual expense of maintaining each at 60*l.*, there must have been spent in 1840, on male domestics alone, 6,588,840*l.* "If to the expenditure of 1831, we add the probable expense of maintaining 670,491 female servants, the number then ascertained to be kept in Great Britain, averaging the expense of each, for board and wages, at 35*l.* per annum—it will appear that the expense incurred for domestic servants in that year was altogether 29,575,665*l.*"

One branch of growth more; and then to our larger samples: the increase in carriages, especially in two-wheeled carriages, let for hire, has not only been remarkable, counting from 1812 to 1840, but the increase and transitions have been extremely curious. We present Mr. Porter's table.

Carriages	1812.	1821.	1831.	1836.	1840.
With four wheels .	16,596	17,555	24,886	26,861	27,194
With two wheels .	27,286	30,743	49,331	45,242	42,732
Let for hire	5,544	5,480	20,196	31,937	34,550
	49,426	53,778	94,413	104,040	104,476

Consumption is the subject of the several chapters in the section of the volume that first strikes the eye. Here, and in other parts of Mr. Porter's pages, his collection of facts and his way of viewing them, offered us this result—that the people at large have of late

years, notwithstanding some occasional checks, obtained in England a continually increasing command of the necessaries of life; that the amount of individual industry is more skilfully applied than in former times, when the numbers were not so great; and that the popular belief is ill-founded which holds that it was then easier than it now is for each individual to provide for his comfortable existence. Relative even to the very unequal division among the people, of the produce of national industry, which is to be complained of at the present day, he thinks it was in bygone times still greater; and he holds out this encouraging doctrine, that hereafter the labouring classes will have continued to add to their means of comfortable subsistence. He maintains that here in England at least the condition of the mass of the people in respect of comfort and respectability has improved, even since the beginning of the present century; and this not merely in the case of the great bulk of those who are called the working classes, but of tradesmen, shopkeepers, farmers—in short, of every class whose personal and family comforts admitted of material increase. He argues that from the comparatively small number of persons in England who live without gainful employment, that the sum of human enjoyment must be vast, as far as this enjoyment can be said to depend upon the possession of the necessaries, conveniences, and luxuries of life, "since the whole of what they produce beyond what is wanted to replace the capital expended in that production, must be either consumed by them or added to the capital of the country, and in this way will be made to increase the power of production in future years." The following gives us Mr. Porter's estimate of the proportion of persons in England who apply themselves to productive labour, and with all the advantages natural and acquired offered in the country:—

In every community the power of consuming must be measured and controlled by the power of producing. The extraordinary degree of producing power which exists in this kingdom has been shown in the second section of this work. Not only is the proportion of persons in the community who pass their lives in active industry, labouring with their hands or their heads, greater in this than in almost any other well-peopled country in Europe, but the amount of skilled labour performed in a given time by any given number of our countrymen is commonly greater than that accomplished by the like number of any other people in Europe. To this circumstance it is in a great part owing that, with a higher rate of daily wages paid for fewer hours of toil than are required in other countries, our manufacturers have been able, under otherwise adverse circumstances to maintain the superiority over their rivals. Many of those rivals, both in France and in Germany, have continued to possess themselves of our best machines, notwithstanding the legal prohibition to their exportation; but having hitherto been unable to imbue their workmen with the degree of energy and skill by which the English artizan is distinguished, are in general unable to compete with us in any but the commonest kinds of fabrics.

The proportion of persons in the United Kingdom who pass their time without applying to any gainful occupation, is quite inconsiderable. Of 5,812,276 males, twenty years of age and upwards, living at the time of the census of 1831, there were said to be engaged in some calling or profession, 5,466,182, as under,—

In Agriculture	2,470,111
In Trade and Manufactures	1,888,768
In Labour not Agricultural	698,588
In Domestic Service	132,811
As Bankers, Clergymen, Professional men, &c.	275,904

thus leaving unemployed only 346,094, or rather less than six per cent. of the whole, which, assuming that the proportionate number at each age continued the same in 1831 that it was found to be in 1821, is not quite a quarter per cent. beyond the number living in 1831 who were 70 years of age and upwards. It is probable that this number of unemployed persons is somewhat understated, and that noblemen and gentlemen residing upon their estates, many of whom trust to agents everything connected with business employments, are reckoned among the number of those engaged in agriculture; but if it is the case, it cannot very greatly alter the calculation.

We are not going to discuss the question, how far statistical tables may be relied on when endeavouring to arrive at the actual truth, or how often the deductions of political economists may be at variance with existing experience. One thing is certain, that it requires a careful reading of Mr. Porter's pages, to have any due conception of the immense number and variety of his topics, his arguments, and his illustrations,—or the closeness and perspicuity of his views. For example, his facts and calculations, respecting the rate and increase of consumption, drawn from different and significant sources—such as the increase of houses as compared with that of inhabitants, guides to a conclusion strongly in favour of the onward progress of society.

Our author much regrets that there are no means provided by which the consumption in this country of the prime necessaries of life can be traced. "It is only with respect to those few articles of native production which have been subjected to the payment of duties, that any provision has ever been made for ascertaining their quantity; and as the chief articles of food and clothing, when of native production, have never been directly taxed in England, we have always been ignorant in this respect regarding the quantities produced." Mr. Porter regards the prejudice that exists, especially amongst the agriculturists, against any organized plan on the part of government for obtaining the desired knowledge, to be quite absurd. A similar ignorance with regard to the consumption of the common kinds of food does not extend to many other articles of use. Some countries are not so awkwardly situated.

In Belgium every kind of information connected with the production of the kingdom is obtained with considerable accuracy, by means of a body of gentlemen (usually proprietors) residing in different localities, and who are elected in their respective provinces, for purposes of local government, by the same persons that elect deputies to the legislative chamber. The functions of the persons thus elected are in many respects similar to those of justices of the peace in English counties. Having local knowledge concerning the condition and circumstances of the several *communes* in their district, they are enabled readily to prevent or to detect errors in the returns made by the several farmers or occupiers, and there is therefore every reason to place a considerable degree of reliance upon the accuracy of the result. This result is annually presented by them in a detailed report, which is printed under the authority of the governor of the province, and is open to the use of every one of the inhabitants. It has never been pretended that any improper advantage has been taken of the knowledge thus acquired; and if this can be said of Belgium, where the members of the legislative chambers have not by any means so great nor so direct an interest in the landed property of the kingdom as is possessed by the members of our two houses of parliament, there cannot surely be any reason to dread lest injury should thus be occasioned in England. The information which it appears to be so desirable to obtain with reference to the whole kingdom, is already procurable with the greatest facility, with regard to each individual farm, by any person having a sufficient interest to incite him to the task. The landlord, who is interested in extracting a due proportion of the produce of a farm in the name of rent, cannot find much difficulty in correctly estimating that produce. A similar facility attends the operation both of the tithe proctor and of the officers of a parish. The information is therefore already procurable by every one who can turn it to the disadvantage of the farmer; and all that is wanted is to extend it, so that the farmer himself, as well as the nation at large, may be enabled to profit from it. If the members of our two houses of parliament belonged exclusively to the mercantile and manufacturing classes, there might be some appearance of prudence in concealment on the part of the agriculturists, but, in the actual state of things, when, with scarcely an exception, every member of the House of Lords draws his revenue from land, and an overwhelming majority of the House of Commons are similarly circumstanced, it is quite absurd to suppose that any measures inimical to the interest of those who possess or occupy the soil would be attempted by them.

Mr. Porter cites a striking instance illustrative of the kind and degree of benefit which the country generally, and the farmers particularly, would derive from the possession of accurate details on the subject of our last extract. He says, "The high prices to which corn advanced towards the end of 1838 were of but little advantage to the growers, who had for the most part already brought their stocks to market, in ignorance of the facts which afterwards became apparent; so that the benefit of the rise was almost engrossed by the importers of foreign grain, which would certainly not have been

the case if any accurate estimate of the crop of 1837 could have been made."

Accumulation is the subject that naturally follows that of Consumption, in a work treating of the progress of the nation in its various social and economical relations. In this section, as in the former, our author discovers manifest and pregnant proofs "that the substantial wealth, the capital of the country, has kept pace with our modern progress in other respects." "If we have not made as much progress as our means should have enabled us towards the well-being of all classes of the community, we have yet, during the present century, and especially within the last twenty-five years, made great advances in that direction, greater perhaps than were ever before realized by peaceable means, and by any community in any equal period of time." We leave the subject for the philosophy of those who may think in accordance with the author of "Past and Present." The details in the various chapters of the section will instruct men who are willing to be guided in the paths of what is ordinarily understood to constitute economical science.

Moral Progress is the theme of another division of the volume. This section has great attractions for the general as well as philosophical reader, not only as a subject, but as here handled and represented. Has our *moral* kept pace with our *material* progress? The answer returned by Mr. Porter is favourable and encouraging. Not that he is unaware of the prevalence of selfishness and mammon-worship, of the squalid wretchedness among our poor population, or of the multiplication of criminal offenders, as well as of great departures "from that course of rectitude which was wont to make this land more honoured for its justice than it was respected for its power." He holds too that if it can be satisfactorily shown, while wealth has been accumulated and luxuries multiplied, that vice has been thereby engendered, and misery augmented, "it were better, (if it were possible) that we should return to the condition of poverty, make over our wealth-procuring inventions to other people, or, better still, consign them to annihilation, and, together with their poverty, resume the simplicity and comparative innocence of our forefathers."

Crime, of course, forms the topic of a large portion of the inquiry relative to Moral Progress. The picture drawn is dark, but not without those steady beams of hope as well as of clear lights actually realized, that must gratify the considerate reader. The author's general views and his reasons for expecting continuous amendment, may be in part gathered from the opening paragraphs of his chapter on Manners. He thus writes:—

The result of the examination of our criminal statistics, contained in the preceding chapter, is calculated to excite feelings at once of regret and of hope—of regret, that the science of government in this, one of its most important branches, has hitherto been so ill understood or so ineffectually fol-

lowed out, as to have allowed the fearful growth of criminality exhibited by parliamentary returns—of hope, that the means of arresting and in a great degree of correcting the evil having discovered themselves by means of the classification of offenders which of late years have been adopted, efforts will now be made to give full efficacy to those means. Heretofore, the growing evil has been dealt with blindly, and in a spirit of empiricism—now, and hereafter, we may press forward in the work of reformation with a full comprehension of the disease, with confidence in the means of cure, and with some assurance of success. We, and those who preceded us, have formerly been content to make the too common mistake of attacking symptoms instead of seeking out and combating the disease at its source. The degree of ignorance upon this subject which has prevailed will hardly be credited some years hence, when, as may now be reasonably expected, the desired result shall be accomplished. Dr. Colquhon, a most active and intelligent police magistrate, to whom society is much indebted for the fearless disclosures made by him, which awakened attention to the growing evil, had yet the most imperfect conception of the means to be used for arresting it. In the evidence given by him before the select committee of the House of Commons on the police of the metropolis in 1816, we find this passage: "On or about the years 1744 or 1745, when multitudes of men and women were rolling about the streets drunk in consequence of the number of gin-shops, the physicians were consulted upon it, and then an act was passed that no person should be entitled to a spirit licence that could not previously produce an ale licence." We must infer, from his approval of this expedient, that Dr. Colquhon attributed to the existence of gin-shops the disposition to drunkenness then prevalent, instead of looking at them as the consequence of the prevailing low condition of morals. How this evil was to be remedied by obliging the publican to pay a few pounds additional for an ale licence, and to keep a few gallons of ale upon his premises for such as might choose to ask for it, does not appear; neither is it shown why physicians were consulted, since there could be no doubt of the injury to the bodily frame from habitual drunkenness, and there was no thought of curing the propensity by administering physic. The state of things, as described by Dr. Colquhon to exist in 1745, had not then newly appeared. Ample time had then been afforded for contemplating the evil, and for attempting its cure. The addiction of the people to intoxicating drinks had reached such a point in 1736 as to occasion continual debates in parliament, and to call for remedies of a very stringent character. It was then the practice of some publicans to entice their customers with a notice painted on a board outside the house to this effect:—"You may get here drunk for a penny, dead drunk for twopence, and have clean straw for nothing." The legislators of that day, thinking that the cheapness of the liquor caused the abuse, proposed a duty of 20*s.* per gallon, and to prohibit the sale of spirituous liquors by retail, a measure far more likely to attain the end proposed than that of obliging the publican to provide himself with a supplemental licence; and yet it signally failed in its purpose. Coxe, in his "Life of Walpole," speaking of it, says, "The Act led to the usual proceedings of riot and violence; the clandestine sale of gin was continued in defiance of every restriction; the demand for penalties the offenders were unable to pay filled the prisons, and, by remov-

ing every restraint plunged them into courses more audaciously criminal." In March, 1783, a proclamation was issued to enforce the Gin Act, to protect the officers of justice in their efforts to that end, and to threaten offenders with punishment. Within less than two years from its passing, 12,000 people had been convicted under the Act within the bills of mortality, of whom 5000 had been sentenced to pay each a penalty of 100*l.*, and 3000 people had paid 10*l.* each to excuse their being sent to Bridewell house of correction.

These harsh proceedings failed entirely. It was given in evidence before a committee of the House of Commons in 1743, that the quantity of spirituous liquors made for consumption in England and Wales was:—

In 1733	10,500,000 gallons
1734	13,500,000 "
1740	15,250,000 "
1741	17,000,000 "
1742	19,000,000 "

These quantities were consumed by a population not exceeding six millions, giving 3 1-6 gallons for each individual in 1742. One century later, and we find a population increased to sixteen millions consuming 8,166,985 gallons in the year, or half a gallon per head; showing a diminished consumption of more than five-sixths. There were, in 1742, in the bills of mortality, more than 20,000 houses and shops in which gin was sold by retail.

Education is another subject of the examination into the moral progress of the nation that obtains Mr. Porter's enlightened survey and valuable suggestions. Rowland Hill's Postage plans also receive a merited consideration. Nor is the greatly increased circulation of *stamped* newspapers in consequence of the reduction of duty from 4*d.* to 1*d.* per sheet, to the repression of low-priced and greatly inferior unstamped papers,—an overlooked event and feature in our recent national history. A slight glance is also taken of our intellectual advancements in all the various departments of human discovery and acquirement; the inference being that if we have profited as well of our opportunities as our fathers did of those bequeathed to them, we must have made greater and more rapid strides than any who have gone before us, providing at the same time for a still more rapid advance on the part of those who will succeed us.

Colonies and Foreign Dependencies occupy our author throughout the last section of the volume. He begins with noticing certain erroneous views entertained on these subjects:—

If called upon to declare the circumstance in the condition of England which, more than all other things, makes her the envy of surrounding nations, it would be to her colonial possessions that we must attribute that feeling. In the eyes of foreigners those possessions are at once the evidence of our power and the surest indicant of its increase. A very different estimate of their importance is, however, made by many among ourselves. How

often do we hear the value of those possessions depreciated; nay, how common is it to be told that England would be more prosperous and happy without colonies!

Nor is this doctrine confined to the common herd of society; it is put forth from time to time by men who would teach us by their writings, and is occasionally heard even within the walls of the Houses of Parliament, where, so often as some real or alleged act of mismanagement or extravagance in our colonial administration is brought forward, occasion is used for displaying to the world how small a portion of the science of government may be possessed by men who take upon themselves one of the highest functions of society—that of making laws for its regulation. "Colonies are mismanaged—therefore they are evils. They are the source of ceaseless expense—therefore it would be wise to rid ourselves of the encumbrance!" Such has been the cry from time to time, and more or less at all times, of men who, while they put themselves forward as being competent to assist in the government of a nation, are unable to discern the difference between use and abuse, or to see that in politics as well as in all other branches of human concerns, everything, however useful or even necessary to happiness, may be converted into an injury by an unwise mode of dealing with it.

It would form a very inconclusive argument against the value of colonies and foreign possessions, that under bad or defective systems of government they had always been productive of evil. The like objection might as reasonably be made against every personal and every national blessing. Wealth may be abused, intellectual gifts may be perverted, station and power may be prostituted to serve the most unrighteous purposes, and we all have seen these things happen; but do we thence find occasion to denounce the pernicious nature of riches, or mental endowments, or personal and national influence, and to renounce them, together with the good they are calculated to yield? It would seem to require but one moment's reflection to be convinced that colonial possessions must be capable of adding to the wealth, the power, and the resources of the parent state, if the right means for making them so shall be adopted; and that if, on the contrary, they have tended to our weakness and impoverishment, those consequences are attributable not to anything inherent in the nature of those possessions, but to unwise legislation or to unjust government.

Mr. Porter goes on to characterize the principal cause of this weakness and impoverishment, viz., the restrictive and colonial system; our dependencies having been converted into a close monopoly in favour of England. New lights, to be sure, have broke in upon our statesmen relative to the impolicy of this selfish system, and various relaxations have been introduced. But "it is still sought to retain a great share of the supposed advantages of monopoly by means of differential duties chargeable in the colonies against the productions and manufactures of foreign countries. After having fortified his views of what ought to be the leading principles of colonization in all the maritime states of Europe, by quoting Adam Smith and Bryan Edwards, Mr. Porter again thus expresses himself:—

In order to reconcile our colonists to the "badge of their dependency" thus fastened upon them, the legislature of England has sought to give them compensation at the expense of other countries, by means of differential duties that admitted the productions of our colonies at lower rates than the same productions brought from other quarters. Every real benefit thus imparted to the colonists must be at the expense of the people at home; first, because of the higher price which we pay for the colonial articles, and without which higher price there could manifestly be no advantage to the colonist; and further, because of the retaliatory measures to which the system is sure to give rise, on the part of countries whose produce is thus placed at disadvantage in our markets, and which measures of retaliation are levelled, not at the trade of our colonies, which indeed they cannot reach, but against that of the mother-country.

The amount of injury sustained from this last-named cause cannot well be made the subject of calculation; but some idea may be formed of the ruinous effect of differential duties upon the expenditure of this nation, by showing the result produced in one year by the prohibitory duty upon a single article of colonial production—sugar. A statement to this effect will be found in this volume (page 40,) where it is shown that we paid for the quantity of sugar used in 1840 more than 5,000,000*l.* sterling beyond what would have been paid for the same quantity, irrespective of duties, by any other people of Europe. The total value of our manufactures exported in that year to our sugar colonies was under 4,000,000*l.*, so that the nation would have gained a million of money in that one year by following the true principle of buying in the cheapest market, even though we had made the sugar-growers a present of all the goods which they took from us.

It must be idle to suppose that colonists depend for their existence and progress upon such preferences. Unless prevented through the interference of legislative restrictions, they will certainly be able to apply their industry in some profitable channel. The very fact of their existence indicates that the inhabitants of colonies are in possession of advantages, whether of soil or climate, greater than are afforded by the country whence they have emigrated; and it must be reckoned among the evils produced by differential or *protective* duties, that they divert capital and industry from more profitable into less profitable, and sometimes even into hurtful, branches of employment.

After having established his doctrine relative to the advantages to a state of being possessed of colonies, Mr. Porter takes a survey of those pertaining to England in the several quarters of the globe. He concludes the section and the volume in these words:—"During the very few years that have elapsed since the first volume of this work was offered to the notice of the public, the cause of commercial freedom, which is the cause of human progress, has made more rapid strides than its most sanguine disciple then dared to expect. The system of restrictions and preferences so strictly advocated and maintained, and in support of which such signal party triumphs have been achieved, at length is drawing to its end. The hands even to which it looked for support have assisted towards its downfall, and,

like all falling bodies, its descent will become more and more rapid until it shall cease to have existence."

We have now only to add to these extracts from a work of first-rate merit,—remarkable for the fulness of its facts, the aptitude of its illustrations, the direct force of its argument, and the encouraging doctrines of its philosophy,—that a completely digested and ample Analytical Index is appended, and for the whole of the three volumes in the series; and this besides the table of contents for the subjects of each section and chapter, prefixed to each volume.

ART. VI.—*Commentaries on Equity Jurisprudence, as administered in England and America.* By JOSEPH STORY, LL.D., Dane Professor of Law in Harvard University. 2 vols.

WE believe very few persons, even in England, where an Equity court has been so long in existence, and where the jurisdiction of that court is so potent and extended, have anything like a correct or adequate knowledge of its peculiarities, its functions, and spheres of authority; or how it stands distinguished from the courts of strict law. It may therefore be not mispent labour if we in the course of a few of our pages present some plain definitions and illustrations of the term immediately under consideration, as guided by Mr. Justice Story, a man of deep learning and acknowledged eminence as a lawyer; describing also the provinces in which the court indicated by that term operates and has exclusive rule.

Mr. Justice Blackstone has said that "Equity in its true and genuine meaning, is the soul and spirit of all law; positive law is construed, and rational law is made by it. In this, equity is synonymous to justice; in that, to the true sense and sound interpretation of the rule." And yet this is not the sense in which the term is applied, when used relative to what are called Courts of Equity, whether in England or America. Much less are we to suppose that equity dispenseth with the common law itself, or may run counter to it. Blackstone has distinctly shown that both courts of equity and law are equally bound and uniformly profess to interpret statutes, for example, according to the true intent of the legislature, and that the same rules of interpretation are recognised by the practitioners and judges in both classes of courts. This at least holds true with regard to modern times and the present state of equity jurisprudence. "No such power is contended for," says the high authority already quoted, as "that it is the business of a court of equity in England, to abate the rigour of the common law." And he instances cases, circumstances, and conditions, where no relief can be given to mitigate the hardship and severity of the common law by any arguments and resources of an equitable nature known in this country. Then, with reference to America, Mr. Justice Story observes:—

Illustrations of the same character may be found in every state of the Union. In some states, bond debts have a privilege of priority of payment over simple contract debts, in cases of insolvent intestate estates. In others, judgments are a privileged lien on land. In many, if not in all, a debtor may prefer one creditor to another, in discharging his debts, when his assets are wholly insufficient to pay all the debts. And (not to multiply instances, what can be more harsh or indefensible than the rule of the common law, by which a husband may receive an ample fortune in personal estate through his wife, and by his own act or will strip her of every farthing and leave her a beggar?

The time was, however, that the Chancellors who presided over the Court of Equity in this country, stretched their power with a clerical licence, according to the conscience and caprice of each. "'Tis all one," says Selden, "as if they should make the standard for the measure, the Chancellor's foot." "One Chancellor has a long foot, another a short foot, a third an indifferent foot. It is the same thing with the Chancellor's conscience." Where would such a man as Wolsey stop when armed with equitable jurisdiction, and amenable to no higher authority? And yet, according to Mr. Justice Story's view, the case would have been much worse under these early clerical Chancellors had they not acquired and fortified many of their notions of general justice by the study of the civil law. "From the moment," he says, "when principles of decision came to be acted upon and established in Chancery, the Roman law furnished abundant materials to erect a superstructure, at once solid, convenient, and lofty, adapted to human wants, and enriched by all the aids of human wisdom, experience, and learning."

But what is equity, as administered in England and America at the present time? Our author's preliminary answer to the question is this, that equity may be better explained by "observations than direct definition," for that the latter are, as is often said in the law, "perilous and unsatisfactory."

A court of equity, as established in England and America, may be comprehensively explained and described, by saying that it has jurisdiction in cases where an adequate remedy cannot be had in a court of law; or not so easily and expeditiously. Again, in the former courts, there are strict and prescribed forms of action, out of which you cannot travel, while an unqualified judgment must be given either for the plaintiff or the defendant; and hence complete justice may not be done to either party. But courts of equity are elastic in their forms, and find adjustments for almost every possible contingency and peculiarity; having at the same time the power of bringing before them, without difficulty or delay, all the parties interested in the matter, and of disposing with facility of all the complications that may occur in respect of rights and conditions.

Lord Redesdale in his "Treatise of Pleadings in Equity" has enumerated the peculiar province, powers, and duties of a court of

equity, ranging these under ten distinct heads; and since his account is considered to be one of the fullest and most precise that can anywhere be met with relative to equity jurisdiction, we shall copy it out, and give it in our larger type. He says: "The jurisdiction of a court of equity, when it assumes a power of decision, is to be exercised, 1, where the principles of law, by which the ordinary courts are guided, give a right, but the powers of those courts are not sufficient to afford a complete remedy, or their modes of proceeding are inadequate to the purpose; 2, where the courts of ordinary jurisdiction are made instruments of (*in*) justice; 3, where the principles of law, by which the ordinary courts are guided, give no right, but, upon the principles of universal justice, the interference of the judicial power is necessary to prevent a wrong, and the positive law is silent; and it may also be collected, that courts of equity, without deciding upon the rights of the parties, administer to the ends of justice, by assuming a jurisdiction; 4, to remove impediments to the fair decision of a question in other courts; 5, to provide for the safety of property in dispute pending a litigation, and to preserve property in danger of being dissipated or destroyed by those to whose care it is by law intrusted, or by parties having immediate but partial interests; 6, to restrain the assertion of doubtful rights in a manner productive of irreparable damage; 7, to prevent injury to a third person by the doubtful title of others; and 8, to put a bound to vexatious and oppressive litigation, and to prevent multiplicity of suits. And further, that courts of equity, without pronouncing any judgment which may affect the rights of parties, extend their jurisdiction, 9, to compel a discovery, or obtain evidence which may assist the decision of other courts; and 10, to preserve testimony, when in danger of being lost, before the matter, to which it relates, can be made the subject of judicial investigation."

Different opinions have been held with regard to the propriety of separating law and equity. There are countries where both are administered in one class of courts and by one order of judges. Especially is this the case where the principles of the Roman law prevail. Instances may be cited where the severance operates beneficially, and others again where the reverse is experienced. However, we must take the institutions as they actually exist. We therefore proceed to quote what Mr. Justice Story has to say respecting the origin and growth of equity courts and jurisdiction in his country. The passage also throws some light upon the subject of separating the courts of law and equity.

In America, equity jurisprudence had its origin at a far later period than the jurisdiction properly appertaining to the courts of common law. In many of the colonies, during the connexion with Great Britain, it had either no existence at all, or a very imperfect and irregular administration. Even since the Revolution, which severed the ties which bound us to the

parent country, it has been of slow growth and cultivation; and there are still some states, in whose municipal jurisprudence it has no place at all, or no place as a separate and distinct science. Even in those states in which it has been cultivated with the most success, and for the greatest length of time, it can scarcely be said to have been generally studied, or administered, as a system of enlightened and exact principles, until about the close of the eighteenth century. Indeed, until a much later period, when reports were regularly published, it scarcely obtained the general regard of the profession, beyond the purlieus of its immediate officers and ministers. Even in the state of New York, whose rate in jurisprudence has never been second to that of any other state in the Union (if it has not been the first among its peers), equity was scarcely felt in the general administration of justice until about the period of the reports of Caines and of Johnson. And, perhaps, it is not too much to say, that it did not attain its full maturity and masculine vigour until Mr. Chancellor Kent brought to it the fulness of his own extraordinary learning, unconquerable diligence, and brilliant talents. If this tardy progress has somewhat checked the study of the beautiful and varied principles of equity in America, it has, on the other hand, enabled us to escape from the embarrassing effects of decisions which might have been made at an earlier period, when the studies of the profession were far more limited, and the benches of America were occasionally like that of the English Chancery in former ages, occupied by men, who, whatever might have been their general judgment or integrity, were inadequate to the duties of their stations, from their want of learning, or from their general pursuits. Indeed, there were often other circumstances which greatly restricted or impeded a proper choice; such as the want of the due enjoyment of executive or popular favour by men of the highest talents, or the discouragement of a narrow and incompetent salary.

The equity jurisprudence at present exercised in America, is founded upon, co-extensive with, and, in most respects, conformable to, that of England. It approaches even nearer to the latter, than the jurisdiction exercised by the courts of common law in America approaches to the common law as administered in England. The common law was not, in many particulars, applicable to the situation of our country, when it was first introduced; whereas equity jurisprudence, in its main themes, flows from the same sources here that it does in England, and admits of an an almost universal application in its principles. The constitution of the United States has, in one clause, conferred on the national judiciary cognisance of cases in equity as well as in law; and the uniform interpretation of that clause has been, that, by cases in equity, are meant cases which, in the jurisprudence of England (the parent country), are so called, as contradistinguished from cases at the common law. So that, in the courts of the United States, equity jurisprudence generally embraces the same matters of jurisdiction and modes of remedy, as exist in England.

In nearly all the states in which equity jurisprudence is recognised, it is now administered in the modes, and according to the forms, which appertain to it in England; that is, as a branch of jurisprudence, separate and distinct from the remedial justice of courts of common law. In Pennsylvania it was formerly administered through the forms, remedies, and proceedings of the

common law, and was thus mixed up with legal rights and titles in a manner not easily comprehensible elsewhere. This anomaly has been in a considerable degree removed by some recent legislative enactments. In some of the states in the Union, distinct courts of equity are established; in others the powers are exercised concurrently with the common law jurisdiction by the same tribunal, being at once a court of law and a court of equity, somewhat analogous to the case of the court of Exchequer in England. In others, again, no general equity powers exist, but a few specified heads of equity jurisprudence are confided to the ordinary court of law, and constitute a limited statutable jurisdiction.

Our author does not overlook the history of the origin and growth of equity jurisprudence in England, which from a small beginning, became in process of time an office of great dignity and pre-eminence. He is of opinion that "when the *Aula Regis*, or great court or council of the king was broken in pieces, and its jurisdiction distributed among various courts, the King's Bench, the Common Pleas, and the Exchequer, the court of Chancery also received a portion."

Different accounts and theories have been adopted by antiquaries respecting the origin of the word chancellor. At any rate the name and the office were known to the Romans in the time of the emperors. The following is Camden's statement on the subject.

> The chancery drew that name from a chancellor, which name, under the ancient Roman emperors, was not of so great esteem and dignity, as we learn out of Vopiscus. But now-a-days a name it is of the highest honour, and chancellors are advanced to the highest pitch of civil dignity; whose name Cassiodorus fetcheth from cross-grates or lattices, because they examined matters within places (*secretum*) severed apart, enclosed with partitions of such cross-bars, which the Latins called *cancelli*. Regard [saith he to a chancellor] what name you bear. It cannot be hidden, which you do within lattices. For you keep your grates lightsome, your bars open, and your doors transparent as windows. Whereby it is very evident that he sat within grates, where he was to be seen on every side; and thereof it may be thought he took his name. But minding it was his part, being, as it were, the prince's mouth, eye, and ear, to strike and slash out with cross lines, lattice-like, those letters, commissions, warrants, and decrees, passed against law and right, or prejudicial to the Commonwealth, which, not improperly, they called to cancel; some think the name of Chancellor came from this cancelling. And in a glossary of a later time this we read:—"A chancellor is he whose office it is to look into and peruse the writings of the emperor, to cancel what is written amiss, and to sign that which is well."

Antiquaries and lawyers have also held different opinions relative to the origin, and the manner of growth of the equitable jurisdiction possessed and exercised by the court of Chancery. This is Mr. Justice Story's representation of Lord Hardwicke's view of the matter:—

The chancery is the grand *Officina Justitiæ*, out of which all original writs issue under the great seal, returnable into the courts of common law, to found proceedings in actions competent to the common law jurisdiction. The chancellor, therefore (according to Lord Hardwicke,) was the most proper judge, whether, upon any petition so referred, such a writ could not be framed and issued by him as might furnish an adequate relief to the party; and, if he found the common law remedies deficient, he might proceed according to the extraordinary power committed to him by the reference; *Ne curia regis deficeret in justitiâ exercendâ*. Thus, the exercise of the equitable jurisdiction took its rise from his being the proper officer, to whom all applications were made for writs, to ground actions at the common law; and from many cases being brought before him in which that law would not afford a remedy, and thereby being induced, through necessity or compassion, to extend a discretionary remedy. If (Lord Hardwicke added) this account of the origin of the jurisdiction in equity in England be historically true, it will at least hint one answer to the question, how the forum of common law and the forum of equity came to be separated with us. It was stopped at its source, and in the first instance; for if the case appeared to the chancellor to be merely of equity, he issued no original writ, without which the court of common law could not proceed in the cause, but he retained the cognisance to himself. The jurisdiction, then, may be deemed, in some sort, a resulting jurisdiction, in cases not submitted to the decision of other courts by the crown or parliament, as the great fountain of justice.

The period in English history when the extraordinary jurisdiction of the court of Chancery took its rise is not precisely known. It would appear from the discoveries made by the Commissioners on the Public Records, that so far back as the reign of Richard II. there were petitions of the Chancery; and probably, if longer and deeper research were pursued among the records at the Tower, bills or petitions of still earlier date, and addressed to the Chancellor, might be met with.

According to Mr. Justice Story's view, the equitable jurisdiction of the Chancellor in England acquired its form and power much in the same way, and in consequence of similar conditions, to those which distinguished the origin and growth of the equitable jurisdiction of the Prætor in Rome. "Each of them," he remarks, "arose from the necessity of the thing in the actual administration of justice, and from the deficiencies of the positive law (the *lex scripta*), or from the inadequacy of the remedies in the prescribed forms, to meet the full exigency of the particular case. It was not an usurpation, for the purpose of acquiring and exercising power; but a beneficial interposition to correct gross injustice, and redress aggravated and intolerable grievances."

In the earlier times of the chancellorship, and when favourites of the sovereign were promoted to the office, the powers of this servant were far from being clearly defined; so that men of inordinate am-

bition and pride may be said to have arrogated all the authority of the state, and to have been the servile instruments of tyranny; or to have exerted all the influence not only of the highest functionary in the legal institutions of the country, but of prime minister. In short, the chancellor came to be held as keeper of the sovereign's conscience, and to be the person that ranked nearest the royal person of all the civil great officers of state. Jealousies, however, were wont to be entertained of the chancellor, sometimes on the part of the judges in the courts of common law; and sometimes by the public at large. Nor was it unreasonable in the case of such unscrupulous ministers as Cardinal Wolsey, that those persons who had been trained regularly to the law should complain of his violent and constant interference with their functions.

But it was fortunate that a man of Sir Thomas More's parts, learning, professional accomplishments, and unspotted purity succeeded the encroaching cardinal. This great and good man brought the equitable jurisdiction back within its due limits, although not without experiencing some degree of that legal jealousy which his predecessor, the haughty ecclesiastic, so thoroughly earned. Even down to the reign of James the First, when Sir Edward Coke was chief justice of the King's Bench, and Lord Ellesmere Chancellor, the controversy between the courts of law and of equity was maintained on the subject of jurisdiction; so that the question came to be submitted to the Sovereign, who calling into his aid the advice of Bacon and some other lawyers, the decision was given in favour of that which was equitable, even to the length of pronouncing that jurisdiction competent to afford relief against a judgment at common law.

From the period just mentioned, the history of equity takes a more regular course. It is rapidly sketched in the following passage by Mr. Justice Story, till he reaches the close of the celebrated Lord Hardwicke's judicial career.

Lord Bacon succeeded Lord Ellesmere; but few of his decrees, which have reached us, are of any importance to posterity. But his celebrated Ordinances, for the regulation of Chancery, gave a systematical character to the business of the Court; and some of the most important of them (especially as to Bills of Review) still constitute the fundamental principles of its present practice.

From this period, down to the time when Sir Heneage Finch (afterwards earl of Nottingham) was elevated to the Bench (in 1673,) litttle improvement was made, either in the principles or in the practice of Chancery; and none of the persons who held the seal were distinguished for uncommon attainments or learning in their profession. With Lord Nottingham a new era commenced. He was a person of eminent abilities, and the most incorruptible integrity. He possessed a fine genius and great liberality of views, and a thorough comprehension of the true principles of

equity; so that he was enabled to disentangle the doctrines from any narrow and technical notions, and to expand the remedial justice of the Court far beyond the aims of his predecessors. In the course of nine years, during which he presided in the Court, be built up a system of jurisprudence and jurisdiction upon wide and rational foundations, which served as a model for succeeding judges, and gave a new character to the Court; and hence he has been emphatically called, "The Father of Equity." His immediate successors availed themselves very greatly of his profound learning and judgment. But a successor was still wanted, who, with equal genius, abilities, and liberality, should hold the seals for a period long enough to enable him to widen the foundation and complete the structure, begun and planned by that illustrious man. Such a successor at length appeared in the person of Lord Hardwicke. This great judge presided in the Court of Chancery during the period of twenty years; and his numerous decisions evince the most thorough learning, the most exquisite skill, and the most eminent juridical analysis. There reigns throughout all of them a spirit of conscientious and discriminating equity, a sound and enlightened judgment, as rare as it is persuasive, and a power of illustration from analogous topics of the law, as copious as it is exact and edifying. Few judges have left behind them a reputation more bright and enduring; few have had so favourable an opportunity of conferring lasting benefits upon the jurisprudence of their country; and still fewer have improved it by so large, so various, and so important contributions. Lord Hardwicke, like Lord Mansfield, combined with his judicial character the still more embarrassing character of a statesman, and, in some sort, of a minister of state. Both of them, of course, encountered great political opposition (whether rightly or wrongly it is beside the purpose of this work to inquire,) and it is fortunate for them that their judicial labours are embodied in solid volumes, so that when the prejudices and the passions of the times are past away, they may remain open to the severest scrutiny, and claim from posterity a just and unimpeachable award.

Mr. Justice Story, as others have done, considers equitable jurisdiction according to a threefold division: viz., the *concurrent*, the *exclusive*, and the *supplemental*. The concurrent is viewed under two heads; first, that in which the subject-matter constitutes the principal ground for the jurisdiction; and secondly, that in which the peculiar remedies afforded by courts of equity constitute the principal ground of the jurisdiction. A large list of cases arising from fraud, either positive or constructive, belong to this division,—from misrepresentation, and so on, where courts of strict and inflexible rules of drawing conclusions could not make any progress.

Exclusive jurisdiction is also divided into two branches; the one dependent upon the subject-matter, and the other upon the remedy to be administered. The former includes *trusts*, whether positive and expressed or constructive; the latter, all those remedies and modes of procedure peculiar in courts of equity. Exclusive jurisdiction has public charities for a very important class of its subjects.

Supplemental or assistant jurisdiction is where a court of equity lends its aid to other courts, in order to remove legal impediments to a fair decision of a question. This branch of equitable function is still more particularly serviceable by means of the remedial process of bills of discovery, bills to perpetuate testimony, and the like, for securing substantial justice. Bills of discovery, as for bringing to light deeds or other writings, are intended not as relief, but for the discovery of facts in the knowledge or in the possession of the defendant, and in order to maintain the right or title of the party using it, in some proceeding in some other court. Equity, however, will not compel a discovery in every case, as where the thing would criminate oneself in a penal action, and several similar conditions. Consequently, great benefit and pure justice may be realized through the exercise of this branch of jurisdiction, without wanton injury to any man. On the other hand, unless watchfully kept within due bounds, a court of equity by putting forth this supplemental and auxiliary power may become the instrument of oppression, and without serving any good or honourable purpose. An extract will explain the sort of danger and evil that is here to be avoided.

"There is no branch of equitable jurisdiction," observes Mr. Fonblanque in one of his valuable notes to his edition of the Treatise of Equity, "of more extensive application than that which enforces discovery; and when kept within its due limits, there is none more conducive to the claims of justice. To compel a defendant to discover that which may enable the plaintiff to substantiate a just or to repel an unjust demand, is merely assisting a right or preventing a wrong. But as the most valuable institutions are not exempt from abuse, this power, which ought to be the instrument of justice, may be rendered the instrument of oppression. A plaintiff, by his bill, may, without the least foundation, impute to the defendant the foulest frauds, or seek a discovery of transactions in which he has no real concern; and when the defendant has put in his answer, denying the frauds, or disclosing transactions (the disclosure of which may materially prejudice his interest,) the plaintiff dismisses his bill with costs, satisfied with the mischief he may have occasioned by the publicity of his charge, or with the advantage which he may have obtained by an extorted disclosure. The rule which requires the signature of counsel to every bill, affords every security against such an abuse which forensic experience and integrity can supply, but it cannot wholly prevent it. The court alone can counteract it; and in vindication of its process must feel the strongest inclination to interpose its authority."

So much in explanation and in the way of description of the equitable jurisdiction that has grown up in this country, and that has been transplanted to America. To the general reader the theory of the institution—the system of law in which equity courts exert the high powers spoken of, may seem excellent, and so simple as to be directly practical and salutary; especially when it is borne in mind that men of the highest character and greatest attainments are gene-

rally appointed to administer justice and to temper the law. In reality, however, our equitable jurisdiction has got so burdened with rules, and so complicated in respect of machinery, that it is workable only in the slowest, most vexatious, and expensive way imaginable; so that a chancery suit has become a byeword of derision and not unfrequently of disgust and bitter suffering.

ART. VII.—*The Attaché; or, Sam Slick in England.* By the Author of the "Clockmaker." 2 vols. Bentley.

WELCOME Yankee wooden-clock maker to our shores, whether as pedlar or diplomatist; for there are lots of things and manners here to exercise the sharpest and most humorous of thy "Sayings and Doings," and good service thou mayest perform for the subjects of Queen Victoria,—and, for that matter too, in behalf of thine own *almighty nation*, were it but in setting up the follies and vanities of the Britishers as a warning beacon to the *great republic*. Thy nonsense as well as thy serious talk has a purpose in it; and though thou art not free from prejudice and not particularly distinguished for penetration, yet there is health in thy nature, with pungency in thy strictures which must render these volumes extremely popular, both on account of the laughter which they provoke, and the pointed instruction which they convey!

Sam comes amongst us in the character of an *attaché* to the American legation at the court of St. James; in the volumes before us proposing to record whatever he has witnessed and heard, having a piquant nature. We may observe, however, that unless he means to extend his observations and sayings he will have left unnoticed very many things amongst us that ought to be exposed and made the object of criticism, and not seldom of laughter or contempt. Slick's satire has healing in it, for it is honestly bestowed, at the same time that it is heartily felt. Let him therefore proceed boldly with what he has begun; although it would be better were he to be less lavish of phraseology, and more abundantly racy in regard to matter and occasion.

Sam's promotion has been rapid, although probably a still higher realization awaits him. We despair not of yet hearing of his appointment to the ambassadorship; nay, the presidency of the Union may be awaiting him, although made out of nothin' but a clockmaker. Indeed this rapid sort of risings do not appear to be so rare in Yankee-land as people may imagine. At any rate, we learn that the present American Minister at the Court of St. James, Abednego Layman by name, has had a growth that would be reckoned wonderful in old England. The particular information to which we refer transpires in the account given of the *attaché's* visit to the ambassador immediately on arriving.

"Sam Slick," sais he, "as I'm alive. Well, how do you do, Mr. Slick? I am 'nation glad to see you, I affection you as a member of our legation. I feel kinder proud to have the first literary man of our great nation as my Attaché." "Your knowledge of human natur ("added to your'n of soft sawder," sais I,) "will raise our great nation, I guess, in the scale o' European estimation." He is as sensitive as a skinned eel, is Layman, and he winced at that poke at his soft sawder like anything, and puckered a little about the mouth, but he didn't say nothin', he only bowed. He was a Unitarian preacher once, was Abednego, but he swapt preachin' for politics, and a good trade he made of it too; that's a fact. "A great change," sais I, "Abednego, since you was preachin' to Connecticut and I was a vendin' of clocks to Nova Scotia, ain't it? Who'd a thought then, you'd a been 'a Socdolager,' and me your 'pilot fish,' eh?" It was a raw spot, that, and I always touched him on it for fun. "Sam," said he, and his face fell like an empty puss, when it gets a few cents put into each eend on it, the weight makes it grow twice as long in a minute. "Sam," said he, "don't call me that ere, except when we are are alone here, that's a good soul; not that I am proud, for I am a true Republican;" and he put his hand upon his heart, bowed and smiled handsum, "but these people will make a nickname of it, and we shall never hear the last of it; that's a fact. We must respect ourselves, afore others will respect us. You onderstand, don't you?" "Oh, don't I," sais I, "that's all. It's only here I talks this way, because we are at home now; but I can't help a thinkin' how strange things do turn up sometimes. Do you recollect, when I heard you a-preachin' about Hope a-pitchin' of her tent on a hill? By gosh, it struck me then, you'd pitch your tent high some day; you did it beautiful."

Slick, on directing his diplomatic eyes towards our shores, fortifies himself with two friends; the one an old American church minister, whose flock has suddenly deserted him, running off to the Unitarian folds; and squire Poker, a retired provincial barrister. The book is to be considered the writing principally of the lawyer, who however carefully notes down the discourse of the diplomatist and the congregationless pastor, making their talk buttress as far as possible his own ultra-toryism. The political creed of the book may be inferred from the few short sentences which we quote. "He said he could tell a man's politicks by his shirt. A Tory, sir, is a gentleman every inch of him, stock, lock, and barrel; and he puts a clean frill shirt on every day. A Whig, sir, is a gentleman every other inch of him, and he puts an unfrilled one on every other day. A Radical, sir, ain't no gentleman at all, and he only puts one on of a Sunday. But a Chartist, sir, is a loafer; he never puts one on till the old one won't hold together no longer, and drops off in pieces."

A shorter and directer test of political principle need not be asked for. The fact is that Sam, even when travelling with his clocks, was never more self-possessed than we find him in his new and diplomatic capacity; although the great variety of situations and scenes with which he was beginning for the first time to form an acquaintanceship

might well have discomposed and bewildered him. Yet it is not so; for, if possible, he is more sharply observant, more acutely quaint, more humorously descriptive than on any former occasion. But it is only by means of samples that we can either convey a proper notion of his sense, or his eccentricity.

Should the reader happen to stumble on that part of the book which exhibits the *attaché* a short time before setting foot upon English soil, it will hardly be thought that the functionary was in a frame of mind that promised fairness to our country. Squire Poker could not but remonstrate with Slick about his temper. This, however, was the last method in the world to be adopted for the purpose of soothing. It only led to other explosions which threatened especially the destruction of Charles Dickens.

"What is the temper," he replied, with much warmth, that they visit us in? Look at Dickens; was there ever a man made so much of except La Fayette? And who was Dickens? Not a Frenchman that is a friend to us, not a native that has a claim on us; not a colonist, who, though English by name is still an American by birth, six of one and half-a-dozen of t'other, and therefore a kind of half-breed brother. No! he was a cussed Britisher; and what is wus, a British author; and yet, because he was a man of genius, because genius has the 'tarnal globe for its theme, and the world for its home, and mankind for its readers, and bean't a citizen of this state or that state, but a native of the univarse, why we welcomed him, and feasted him, and leveed him, and escorted him, and cheered him, and honoured him, did he honour us? What did he say of us when he returned? Read his book. No, don't read his book, for it tante worth readin'. Has he said one word of all that reception in his book? that book that will be read, translated, and read agin all over Europe—has he said one word of that reception? Answer me that, will you? Darned the word, his memory was bad; he lost it over the tafrail when he was sea-sick. But his note-book was safe under lock and key, and the pigs in New York, and the chap the rats eat in jail, and the rough man from Kentucky, and the entire raft of galls emprisoned in one night, and the spittin' boxes and all that stuff, warn't trusted to memory, it was noted down and printed. But it tante no matter. Let any man give me any sarce in England, about my country, or not give me the right *po*-sition in society, as Attaché to our Legation, and, as Cooper says, I'll become belligerent, too, I will, I snore. I can snuff a candle with a pistol as fast as you can light it; hang up an orange, and I'll first peel it with ball and then quarter it. Heavens! I'll let daylight dawn through some o' their jackets, I know. "Jube, you infarnal black scoundrel, you odoriferous nigger you, what's that you've got there?" "An apple, massa." "Take off your cap and put that apple on your head, then stand sideways by that port-hole, and hold steady, or you might stand a smart chance to have your wool carded, that's all." Then taking a pistol out of the side pocket of his mackintosh, he deliberately walked over to the other side of the deck, and examined his priming. "Good heavens, Mr. Slick!" said I in great alarm, "what are you about?" "I am goin'," he said with the greatest coolness, but at the same time with equal sternness, "to bore a hole through that

apple, Sir." "For shame! Sir," I said. "How can you think of such a thing? Suppose you were to miss your shot, and kill that unfortunate boy!" "I won't suppose no such thing, Sir, I can't miss it. I couldn't miss it if I was to try. Hold your head steady, Jube—and if I did, it's no great matter. The onsarcumcised Amalekite ain't worth over three hundred dollars at the furthest, that's a fact; and the way he'd pyson a shark ain't no matter. Are you ready Jube? "Yes, massa." "You shall do no such thing, Sir," I said, seizing his arm with both my hands. "If you attempt to shoot at that apple, I shall hold no further intercourse with you. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Sir." "Ky! massa," said Jube, "let him fire, Sar; he no hurt Jube; he no foozle de hair. I isn't one mossel afeerd. He often do it, jist to keep him hand in, Sar. Massa most a grand shot, Sar. He take off de ear ob de squirrel so slick he neber miss it, till he go scratchin' his head. Let him appel hab it, massa." "Oh, yes," said Mr. Slick, "he is a Christian is Jube, he is as good as a white Britisher: same flesh, only a leetle, jist a leetle darker; same blood, only not quite so much tarter on the bottle as a lord's has; oh him and a Britisher is all one brother—oh by all means—

Him fader's hope—him mudder's joy,
Him darlin little nigger boy.

You'd better cry over him, hadn't you. Bus him, call him brother, hug him, give him the "Abolition" kiss, write an article on slavery, like Dickens; marry him to a white gall to England, get him a saint's darter with a good fortin, and we'll soon see whether her father was a talkin' cant or no, about niggers. Cuss 'em, let any o' these Britishers give me slack, and I'll give 'em cranberry for their goose, I know. I'd jump right down their throat with spurs on, and gallop their sarce out."

Mr. Slick, however, displayed by his proceedings after landing more gentleness and regularity of bearing than might have been expected from the ebullition to which attention has just been drawn. He did not even hurriedly make his way to court or cabinet, but deemed it proper to prepare himself in some measure, by retiring to Gloucestershire, in accordance with an invitation that had been kindly given. Here he at once sets about studying life and manners, and noting down what he experiences and observes,—measuring every thing by his primitive and wooden-clock principles. What he designates "*a juicy day*" and at an English country house, put him out very much; for he was among strangers, "formal, cold, gallus polite, and as thick in the head as a puncheon." "You hante nothin' to do yourself and they never have nothin' to do: they don't know nothin' about America, and don't want to." "All you've got to do, is to pull out your watch and see how time goes; how much of the day is left, and then go to the winder and see how the sky looks."

Sam is disturbed at an early hour by the "black devils of rooks located in the trees at the back eend of the house." Sleep more at that turn he cannot. He therefore rises. But it is only half-past

four, "and it was rainin' like anything." Breakfast would not be ready till eleven o'clock; and no one else will be "a stirrin'" for hours. This therefore was "a handsum fix." What was to be done? The attaché straps his razor; mends the trousers he tore, "a goin' to see the ruin on the road yesterday;" puts on a "gallus button;" and then, being "considerable sharp set," looks what o'clock it is:—

It wanted a quarter to six. "My! sakes," sais I, "five hours and a quarter yet afore feedin' time; well if that don't pass. What shall I do next?" "I'll tell you what to do," sais I, "smoke, that will take the edge of your appetite off, and if they don't like it they may lump it; what business have they to keep them horrid screechin' infarnal sleepless rooks to disturb people that way?" Well, I takes a lucifer and lights a cigar, and I puts my head up the chimbly to let the smoke off, and it felt good I promise *you*. I don't know as I ever enjoyed one half so much afore. It had a rael first chop flavour had that cigar. When that was done, sais I, "What do you say to another?" "Well, I don't know," sais I, "I should like it, that's a fact; but holdin' of my head crooked up the chimbly that way, has a'most broke my neck; I've got the cramp in it like." So I sot, and shook my head first a one side and then the other, and then turned it on its hinges as far as it would go, till it felt about right, and then I lights another, and puts my head in the flue again. Well smokin' makes a feller feel kinder good-natured, and I began to think it warn't quite so bad arter all, when whop went my cigar right out of my mouth into my bosom, atween the shirt and the skin, and burnt me like a gally nipper. Both my eyes was fill'd at the same time, and I got a crack on the pate from some critter or another that clawed and scratched my head like any thing, and then seemed to empty a bushel of sut on me, and I looked like a chimbly sweep, and felt like old Scratch himself. My smoke had brought down a chimbly swaller, or a martin, or some such varmint, for it up and off agin' afore I could catch it to wring its infarnal neck off, that's a fact.

He cleans and grooms up again, "till all was sot right once more."

Now, sais I, "how's time?" "half-past seven," sais I, "and three hours and a half more yet to breakfast. Well," sais I, "I can't stand this—and what's more I won't: I begin to get my Ebenezer up, and feel wolfish. I'll ring up the handsum chamber-maid, and just fall to, and chaw her right up—I'm savagerous." "That's cowardly," sais I, "call the footman, pick a quarrel with him and kick him down stairs, speak but one word to him, and let that be strong enough to skin the coon arter it has killed him, the noise will wake up folks *I* know, and then we shall have sumthin' to eat." I was ready to bile right over, when as luck would have it, the rain stopt all of a sudden, the sun broke out o' prison, and I thought I never seed anything look so green and so beautiful as the country did. "Come," sais I, "now for a walk down the avenue, and a comfortable smoke, and if the man at the gate is up and stirrin', I will just pop in and breakfast with him and his wife. There is some natur there, but here it's all cussed rooks and chimbly swallers, and heavy men and fat women, and lazy helps, and Sunday every

day in the week." So I fills my cigar-case and outs into the passage. But here was a fix! One of the doors opened into the great staircase, and which was it? "Ay," sais I, "which is it, do you know?" "Upon my soul, I don't know," sais I; "but try, it's no use to be caged up here like a painter, and out I will, that's a fact." So I stops and studies, "that's it," sais I, and I opens a door: it was a bedroom—it was the likely chambermaid's. "Softly, Sir," sais she, a puttin' of her finger on her lip, "don't make no noise; Missus will hear you." "Yes," sais I, "I won't make no noise;" and I outs and shuts the door too arter me gently. "What next?" sais I; "why you fool, you," sais I, "why didn't you ax the servant maid, which door it was?" "Why I was so conflastrigated," sais I, "I didn't think of it. Try that door," well I opened another, it belonged to one o' the horrid handsum stranger galls that dined at table yesterday. When she seed me, she gave a scream, popt her head onder the clothes, like a terrapin, and vanished—well I vanished too. "Ain't this too bad?" sais I, "I wish I could open a man's door, I'd lick him out of spite; I hope I may be shot if I don't, and I doubled up my fist, for I didn't like it a spec, and opened another door—it was the housekeeper's. "Come," sais I, "I won't be balked no more." She sot up and fixed her cap. A woman never forgets the becomins. "Anything I can do for you, Sir?" sais she, and she raelly did look pretty; all good natur'd people, it appears to me, do look so. "Will you be so good as to tell me, which door leads to the staircase, Marm?" sais I. "Oh, is that all?" sais she, (I suppose she thort I wanted her to get up and get breakfast for me,) "it's the first on the right," and she fixed her cap agin' and laid down, and I took the first on the right and off like a blowed out candle. There was the staircase. I walked down, took my hat, unbolted the outer door, and what a beautiful day was there.

The breakfast hour at length arrives; but even now he finds that the English "don't do nothing like other folks."

Now where do you suppose the solid part of the breakfast is, Squire? Why, it's on the sideboard—I hope I may be shot if it ain't—well, the tea and coffee are on the table, to make it as onconvenient as possible. Says I to the lady of the house, as I got up to help myself, for I was hungry enough to make beef ache I know. "Aunty," sais I, "you'll excuse me, but why don't you put the eatables on the table, or else put the tea on the sideboard? They're like man and wife, they don't ought to be separated, them two." She looked at me, oh what a look of pity it was, as much as to say, "Where have you been all your born days, not to know better nor that?" * * *

Addressing himself to "the old man," Slick declares that, to be consistent, "if you will divorce the eatables from the drinkables that way, why not let the servants come and tend?" Says Sam—

"It's monstrous onconvenient and redikilous to be a jumpin' up for everlastingly that way; you can't sit still one blessed minit." "We think it pleasant," said he, "sometimes to dispense with their attendance." "Exactly," sais I, "then dispense with sarvants at dinner, for when the wine is in the wit is out," (I said that to compliment him, for the critter had no wit in at no time,) "and they hear all the talk. But at breakfast every one is only

half awake, especially when you rise so airly as you do in this country," sais I, (but the old critter couldn't see a joke, even if he felt it, and he didn't know I was a funnin'). "Folks are considerably sharp set at breakfast," sais I, "and not very talkative. That's the right time to have sarvants to tend on you." "What an idea!" said he, and he puckered up his pictur, and the way he stared was a caution to an owl. Well, we sot and sot till I was tired, so thinks I, "what's next? for it's rainin' agin as hard as ever." So I took a turn in the study to sarch for a book, but there was nothin' there, but a Guide to the Sessions, Burn's Justice, and a book of London club rules, and two or three novels. He said he got books from the sarkilatin' library. "Lunch is ready." "What eatin' agin? My goody!" thinks I, "if you are so fond of it, why the plague don't you begin airly? If you'd a had it at five o'clock this morning, I'd a done justice to it; now I couldn't touch it if I was to die." There it was, though. Help yourself, and no thanks, for there is no sarvants agin. The rule here is, no talk no sarvants —and when it's all talk, it's all sarvants.

The attaché has many things to record concerning feeding. The following relates to fashionable cookery:—

Veal, to be good, must look like anything else but veal; you mus'n't know it when you see it, or it's vulgar; mutton must be incog. too; beef must have a mask on; anythin' that looks solid, take a spoon to; anythin' that looks light, cut with a knife; if a thing looks like fish you may take your oath it is flesh; and if it seems rael flesh, it's only disguised, for it's sure to be fish; nothin' must be nateral, natur is out of fashion here. This is a manufacturin' country, everything is done by machinery, and that that ain't must be made to look like it; and I must say, the dinner machinery is parfect.

The Somebodies and Nobodies as distinguished on *dining out* occasions:

When I first came I was nation proud of that title, "the Attaché;" now I am happified it's nothin' bat "only an Attaché," and I'll tell you why. The great guns, and big bugs, have to take in each other's ladies, so these old ones have to herd together. Well, the nobodies go together too, and sit together, and I've observed these nobodies are the pleasantest people at table, and they have the pleasantest places, because they sit down with each other, and are jist like yourself, plaguy glad to get some one to talk to. Somebody can only visit somebody, but nobody can go anywhere, and therefore nobody sees and knows twice as much as somebody does. Sombodies must be axed, if they are as stupid as a pump; but nobodies needn't, and never are, unless they are spicy sort o'folks, so you are sure of them, and they have all the fun and wit of the table at their eend, and no mistake.

I wouldn't take a title if they would give it to me, for if I had one, I should have a fat old parblind dowager detailed on to me to take in to dinner; and what the plague is her jewels and laces, and silks and sattins, and wigs to me? As it is, I have a chance to have a gall to take in that's a jewel herself—one that don't want no settin' off, and carries her diamonds in her eyes, and so on. I've told our minister not to introduce me as an Attaché no

more, but as Mr. Nobody, from the State of Nothin', in America, *that's natur agin.*

Fashionable music:—

What's that? It's music. Well, that's artificial too, it's scientific they say, it's done by rule. Jist look at that gall to the piany; first comes a little Garman thunder. Good airth and seas, what a crash! it seems, as if she'd bang the instrument all to a thousand pieces. I guess she's vexed at somebody and is a peggin' it into the piany out of spite. Now comes the singin'; see what faces she makes, how she stretches her mouth open, like a barn door, and turns up the white of her eyes like a duck in thunder. She is in a musical ecstasy is that gall, she feels good all over, her soul is a goin' out along with that ere music. Oh, it's divine, and she is an angel, ain't she? Yes, I guess she is, and when I'm an angel, I will fall in love with her; but as I'm a man, at least what's left of me, I'd jist as soon fall in love with one that was a leetle, jist a leetle more of a woman, and a leetle, jist a leetle less of an angel. But hullo! what onder the sun is she about, why her voice is going down her own throat, to gain strength, and here it comes out agin as deep-toned as a man's; while that dandy feller along side of her, is singin' what they call falsetter. They've actilly changed voices. The gall sings like a man, and that screamer like a woman. This is science: this is taste: this is fashion; but hang me if it's natur.

Slick and the minister:—

"I have read your books Mr. Slick," said he, "and read 'em too, with great pleasure. You have been a great traveller in your day. You've been round the world a'most, haven't you?"

"Well," sais I, "I sharn't say I hante."

"What a deal of information a man of your observation must have acquired." (He is a gentlemanly man, that you may depend. I don't know when I've see'd one so well mannered.)

"Not so much, Sir, as you would suppose," sais I.

"Why how so?" sais he.

"Why," sais I, "the first time a man goes round the world, he is plaguy skeered for fear of fallin' off the edge; the second time he gets used to it, and larns a good deal.

"Fallin' off the edge!" sais he; "what an original idea that is. That's one of your best. I like your works for that they are original. We have nothin' but imitations now. Fallin' off the edge, that's capital; I must tell Peel that; for he is very fond of that sort of thing?"

Sam's sarcasm is spicy. Another specimen, and we dismiss the book with all its commodities, assured that these will be fully relished and by every healthy appetite. The passage to be quoted is particularly to be recommended to the attention of our authorities at the colonial board:—

"Your long acquaintance with the provinces, and familiar intercourse with the people," sais he, "must have made you quite at home on all colo-

nial topics." "I thought so once," sais I; "but I don't think so now no more, Sir." "Why how is that?" sais he. "Why, Sir," sais I, "you can hold a book so near your eyes as not to be able to read a word of it; hold it off further, and get the right focus, and you can read beautiful. Now the right distance to see a colony, and know all about it, is England. Three thousand miles is the right focus for a political spy-glass. A man livin' here, and who never was out of England, knows twice as much about the provinces as I do." "Oh, you are joking," sais he. "Not a bit," sais I. "I find folks here that not only know everything about them countries, but have no doubts upon any matter, and ask no questions; in fact, they not only know more than me, but more than the people themselves do, what they want. It's curious, but it's a fact."

ART. VIII.—*Change for the American Notes: in Letters from London to New York.* By an American Lady. Wiley & Putnam.

Change for Amercian Notes, most of our readers will at once understand, are merely the sort of coin, which a person, professing to be an American lady, returns for the *American Notes* issued by Mr. Dickens, and not at all any such paper or payments as our capitalists and money-lenders would accept in discharge of the advances they may have made to Jonathan. But will the *Change* be taken as an equivalent for the issuings of Boz's bank? is the intrinsic value of the thing so palpable and sterling as to find a circulation and a credit equally large and lasting? There can be little danger in uttering without qualification the negative *no* to these questions; or in declaring that the lightness of the material, its palpable milk-and-water mark, will operate so as to limit its currency to a small section of space and people.

There is a remarkable want of character about this *Change,* whether we regard it as coming from an American mint, or as a reply to Dickens by an Englishman, anxious to hold the balance fairly in which their several nations are professed to be weighed, and the merits or demerits of both to be accurately compared. In point of temper and tone, style and subject-matter, it is not necessary to suppose that the writer has ever travelled many miles out of cockney-land; for while she expresses herself for the most part with exemplary moderation, she by no means alights upon the sorer points of our national character; not even going beyond those which dwell on the surface, and that are far more bitterly complained of, strenuously denounced, and forcibly described every day, by print and people at home. Good nature and amiable feeling characterize the book, not unmixed however with notices of things that one would think never could come under the eye, or arrest the attention of a delicate and refined female; while again the remarks are often of a style and substance

so hackneyed in London, as hardly to be compatible with the ideas of a single head and hand alone having been employed on the work. Besides, the effort by means of exaggeration to make a great deal out of what is not at all illustrative, looks as if there had been wanting that sense of the singular and the offensive which a vigilant and smart note-taking stranger would have exercised and exhibited. Perhaps the book is a joint concern: there may have been an unskilful collector, with a tasteful and intelligent *setter*,—one with the matter and the other with the manner.

After all, however, the question is not of much importance; the doubt and difficulty are hardly worth a moment's speculation. The book, to be sure, has good and just things in it, mixed up with nonsense and trash; although after all its great fault is the want of observation and consequent severity to expose and to lecture. Liveliness and fitting remark are often to be met with; but the work is quite inadequate as a discoverer, a delineator, or a denouncer. Certainly it cannot be taken in any critical, much less in any exchanging sense for repayment of the *American Notes*. Even the utterances about the arch offender, Boz, himself, are vapid, faint, without breadth and boldness, and altogether unlike to his honest, unrestrained expression of what he thought and felt. The following are samples of the *Change* offered to Dickens personally:—

I have not to be informed of his originality—of his opening and working a new vein in his land's literature. One feels better after reading his books—better after the humour of his Wellers—the amenity of his Pickwick (how he ripens from an essayist upon tittlebats into the kindly gentleman)—one's heart warms to poor Oliver Twist—one's indignation rises against Ralph Nickleby—one's disgust at the Squeers's and one's gorge at Pecksniff. But (these buts!) if he be creative as a novelist, he is most meagre as a traveller; our country was beyond his powers, and indeed is beyond the four months' power of any man. "In America," says Dr. Johnson—truly I doubt not, for it was in 1762—"there is little to be observed except natural curiosities." Very opposite seems to be Mr. Dickens's conclusion, for of the great face of nature he says hardly anything. The noblest rivers in the world rolled for him unregarded by, or at least unparagraphed. In the Mississippi he beholds but a muddy stream flowing through a woody wilderness; his mind's eye catches no prescient glimpse of the cities that in the fulness of time will adorn its banks; he alludes not to the "all hail, hereafter!" He is diffuse upon prisons and mad houses, for they were immediately within his ken; brief when he tells of senates, laws, religions, literature, or science: things that have *prospective* influences, and are not merely of the moment.

Again,—

I am always amused to think of the criticisms the American boys passed upon Boz as he sat in the car at Baltimore, telling him more about his appearances than he ever heard in his life before. I really think he had as

little to fear as most men from such a personal review. Though I have commented to you freely enough on Mr. Dickens's *American Notes*, I cannot but admit the tone of right feeling, the *bonhomie*, the kindliness that often manifests itself: the faults of the author in this work are of a negative character, his merits are positive. "Satire's his weapon, but he's too discreet"—too gentlemanly, too honourable to carry it into private life—into personal details. The ponderous blunderings of Mr. Alison are far more censurable than the light mistakes of Boz. I wonder how he came to adopt so absurd a name?

But leaving Boz to endure as he best may such castigation as this, let us hear what are some of the ill-mannered things which she observed at places where the better sort of people might be expected to congregate. And first concerning a party at the Polytechnic:—

I heard one youth say to his party, and one or two of the ladies with him had been babbling of chemical affinities most learnedly, "let's cut our sticks," and they departed. Such a speech in some parts of America might be considered an invitation to "whittle;" here it is a phraseology the young gentleman adopted to intimate his desire for the exeunt of his party. Mr. N. told me the wittier persons (!) in this country improved upon the saying and talked of "shortening their switch," "making an incision in their cane," or "amputating their timber." Lord Brougham long ago declared that "the schoolmaster was *abroad*" in England—in my opinion he is lost.

The British Museum offered the American lady scope too, it would seem, for the exercise of her satire; and in this mighty manner she wields the weapon:—

There are Roman characters appended to a bust, M. AVRELIVS: it requires no great learning to see it is Roman, and I find it is no less a person than Marcus Antonius, before he was Emperor known as Marcus Aurelius. "Ay," said a well-dressed gentleman, putting his glass to his eye, and then removing it, that he might see more clearly, "ay, very good, very fine, there's Monsieur Aurelius."—"And who *was* Monsieur Aurelius?" asked a lady with him.—"Why, why———I don't exactly remember" (that is true at any rate, thought I, and here came a short pause;) "but I believe he was somebody" (true again, and another pause;) "somebody—somebody—in the French Revolution."

How severe! What stinging yet unerring illustration of national ignorance and barbarism! But she visited other public places for the study of life and manners, not even disdaining to enter a gin palace, which she elaborately pictures, together with the servitors and the customers, immediately after having had the alarm upon her of a great ox passing along, which was the occasion of her seeking safety in the splendid temple for the worship of the great spirit of strong drink. This is the account of what she observed and learned in the gin store-house:—

The places next in splendour to the drapers', are the gin stores. Although spirituous liquors are so much cheaper with us, I believe the places where they are sold are as numerous in London;—over the door is generally a huge lamp; a sign to the customers, and the slaves of the lamp are very, very many in London. The gas is in a wreath, or disposed in some fanciful way or other; they are called gin palaces; the casks containing the spirits are painted, and labelled "Old Tom," "The Rose of Life," "Butter Gin," "Cream o' the Valley," "Mountain Dew," etc. etc. Cockneys so dearly love the rural, that they must thus libel roses and dews; they must drink pastorally! * * Methinks I see you, O very arch Julia, open your eyes and then your mouth—your eyes with wonder, that I describe these things with the familiarity of an eye-witness, and your mouth with laughter, that my curiosity (how often have you twitted me with it, mischievous that you are) had carried me such extraordinary lengths—that it had carried me into a retail bar! But my introduction to the internal worship of this great spirit—this too powerful spirit of strong drink—was accidental. * * Three poor women of the working class entered this gin palace whilst we waited. "Please miss," said one to the smartly ringed and ringleted barmaid, "a quartern of the right sort, and a three-out." The spirit was supplied and gulped approvingly. "Money never was so dull," said the paymistress of the trio; "I can get none, and have been forced to put my bed up my uncle's flue. The hearers were expressing their commiseration of this state of finances, when a drunken butcher rushed into the place, and we thought it better to face the furious brute than the imbruted man, and so left. I requested Mr. Wilderton to translate me the poor woman's speech into English. "It is English," laughed he. "Translate it into American, then." "The three-out glass," he explained, "is one that contains a third of the measure purchased, so that the quarter of a pint fills *out* three glasses; the uncle's flue, which you seem to think is some chimney in which the untidy woman had concealed her bed, is the pawnbroker's warehouse—the poor call the pawnbroker their uncle." God pity them, thought I, if they have no better kinsman. British travellers are ingenious in detecting and collecting Americanisms; they are, in nineteen cases out of twenty, "genuine as imported," and they are imported from the old country. I suppose we have "my uncle" and his "flue" in America by this time.

A cockney caterer must have provided these particulars for the lady-writer. It then of course came to be for her innocence to make the most of the vulgarity and grossness; flattering herself that she was really offering genuine and adequate *Change* for the broad and direct *American Notes*.

But there are better and deeper things in the book than anything we have yet cited; things that should operate as wholesome reproofs and not ill-timed exposures of English absurdities. Our selfishness, hypocricies, and coarse contempts, are deserving of far sharper chastisement than the dealer in *Change* can bestow, it is true; but still service may be done, although the lessons are not urged with first-rate force or skill. Take certain statements and remarks relative to the English drama:—

I have been struck with the excellence of the Shaksperian performances at Drury Lane, and how wonderfully the mighty master knew when to bring even mechanical means to his aid: the knocking at the door in the murder scenes in *Othello* and *Macbeth*, knocks at one's very heart. How the English public can crowd to unmeaning operas, I mean in the national theatres, and let Shakspeare be played, as is often the case, to empty benches I cannot understand, except it be that fashion, however paltry, will carry them anywhere. It may be also that "true no-meaning" not "puzzles," but pleases them "more than wit."

I have heard very intelligent critics say, that the drama, the tragic or classical drama, was now superior to what it had been since Otway, or at any rate since Rowe. I think there can be no doubt upon the subject; Sheridan Knowles, Sergeant Talfourd, and Sir Lytton Bulwer, being no common men—no managers' play wrights—no dramatists to order. I think too, that many of the comedies of the day must be pronounced *far* better than those of the sentimental school, where broad grin is alternated with the small whine of sensibility. . . . I for one pay little attention to the complaints of the dearth of histrionic excellence—the complaint is so perennial. In the days of the Kembles, alas for Garrick! was the cry—now, alas for the Kemble and the Kean, for Emery and Liston! and so will the changes be rung, until the curtain falls upon the last drama in England.

The Italian Opera is a subject akin to the last-mentioned, suggesting also not less natural and unsophisticated remarks:—

The Italian Opera House is generally well filled, the boxes being rented by subscribers; the Italian Opera is so *refined* a pleasure—I suppose it is my want of refinement that causes me to prefer *Othello* to *Otello* (murder set to music)—nay, to think the acting of a scholar and a gentleman like Macready more enjoyable than the capering of any active French girl, even though she can not only stand on her toe, but whirl about on it! "The greater the fool," says Hook, "the better the dancer." I cannot describe to you what the ballet is; but I think the taste of those who delight in it is a *coarse* taste, a superficial taste also, which admires tinsel because it always glitters, and gold only sometimes; it is but an eye-pleasure; and as to delicacy—if the ballet be refinement, delicacy and refinement have little in common.

The lady visited the monuments in Kensal Green. She found the ground intersected with nice gravel walks; and "many well dressed parties were strolling about (principally ladies) and chatting gaily as they watched the trains rushing rapidly along the Great Western Railway. It has been said, 'in the midst of life we are in death;' but here the reverse seemed inculcated, for there were steam-carriages and cheerful idlers, and man's trim and careful hand everywhere, as who should say, 'In the midst of death we are in life.'"

Kensal Green still, and the precautions and intimations which the Zoological Gardens and similar places press upon the visitor's attention:—

Greatly to my surprise no fee was exacted as we entered; perhaps, if these death-gardens become fashionable promenades, the proprietors may charge for admittance; there is plenty of precedents—why should *their* monuments be viewed gratuitously? Why should they not sell their fresh air as well as their flowery ground? I think I never told you before, that in all, I suppose in *all* places like these, as well as in the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, etc. etc., are placed a number of painted boards containing respectful requests that the visitors will refrain from plucking the flowers, etc. How is this? Why, in so very civilised—I beg their pardon, so very polished a community, are these constant prohibitions necessary? Recollect, flower-loving but never flower-stealing Julia, the rabble—the more vulgar, are no frequenters of these scenes.

The truth and the reflection which our next two extracts so clearly indicate, and pointedly press, are among the gravest and best things in the way of *Change*. They must serve as the concluding matter for our paper. The meaning of the word *respectable* as understood in English society:—

"I wonder," say I, "to see a man like Mr. ——— in society, is he not known to be a worthless husband; an avaricious and tyrannical father, and constantly in disreputable quarrels?"—"Very true, but then he's such a respectable man."—"And Mr.———, I am told his fortune has been made by strange means, and many attribute their ruin to his plausibility."—"Yes, but *he's* a very respectable man too.

None of the dictionaries define "respectable" as it is understood now; it means "rich." When people in England "plate sin with gold," it is sin no longer.

The other passage promised needeth neither preface nor comment:

I can hardly believe that even parliamentary reports tell true of the ignorance of England, when I know that Connecticut alone has a permanent school-fund of nearly two million and a half of dollars; whilst it was found at the last census there were little more than five hundred adults in that small State who had not been *taught* to read and write, and *they* were chiefly foreigners—the population being rather more than three hundred thousand. New York, with its fund of more that ten million of dollars for educational purposes—but why dwell upon the truism, how well the scholastic culture of American citizens is cared for as a general rule? And what is accorded for the purpose by the wisdom of the British Parliament? An accumulation of—talk, and a small sum of money—so small a sum as 30,000l.—150,000 dollars, fo the nation, mind! not for one of the counties; and even that was refused last session or the session before. One anxious to find fault might say it was illustrative of English legislation, that the bills granting 70,000l. for new stabling at Windsor and this mite for education were sent up on the same night in the House of Commons—the stables were voted, the schools were not!—the people could wait it appeared, not so the horses. I would not have you think that I ever speak of the queen personally with any feelings but those of respect and admiration. I think she is more popular than has been any predecessor of her family, and I am sure she deserves to be so.

ART. IX.—*Personal Observations on Sindh.* By T. POSTANS, late Assistant to the Political Agent in Sindh and Bilúchistan. Longman.

CAPTAIN POSTANS has enjoyed unusual advantages for collecting the materials of his work, on a subject which at this moment occupies a large share of general attention. That subject includes the manners and customs of the inhabitants, a view of the productive capabilities of the country, together with a sketch of its history, a narrative of the recent events which have there taken place, and an account of the connexion of the British Government with Sindh down to the present moment. Such are the main matters of which the book professes to treat; and certainly its author has acquitted himself in a meritorious manner. The book abounds with information regarding a territory and people that previously had only been described in scanty and unconnected forms. The Captain writes pleasantly. He has studied his theme in its various branches vigilantly and patiently, and has bestowed reflection and exemplary care before delivering the results of his observation and research. The work, indeed, recognises principles and exhibits views that have breadth and applicability in them, which the student of the condition and manners of any semi-barbarous people will do well to consider; nor can we doubt of its becoming an authority upon various points of Indian policy even beyond the interests that are immediately combined with the Sindhian nation.

Captain Postans is a fair and calm recorder of what he has seen and known,—an honest and deliberate reporter of the conclusions he has come to on a subject that has points about which men are much divided. It is not to be denied that his feelings are in favour of the policy that has been followed by the present Indian government with respect to Sindh. But it is not with a partisanship that he either speaks or thinks. He gives you facts that tell against as well as for; and he reasons upon these facts in a manner worthy of a liberal and independent mind; so that while his tendency, naturally perhaps arising from his agency in Sindh, is to approve of the course that has been actually adopted, he does not shun those facts and views which throw doubt and difficulty into the subject, and which indeed may fortify the opinion of those who condemn the late conquest and annexation.

The question does not involve a consideration of Sir Charles Napier's exploits. The almost unparallelled achievements of that commander's army in Sindh must not be impugned or rated the less highly because the policy which the Government determined on pursuing may have been unjust and unwise. It was for Napier and his men to act; it was for Lord Ellenborough to issue instructions. The

military transactions too may have been magnificent; a nation may have been conquered and a country won at a single stroke. And yet similar battles and bloodshed may yet be required in order to keep that which has been gained; or that which has been so speedily and bravely won may not have worth or importance at all commensurate with the amount of life and treasure already expended in the conquest.

The British people should satisfy themselves with regard to the justice and necessity of the conquest, as well as concerning its value and probable duration. For a series of years discussions were maintained between the Government of India and the Amirs of Sindh, sometimes with more and sometimes with less of amicable feeling, relative to the navigation of the Indus and our trading facilities with Central Asia by means of that far-rolling river. Commercial purposes and the denial of all territorial annexation, were uniformly professed and promised by our agents; so that at length, and in terms of negotiations peacefully conducted, and kept peaceable by British caution and influence, a treaty was concluded which at least laid the foundation of the advantages contemplated and the improvements desired by us. An accredited British minister was permitted at Hyderabad; all imposts on merchandise in transit by the Indus were abolished or arranged; everything, as it appears to us, being in a fair way, so long as we acted with prudence and forbearance, of terminating in a perfectly cordial manner with the Sindhians, and of obtaining an absolutely free navigation of the river—free from levies and tolls of every description, and for boats of any cargo.

But the conquest of Affghanistan is resolved upon, and Sindh is required for the passage of our troops. The highway is granted, and the Affghan miserable business over, these troops are thence withdrawn; and now new conditions are suddenly proposed to the Amirs, which conditions, according to Captain Postans, could not be expected to be readily acquiesced in by these chiefs and their people. The transactions that ensued are what require, we think, to undergo a thorough investigation. Let us here quote the words of our gallant author:—

> The state of affairs in Sindh up to the last period alluded to (October 1842,) had appeared to be particularly quiet, and, with trifling exceptions, satisfactory, though it was generally considered by those whose long experience entitled it to respect, that certain alterations would be made in our Sindhian arrangements to secure the greater advantages required in the navigation of the Indus, some modification of transit duties, and other fiscal impediments to trade, as well as the opportunity for commencing the introduction of a better order of government in the country generally, by establishing a closer interference in its affairs. There was also a distant allusion to certain intrigues said to have been carried on by the Amirs inimical to our interest during the Caubul disasters. However, on the return of the British

troops from beyond the Affghan passes, the affairs of Sindh and the whole Indus frontier appear to have attracted the particular attention of government; for certain conditions were soon after proposed to the Amirs, which were unexpected, and to which they could not readily acquiesce. The new treaty thus presented to the Talpur chiefs, generally including both the Khyrpur and Hyderabad families, was considered to have for its leading features as an *ultimatum*, and in supercession of all former arrangements, though why does not yet appear, the cession in perpetuity of the towns of Karrachi, Tattah, Lukkur, Bukkur, and Bori, with a strip of land on each bank of the river;—the abolition of all tolls and transit duties of any kind throughout the Sindhian territories, and the giving over to the neighbouring chief of Bhawalpur the whole of the Khyrpur territory eastward of the river, from Bori to Lubzurkot, including those places, on condition of his also annulling all imposts on trade by the river through his territories. It will be seen that these measures were not calculated to be palatable to the Sindhian chiefs; for independent of the loss of revenue which the cession of such important territories as these must have occasioned, a portion being made over to a foreign and inferior power, the dignity of the whole Bilúch faction was most vitally assailed; whilst a most important point to the Amirs was at length decided against them in the infringement of their game preserves, an immediate result of our taking territory on both sides of the river. The abolition of the transit duties was an inferior question, and would have come in probably with others, which it is supposed were to be mooted, for the still further advancement of trade, and other alterations, which were required to improve our relations with Sindh generally.

Now, this is the statement of a gentleman that is particularly well informed on the subject, and who is also friendly to the British policy generally, as it has been exercised towards Sindh. He clearly describes the territorial demands that were made, in violation, as far as we yet can learn, of all our professions, promises, and negotiations previously; these being expressly and repeatedly confined to relations that were simply and exclusively commercial. And yet at the moment when the new and sudden demands are made, including territorial cessions, &c., "Sir Charles Napier," it is added in the paragraph immediately succeeding that which we have copied, "was in the field, and a march on the capital was intimated, in case of any delay or excuses in signing the treaties previously transmitted to the chiefs for that purpose."

Surely these strong-handed and abrupt proposals, together with the awful fulfilments which instantly took place, are matters for searching inquiry. But not to dwell on the question of justice and right, let us attend for a moment to the expediency and the wisdom of the masterful measures adopted towards the Sindhians, and the questions as to value and permanence of the conquest of their territory. The paragraphs which we now copy out do not afford a very tempting prospect:—

The Bilúchis are a fierce, warlike people, strongly attached to all the feelings of clanship, and connected by religion, intermarriage, and other sources of general union. Having been the means of urging the Amirs of Sindh to resist our views, will they not feel bound to support the cause of their fallen head? and it must be remembered, that although the chiefs themselves are prisoners in the hands of the British government, their numerous sons, brothers, and immediate followers, are yet in a position of freedom, excited by the most violent passions, and ready for every species of revenge. Among the Bilúchis, it must also be remembered, that there are no elements similar to those which in India have removed so many difficulties to our peaceful occupation of the country. With the Bilúchi tribes there is no hope of dismemberment of object taking place, arising from a difference of religion, questions of caste, and a mixed population of Hindus, Moslems, and native Christians. The Bilúchi chiefs, warriors, and retainers, individuals and tribes, those of the mountains and those of the plains, are unanimous. Fanaticism fans the flame, and every Moslem, urged by his own feelings of clanship, and natural fierceness of disposition, to deeds of blood, believes that he acts in conformance to the dictates of the Koran when he supports the government of true believers, and draws his sword against the strange infidels, who are enemies to the faith of Islam. The descendants and followers of the Amirs of Sindh, who, after the battle of Miani fled to the hills—the Bilúchi chiefs who constrained them to take arms against the British—the princes who mourn their fathers' loss—all these will bind themselves to revenge upon their conquerors: and, as long as one of them remains to wield a sword, will he not do so for his chiefs and for his prophet?

The country of Sindh is at every point open to incursions from the mountains, or the deserts: the shores of the Indus, its sand-banks and its forests, will cover bands of those warriors whenever they may meditate attack; and with the long grass and tamarisk the Sindhians now use to thatch their huts, breast-works may be thrown up as secure and murderous in their shelter as were the stockades of the Burmese. If, then, the object is to throw open the commerce of the river Indus to all nations, it is difficult to see how this can ever be available, unless security can also be given to the persons and properties of the merchant; or in such a stream as the Indus, where the native boatmen dare not navigate after sunset, and where the craft is secured close to shore during the night, any safety can be felt, when every forest may be infested with Bilúchi warriors, vowed to carry on a harassing guerilla warfare.

Before our troops made their first campaign into Affghanistan, the merchants of Bokhara, Hirat, Caubul, and Candahar, brought down to Sindh by the pass of the Bolan and the plains of Cutch kafilas laden with rich goods of all denominations; and the safety of person and merchandise was secured by the payment of a species of black mail to the chiefs of the tribes who held these deserts and mountains in possession; a child might then lead the camels, and not a Bilúch would attempt to molest them; but after our entrance to the country these passes, filled with wild and desperate men, were no longer safe for the peaceful merchant; commerce was stopped, kafilas were robbed, and their owners murdered. The passes were thronged with warriors, and bloodshed and violence made the land a scene of unmixed

evil. As it was upon the plains and mountains, so may it now be on the river; and the terrors of the merchant may do more to oppose the free commerce of the Indus than even the vexatious imposts of the Amirs; while a similar evil may extend also to the agriculturists, who will fear the descent of the Bilúchi bands upon their fields, now that the exiled chiefs are thirsting for revenge on all who sought our protection, far more than they did the billeting of the Amir's followers when the crops were ripe for harvest.

According to the Captain's account, we shall now, having displaced the Sindhians, as governors, bring upon ourselves the necessity of a military occupation of the country for a period that cannot at present be defined, without improving its commerce or agriculture; whereas, a contrary policy might have gradually accomplished the desired results, both in respect of our trade and the civilization of the people, without any lavish expenditure of men or money. We have just heard what are the threatened dangers of our position. The remedy must be looked for in the protection afforded by a large military force. This, however, will have its peculiar evils and difficulties in Sindh, which are of diverse sorts. First, and relative to the physical:—"Excessive heat in the upper portions of the country; and in the lower, exhalations, causing malaria, as a productive source of fatal fever. For three months in the year communication between Sindh and Bombay is cut off, in consequence of the dangerous character of the surf and breakers along the coast during the south-west monsoon; therefore, the immediate change which is required to save life, when threatened by violent attacks of fever, not being procurable, the sacrifice of existence would be consequently fearful." Again, "Unfortunately the points most likely to lie under the attacks of the Bilúchis, are those most liable to unwholesome influences." But, secondly, "Supposing it necessary to keep in Sindh a large military force in constant equipment for service, the camp followers would, of course, be limited, and the sepoys could never be induced to serve cheerfully for any length of time in a country to which they were unable to bring their wives and families. The sufferings and hardships of various kinds that the troops would undergo, in a country held only by the sword, against the perpetual inroads and harassing attacks of Bilúchi soldiery, would dishearten them at length, and render the service unpopular; at the same time that the loss of life would draw heavily upon the service, and take from India more than could be afforded."

There is not much of comfort and heartening in all this. Probably it might have been much better for us, as well as in respect of the future improvement of Sindh and its inhabitants, had we taken the hint given by the poor Amirs, when the rupture was threatened at the point of the sword, who said, "We do not want your connex-

ion; we do not consider it an advantage; we look upon you as a pestilence in the land."

But we must leave the questions of policy in order to preserve space for some of the animated and graphic pictures which the Captain gives of the Sindhian population. His account, however, is not, taken generally, a prepossessing one. We do indeed discover in his pages pleasant glimpses of primitive manners, and various things that have the kind of attraction belonging to a government of military feudalism. The absorbing passion, too, of the Amirs for sport, "to the gratification of which they literally sacrificed a fine country, and to which every other consideration of any kind was completely subservient," presented passages and points that were picturesque and romantic. "We value our Shikargahs," said one chief, "as much as our wives and children." These chiefs, our author also admits, exhibited virtues of a domestic kind; were hospitable, courteous, and not generally given to cruelty. But, on the other hand, they were idle, selfish, avaricious, and utterly neglectful of the capabilities and interests of their country, to the ruin, spoliation, and degradation of the people; and the priesthood served to carry the oppression and demoralization to the very lowest depths. Concerning this latter class of *unworthies*, we have the following notice:—

Khorassan, Caubul, Pishin in Central Asia, Persia, and all parts of India contribute their quota of these blood-suckers [lazy priests], who are sure to be handsomely provided for in Sindh: many of them, indeed, have become exceedingly wealthy, and attained such influence, that they are said to have possessed the right of the entrée to the harem of the Amirs—a privilege which the chiefs themselves, if report speaks true, could not always demand. The country is at the same time literally pestered with travelling religious mendicants of all degrees, from the halt and blind to the sturdy and armed fakir: it is by no means unusual to be accosted by one of these latter, well mounted and fully equipped, who demands from the peasant a portion of his hard-earned meal with a tone and gesture plainly indicating that resistance would be in vain. The tombs of these canonised worthies are the only buildings of any note in the country: they are, unlike all others, erected of permanent materials, and form places of pilgrimage to all true believers.

The condition of a Sindhian town must be illustrative of that of the inhabitants; and if so, filth and wretchedness must reign with almost unmitigated loathsomeness. Says the Captain—

It is impossible to conceive anything so filthy as the interior of a Sindhian town: every inhabitant makes a common sewer of the front of his dwelling; the narrow passage, scarcely admitting a laden camel, is nearly blocked up with dung-heaps, in which recline in lazy ease packs of fat Pariah dogs, from whom the stranger, particularly a Christian (they are true Moslems these dogs), need expect little mercy. Flies are so plentiful, that the chil-

dren's faces are nearly hidden by them, and it is utterly impracticable in a butcher's or grocer's shop, to discern a particle of what is exposed for sale. Add to these mere outlines, crowded streets of filthy people, an intolerable stench, and a sun which would roast an egg; some faint idea may be formed of a Sindhian town or city. The inhabitants generally sleep on the roofs of their houses for coolness.

On great occasions a more picturesque variety presents itself in the streets and the bazaars.

The haughty Moslem, mounted on his fine Khorassan steed, decorated with rich trappings, himself wearing the Sindhian cap of rich brocade, and a scarf of gold and silk, jostles through the crowd, between whom a way is opened by the Sindhian soldiers, who precede and follow him: then follows the Affghan, with a dark blue scarf cast over his breast, his long black hair falling in masses on his shoulders, his olive cheek tinted by the mountain breeze, and his eye full of fire and resolve. We have also the Seyud of Pishin in his goat's-hair cloak, the fair Herati, the merchant of Candahar, with flowing garments and many-coloured turban, the tall Patan with heavy sword, and mien calculated to court offence, while among the rest is the filthy Sindhian, and the small, miserable-looking Hindu, owning perhaps lacs in the neighbouring streets, but fearing the exactions of the Amirs. These present a fair sample of the groups who crowd the principal street of Shikarpur; but we miss the wild Bilúchi with his plaited hair and ponderous turban, his sword, matchlock, and high-bred mare; but the freebooter of the desert loves not cities, and is rarely seen in them.

Again, where every thing else was mean and penurious, in the Shikargahs, or hunting grounds, all was lavish; indefinite expense was incurred in the maintenance of these preserves and of their keepers; and when a sporting expedition was on foot, the indolence and apathy of the chiefs were thrown off, and all became wild and imposing excitement. Respect of persons was lost in the tumult. "Ragged Bilúchi huntsmen and retainers jostled princes and prime ministers, each exciting the other, and clamorously vaunting his deeds, particularly if the more glorious game of a tiger had been numbered with the slain."

On the subject of costume we have these particulars:—

The costume of the Sindhian Amirs differed only from that of the Bilúchis, and others of their subjects, in the costliness of its materials; and on ordinary occasions it was as plain as that of their retainers: its description is well given by an old writer, "a compound, like their characters, of foreign habits, jackets and caps, unseemly imitations of India and Persia, drawers shaped like those of the Turks, and of monstrous magnitude." The whole value and most distinguishing features in a Sindhian chief's dress consists, first, in the richness of the Lúnghí, Cashmere shawl, or other stuff, bound round the waist; and, secondly, in the materials composing the cap, which, with the Amirs, was usually of Guzirat Kenkaub, deeply brocaded with gold or silver tissue; and thirdly, in the sword or sword-belt: these were invariably highly mounted in gold, and of immense value, the shields

being also richly bossed of the same precious metal. The Amirs did not use any other ornaments, and, except the large signet rings commonly worn by Mahommedans, were not adorned by any jewellery. As affecting to be a military people, the arms were the principal objects of personal ornament. The cold season induced an addition to the costume in the shape of thickly-wadded silk surcoats, always of very gaudy colours, or broad cloth jackets richly embroidered. During the pursuit of game the white flowing robes and startling coloured caps were exchanged for dark green dresses, the more effectually to assimilate with the jungle. In travelling, the high Tartan boots of kotah-pacho skin were always adopted after the Persian fashion.

Concerning Sindhian salutations.

The mode of salutation between natives in Sindh is peculiar to the country, and indicates a very simple-mannered people; it consists in inquiries first after the health of the parties, then follows a string of questions after that of the family, succeeded by others as to the state of the house and property. The first of these is not the simple question usually proposed on like occasions, but it is repeated and varied with a tone of intense doubt and anxiety, which becomes quite amusing. It may be translated thus:—Are you well? *quite* well? Comfortable? *quite* comfortable? Happy? *exceedingly* happy? Are you *sure* you are well? These being asked by one party, and being answered satisfactorily, are in their turn taken up by the other, and thus an ordinary salutation between friends occupies a considerable time: however large the assembly may be in which a man enters, he must go through this form to the whole of the persons present, as each is introduced to him, the senior or highest in rank making the first advance.

A Sindhian never passes a stranger on the road or river without the whole of these questions, into which he throws a deep interest; the effect however, being sometimes much damped by the latter demanding, after the termination of the ceremony, "And who are you?" This custom is remarkable, as Sindh is almost the only Eastern country in which good breeding and etiquette permit inquiries to be made after the family of an individual.

Some notice has been taken of the apathy and listlessness of the Sindhian princes. The economy of time with them was not a very important consideration. From the early dawn to what would correspond with our breakfast, was devoted to such business of the state as was transacted privately. The sultry portion of the day was passed in the inner apartments, three or four hours being consumed in sleep. At sunset, after evening prayer, each Amir held a public durbar, which was ceremoniously attended by the officers of state and others at the court. Presentations were now made, together with verbal reports given on matters public or personal. After the durbar broke up, the princes retired, or passed the remainder of the evening in listening to story-tellers, poets, or Nautch women. But exercise was never taken as a matter of healthful enjoyment; so that except for the hunt, or a visit to the tombs of the sainted, the Amirs never left their fort, where they generally bore mild sway, although neglecting the ruler's duty in making personal inquiries into grievances. They were not harsh as slave-masters.

Slavery in a very mild form exists in Sindh: the natives of Zanzibar are brought to the country when very young, and are sold to the wealthier classes; but in Sindh, as elsewhere in the East, the term slavery does not imply a state of cruel or degrading bondage. Slaves are treated with great consideration, and often become the most influential members of a family. Slaves born whilst their parents are in bondage are the property of the master, and become so exceedingly attached to the place of their birth, and those to whom alone they have been accustomed to look for protection, that liberty would probably offer little inducement to them to change their present for what might be considered a more independent position. In the lower part of the river, some of the villages furnish a large proportion of African inhabitants.

Some of this class held offices of high trust and personal confidence about the Amirs, who would have confided in them rather than the members of their own family: many of their body servants were composed of the *Sidis* (as the African is styled in these countries.)

Our next extract is taken from a general view of the characters of the Sindhian chiefs.

Mean and avaricious, the accumulation of wealth at the expense of their possessions by excessive taxation on skill and industry, were the vital faults of misgovernment, proving at the same time how grossly ignorant and short-sighted a system they pursued. As feudatory chiefs of a conquered country, they were bound to acknowledge the extensive claims of their ignorant and wild feudatories, and these knew no form of government, and cared for none other than that which provided for their own immediate rights and interests. The sole end and aim therefore of the Sindhian Amirs was to hoard up riches, conciliate their retainers, and enjoy themselves after their own fashion, looking upon all ameliorating and improving systems as interferences against which they were bound to place the most decided barriers. Though by no means cruel—for they were singularly free from this common vice of absolute rulers—they were necessarily arbitrary and despotic to the mass of their subjects, as evinced in the miserable condition of the latter, which was debased and degraded under the system of government pursued. Unambitious of conquest and of foreign alliances, they looked merely to pass as independent princes, uncared for by other states, and as much as possible unknown, The individual merits of these chiefs apart from their faults, which were those of circumstances, consisted in the exercise of the domestic virtues, which are always so conspicuous in the East, and in the ruder though not less pleasing qualities of hospitality, urbanity, and gratitude for favours conferred. Of the few distinguished British officers who have had an opportunity of being closely connected in the course of official and friendly intercourse, a favourable impression was invariably produced; and though our first visits to their courts induced feelings of contempt for their want of candour and shallow artifices to conceal their childish suspicion of our purposes, these feelings were succeeded in after years by more generous sentiments, the result of a liberal view of their position and its attendant consequences.

A word or two more from the Captain's volume concerning the native government of Sindh, the nature of our connexion with and the fall of the Amirs.

The history of our connexion with Sindh is strikingly illustrative of the difficulties encountered in treating with its chiefs, though as steadily overcome by the distinguished public servants who have had to lay the foundation of a more liberal policy, by pleading its cause with that ignorant and therefore arrogant court. The Amirs of Sindh latterly, there is every reason to believe, were becoming gradually awakend to a sense of their errors of government, and individually could be brought to acknowledge them; but the princes were not, it must be kept in mind, the parties to be alone consulted; there were those about them to whose opinions they were bound to pay every respect, if not obedience, who looked upon the slightest alteration as direct innovation, and all improvement as totally opposed to their interests —hence the difficulties to be contended with. Probably no form of rule, and class of rulers with whom we have been brought into contact in the East, presented so many obstacles to reformation as that of Sindh, and no court required from its peculiar construction so much diplomatic address and talent as this in dealing with it: how abundantly both were displayed will soon appear.

Captain Postans makes it out that there have been eleven changes of dynasty in the same number of centuries, in the history of Sindh, the last being indicated under this head—"*Conquered by the English*, 1843." Our grasp has been laid upon its rulers, and its warriors and people have nominally become subjugated to British power. But this has not been accomplished without results that are touching to the feelings in the fate of the fallen, and quite apart from battle-field scenes. A melancholy interest attaches to these few sentences:

The fallen Amirs of Sindh, consisting of Mirs Nasir Khan, and his nephews, Mirs Shadad Khan and Hussein Alli Khan, Mir Mahommed, and Sobhdar, of Hyderabad, and Mirs Rústum Khan, and Wulli Mahommed Khan of Khyrpur, with others, arrived at Bombay in her Majesty's sloop of war Nimrod, on the 19th of April, and every consideration was shown to their altered fortunes, by the honourable governor and other authorities, one of the governor's residences being appropriated to their reception. A local journal describes their condition thus:—"The Amirs, being prisoners of state, are retained in strict seclusion; they are described as broken-hearted and miserable men, maintaining much of the dignity of fallen greatness, and without any querulous or angry complainings at this unalleviable source of sorrow, refusing to be comforted." It would be superfluous to add to this description. The Amirs of Sindh merit deep sympathy; and those even who were opposed to them in the stern shock of arms will yet acknowledge that their fate has been indeed a melancholy one.

ART. X.—*Nelsonian Reminiscences; Leaves from Memory's Log.* By G. S. PARSONS, Lieut. R.N. Saunders and Otley.

THESE Reminiscences appeared originally in the Metropolitan Magazine, but are now brought together in a connected and compact form, in the hope that they will be received with favour in the shape of a volume. Of this cordial reception there can be little doubt. The period in our national history over which Mr. Parsons' pages extend is the most stirring and interesting in our annals, or in naval history; and the hero under whom the Lieutenant served during the Mediterranean cruise, maintains a hold on the imagination, admiration, and grateful feelings of the people, that is more terse and tender, that has more of the undying principle in it, than any man that has ever existed. The book, too, is attractive merely as a book, or a literary performance. It becomes the Lieutenant well; for it shows much of the heart and spirit of the sailor, is in a straightforward tone,—at times laughter-moving, and at others grave or touching,—but always entertaining. The style, to be sure, is in rather a more youthful and modern cast than might have been looked for in 1843, from one who was in the action off St. Vincent, *albeit* only eleven years old at the time. "Memory's Log," too, is marvellously fresh and particular in details, giving us conversations just as if they had made their first impression in the course of yesterday's doings, and as if the dialogues of sailors had always the picturesque and the dramatic in them. However, the reader is to bear in mind that the Reminiscences have been got up for magazine papers, and that the main question is, whether the essence of truth is presented—whether the pictures and sentiments be faithful and true in spirit and in manner. Tested and interpreted in this way, the Log, we think, may be taken as an authority so far as it pretends to go, and therefore it has its value in a more important sense, than being merely an amusement for an idle hour.

The book consists of narrative and anecdote,—of descriptions, sketches, and yarns, all relating to nautical affairs and naval experience. Many are the adventures, the scenes, and the pieces of portraiture to be met with in the Lieutenant's volume; and all that we are called on now to do, is to transfer samples to our pages, in order to enliven them, and also to tempt to a fuller and more leisurely reading.

We first of all are introduced to the author in Naples Bay, the time 1799; and the first of his recorded reminiscences relates to a tragical event, the execution of prince Carraciolli, admiral of the Neapolitan fleet; the king of Naples and his court having taken up their quarters in the Foudroyant shortly after the old admiral had been hanged and consigned to thedeep. Our extract speaks for itself.

Some days after the execution, when the name of Admiral Carraciolli had ceased to be remembered among the great and noble of the land, I was roused from my slumbers with an account of the king being on deck. Wondering at his bad taste for early rising, I hurried up, and found his majesty gazing with intense anxiety on some distant object. At once he turned pale, and letting his spyglass fall on deck, uttered an exclamation of horror. My eyes instinctively turned in the same direction, and under our larboard quarter, with his face full upon us, much swollen and discoloured by the water, and his orbs of light started from their sockets by strangulation, floated the ill-fated prince. All the superstition of the Italian school was called into play by this extraordinary (and, in truth, it was a fearful) apparition. The old man's grey hair streamed in the light breeze that rippled the placid waters of this lovely bay; the king and court were alarmed, and looked very pale; the priesthood, who were numerous on board, were summoned; when one, more adroit than his brethren, told the king that the spirit of his unfortunate admiral could not rest without his forgiveness, which he had risen to implore. This was freely accorded; and on Lord Nelson (who was suffering from ill health) being awakened from his uneasy slumbers by the agitation of the court, he ordered a boat to be sent from the ship to tow the corpse on shore.

Nelson's conduct at Naples presents passages that we have no mind to review; and Lady Hamilton did not always, Lieutenant Parsons hints, "sympathize in the manner expected from her generous and noble nature." Still, he declares that she has been most grossly calumniated. "Her generosity and good nature were unbounded—her talents and spirit unequalled; and, to my knowledge, her heart was of softer materials than to rejoice in the sufferings of the enemies of the (Neapolitan) court, to whom both she and Lord Nelson were bound by the strongest ties of gratitude and affection." "She served the country with unwearied zeal and activity, and in a greater degree than any female ever before had the power." This service, of course, consisted chiefly in the way which she took with her influence over the hero. "She was the cause of saving millions of British property from the grasp of the Spanish king, in 1797; she enabled Lord Nelson to fight the battle of Aboukir, and kept steady to our interest the fickle and dissolute court of Naples, from her influence over the daughter of Maria Theresa, then queen of that place." "Memory's Log" contains an anecdote worth quoting, referrible to the period of Prince Carraciolli's execution, which, together with some other acts, much to be lamented, our author attributes to a high sense of gratitude for benefits conferred by the Neapolitan court. "Lady Hamilton, with his lordship, (conspicuous from the star-like decorations that occasioned his death,) were skirting the sea-board at Naples, when a shot from the castle of St. Elmo disarranged the glossy curls of the beautiful Emma. 'On *board!*' said the hero and genius of victory. 'Not so, my dear lord,' said her ladyship. 'Let it never be said that Nelson and Bronté were turned by a Frenchman's ball.'"

Mr. Parsons says very little about Sir William Hamilton. In one place he mentions that he lived with his lady on board, and that "he was a spare, gentlemanly old man, kind to every person, and much beloved." But, *anent* the hero: the capture of the Genereux is thus dramatized in the chapter headed the Chase.

"Deck, there! the stranger is evidently a man-of-war—she is a line-of-battle-ship, my lord, and going large on the starboard tack."

"Ah! an enemy, Mr. Stains. I pray God it may be Le Genereux. The signal for a general chase, Sir Ed'ard, (the Nelsonian pronunciation of Edward,) make the Foudroyant fly!"

Thus spoke the heroic Nelson; and every exertion that emulation could inspire was used to crowd the squadron with canvas, the Northumberland taking the lead, with the flag-ship close on her quarter.

"This will not do, Sir Ed'ard; it is certainly Le Genereux, and to my flag-ship she can alone surrender. Sir Ed'ard we must and shall beat the Northumberland."

"I will do the utmost, my lord; get the engine to work on the sails—hang butts of water to the stays—pipe the hammocks down, and each man place shot in them—slack the stays, knock up the wedges, and give the masts play—start off the water, Mr. James, and pump the ship. The Foudroyant is drawing a-head, and at last takes the lead in the chase. The admiral is working his fin (the stump of his right arm,) do not cross his hawse, I advise you."

The advice was good, for at that moment Nelson opened furiously on the quarter-master at the conn. "I'll knock you off your perch, you rascal, if you are so inattentive.—Sir Ed'ard send your best quarter-master to the weather-wheel."

"A strange sail a-head of the chase!" called the look-out man.

"Youngster, to the mast-head. What! going without your glass, and be d——d to you? Let me know what she is immediately."

"A sloop of war, or frigate, my lord," shouted the young signal-midshipman.

"Demand her number."

"The Success, my lord."

"Captain Peard; signal to cut off the flying enemy—great odds, though—thirty-two small guns to eighty large ones."

"The Success has hove to athwart-hawse of the Genereux, and is firing her larboard broadside. The Frenchman has hoisted his tri-colour, with a rear-admiral's flag."

"Bravo—*Success, at her again.*"

"She has wore round, my lord, and firing her starboard broadside. It has winged her, my lord—her flying kites are flying away altogether. The enemy is close on the Success, who must receive her tremendous broadside." The Genereux opens her fire on her little enemy, and every person stands aghast, afraid of the consequences. "The smoke clears away, and there is the Success, crippled, it is true, but bull-dog like, bearing up after the enemy."

"The signal for the Success to discontinue the action, and come under my

stern," said Lord Nelson; "she has done well, for her size. Try a shot from the lower-deck at her, Sir Ed'ard."

"It goes over her."

"Beat to quarters, and fire coolly and deliberately at her masts and yards."

Le Genereux at this moment fired upon the British; and, as a shot passed through the mizen stay-sail, Lord Nelson, patting one of the youngsters on the head, asked him jocularly how he relished the music; and observing something like alarm depicted on his countenance, consoled him with the information, that Charles XII. ran away from the first shot he heard, though afterwards he was called "The Great," and deservedly, from his bravery. "I therefore," said Lord Nelson, "hope much from you in future."

Here the Northumberland opened her fire, and down came the tri-coloured ensign, amidst the thunder of our united cannon.

"The signal to discontinue the firing." And Sir Edward Berry boarded the prize. Very shortly he returned with Rear-Admiral Pèrés sword, who, he stated, was then dying on his quarter-deck, with the loss of both legs, shot off by the raking broadsides of the little Success. This unfortunate Frenchman was under the imputation of having broken his parole, and was considered lucky in having redeemed his honour by dying in battle.

The landing of the British army in Egypt, in 1801, affords Lieut. Parsons an opportunity of detailing some of his most arresting reminiscences. The mere achievement of debarkation, of getting a footing on the beach, must figure whilst historical records last; old Sir Ralph, "the good and the brave"—as the song, "O the broad swords of old Scotland" has it,—coming out in the picture in all hi proper dimensions and attributes. All the boats of the British fleet under the command of Lord Keith are assembled in a triple line "extending about a mile and a half at a league distance from their intended place of deparkation." The centre line is composed of flats and launches, crowded to excess with the flower of the British army. These are towed by barges and pinnaces, with a line of jolly boats in the rear to assist the disabled. The signal is given to advance leisurely, "but to keep strictly in line till under fire, and then use every exertion to land the troops." But all that military skill could effect had been done to render the place of debarkation invulnerable; the French having for eight days been preparing for the event. The French governor of Alexandria is reported to have said, "that nothing with life could be thrown on his shores but a cat." Immediately in front, too, lies the enemy's army on hills which are strongly fortified, while between these ridges, peep out the flying artillery, the cavalry also showing themselves in numbers between the masses of infantry, sufficient, they look, to devour our small band.

Imagine ten thousand of England's hardy sons, full of life and vigour, rushing into an unequal contest that, in the space of one hour would decimate them. Hark! the first shell from Nelson's island; the roar, the whistle, and explosion among the boats, answered by the heart-stirring cheers of the British lines. The heavy artillery from the ridge of sand hills in front open their iron throats on the devoted boats. "Give way fore and aft!" is the respondent cry to the shrieks of the wounded, the heavy groans of the dying, and the gurgling sounds of the drowning. Gaps are seen in our line. * * * Now their flying artillery, with their long train of horses, gallop to the beach, and open their brazen mouths on our advancing boats. That most venerable and veteran son of war, Sir Ralph Abercrombie, commander-in-chief, in the Kent's barge, moving in the rear, now desired the officer of that boat to pass through the gaps in our line, and place him in front of the fire. "I command you, Sir," said the veteran; "my personal safety is nothing compared with the national disgrace of the boats turning back. Example is needful in this tremendous fire, which exceeds all I ever saw. Oh, God! they waver,—onward, brave Britons, onward!" This apparent wavering was occasioned by a shell sinking the Foudroyant's flat boat with sixty soldiers in her, and by the rush of smaller ones to pick up the sinking soldiery. The lieutenant in command of the barge respectfully said he had the orders of Sir Richard Bickerton, not to expose the general-in-chief unnecessarily to the fire, or land him till the second division were on shore. The British lines, closing, to cover their heavy losses, rapidly approached the landing-place. The French infantry in heavy masses now lined the beach, and the roar of musquetry was incessant and tremendous. Sir Ralph, in great agitation, again ordered the officer to put his boat in front of the triple line, and was met by that officer respectfully declaring that "he would obey the orders of his admiral alone." The old general made an abortive attempt to jump overboard, saying, "Without some striking example, human nature could not face such a fire;" and indeed the sea was ploughed and strongly agitated by the innumerable balls that splashed among the boats, sometimes hiding them altogether by the spray they created. This was a most painful scene for a spectator: our friends mown down like corn before the reaper. But now a change comes over it. A heart-stirring cheer is given on the prows touching the beach; the soldiers, heartily tired of being shot at like rooks, spring from the boats with great alacrity; that effective instrument, the bayonet, &c., &c.

The death of Abercrombie :—

The Hon. Captain Proby, now addressing the commander-in-chief, to whom he was aide-de-camp, reported the enemy to be retreating, covered by their cavalry. "But good God, general, you are seriously wounded, your saddle is saturated with blood. Let me support you to the rear, and for all our sakes let the surgeons examine you."

"Captain Proby, I thank you," said the veteran, with a faint voice; "but in these stirring times the general should be the last person to think of self. Captain Proby, order a forward movement, and hang fiercely on the retiring foe. Desire Hompesh's dragoons to cut through their rear-guard, and fol-

low them closely to the walls of Alexandria." Seeing hesitation and great concern in the ingenuous, youthful countenance of Captain Proby, Sir Ralph added with sternness, "See my orders instantly obeyed, sir."

And the aide-de-camp, dashing his spurs into the flanks of the swift Arabian, flew along the line, vociferating the orders of "Forward! forward!" at the same time despatching the first dragoon he met with to Colonel Abercrombie, stating his opinion that his father was bleeding to death on the field with a gunshot wound. Sir Ralph, seeing Sir Sidney Smith's horse shot under him, now desired his orderly to remount him. Sir Sidney, thinking it would inconvenience the general, refused to mount, till a ball from the retreating artillery decided the question by killing the orderly. While Sir Sidney (who was wounded) was thanking the general, Colonel Abercrombie galloped up—"Dear father, has your wound been examined?"

Sir Ralph, who was sinking fast from loss of blood, now turned affectionately to the manly form of his son, who stood at his side in a visible agony of suspense, muttered the words—"A flesh wound—a mere scratch!" and fell fainting into his arms.

He was quickly borne by orderly sergeants to the rear, where the wound was pronounced of a dangerous nature. Fortunately the Foudroyant's launch had just reached the beach with boats of the fleet to convey the wounded off to the shipping; and the hero of sixty-three, in an insensible state, was consigned to the tender care of his son, exposed to the fierce sun, whose rays shot down hot enough to melt him. Colonel Abercrombie held one of his hands, while tender commiseration clouded his manly brow. I saw this gallant and good old warrior extended on a grating, coming alongside the flag ship, his silvery hair streaming in the breeze that gently rippled the waters—his venerable features convulsed with agony, while the sun darted fiercely on him its intense rays, combining with his wound to occasion the perspiration to pour down his forehead like heavy drops of rain; yet he commanded not only his groans, but even his sighs, lest they should add to the evident anguish depicted in Colonel Abercrombie's countenance, as he wiped the perspiration from his father's face. "We are near the Foudroyant, my dear sir; swallow a little of the contents of my canteen, it will enable you the better to bear the motion of being hoisted in."

"Send the quarter-master below to sling the general," said Lord Keith, "and select careful hands to the whip," and his lordship's countenance expressed the deepest commiseration. "Now, whip handsomely,—bear off the side, gentlemen,—for God's sake do not let the grating come in contact with anything. High enough—lower handsomely—see that the bearers are equally tall. Now rest the grating gently on their shoulders:" and his lordship gazed on the suffering countenance of the ancient soldier.

"I am putting you to great inconvenience," said Sir Ralph; and added, in faltering accents, "I am afraid I shall occasion you much more trouble."

"The greatest trouble, general," and Lord Keith took hold of one of the wounded man's hands, "is to see you in this pitiable situation."

Lord Keith pressed, relinquished the hand, and burst into tears; nor was there a dry eye that witnessed the sufferings of this venerated and venerable warrior. He lingered in acute pain three days, and his body was sent down to Malta.

We meet with "the breeze that gently rippled the waters," and similar repetitions of fine writing rather too frequently to accord well with a veteran sailor's phraseology. But, to let that pass, we hasten to glean some notices and anecdotes of another warrior, whose name will live long in history, the chivalrous but eccentric Sir Sidney Smith. This knight of the sword, says Lieut. Parsons, "I remember well, and have him in 'my mind's eye,' as he stepped on the quarter-deck of H. M. frigate 'El Carmen,' lying in Aboukir Bay, Egypt, in the latter part of the year 1801. He was then of middling stature, good looking, with tremendous moustachios, a pair of penetrating black eyes, an intelligent countenance, with a gentlemanly air, expressive of good nature and kindness of heart." Captain Selby of the El Carmen was ordered to England, to announce the British success in Egypt. The frigate however made tardy progress, having, by the advice of Sir Sidney, "hugged the Barbary coast close," in hopes of receiving the landwind at night. The leewind, however, "blew hard upon us and nearly wrecked the old tub off Cape Dern." The hero of Acre was coming home a passenger in the frigate. The extract now to be presented exhibits him characteristically, volunteering to board an American vessel in distress during a gale:—

On the following morning, the wind having moderated, we bore up and shook a reef out of the topsails, dropped the foresail, and stood under the stern of a large ship labouring heavily, with top gallant yards across, on a topping sea, and American colours reversed.

"I am in a sinking state," said brother Jonathan, "and I calculate I shall only be able to keep her up two hours or so: the people are frightened and I am in a bit of a shake, therefore, Britisher, I will take it as a compliment if you will send your boat (mine are washed away) and save us from being drowned like rats in this tarnation leaky hooker."

"I will stay by you," said Captain Selby, "but no boat will live in this sea."

Upon this declaration Jonathan Corncob spat twice as fast as ever, and observed, "You might oblige us with a boat, Captain."

His passengers and crew did not take it in the same cool way their master did, but raised a great outcry, and threw up their hands to a superior power for aid, while, despairingly, they tried to induce us to send a boat. Sir Sidney's kind heart was touched by the scene.

"Captain Selby, if you will risk your lee-quarter cutter I will save, by the help of Heaven, those despairing creatures. Give me choice men,—good boatmen, Mr. Landon, and with your captain's permission, I will take you in the boat."

This speech relieved me from a heavy weight of care, for, as officer of the watch, it was my duty to share the risk with Sir Sidney, but I had no inclination to be drowned even in such good company, and his choice fell on the first lieutenant (there is no accounting for taste). It set both heart and mind at rest, for I fully concurred with my captain in opinion that no boat

could live. Sir Sidney was the first man to spring into the lee-cutter. Captain Selby having remonstrated against his risking so valuable a life, was answered gaily by the gallant hero calling to our first luff, "Mr. Landon, if your tackle-falls give way you will be drowned for your carelessness, as I intend to be lowered in the boat, and her tackle falls should always be ready to bear any weight. Now for a bow and stern-fast well attended, and your two best quartermasters at the falls. Watch her roll, men, when I give the word for on your attention and skill depend the lives of the cutter's crew, your first luff, to say nothing of my own, and Chips, the carpenter, whom with your leave, Captain Selby, I will take on board Jonathan, who I suspect is not so bad as stated, but rather lost in his reckoning. Additional stretchers in the boat, Mr. Landon,—each man with these in his hands to bear us off the side. Now, Captain Selby, place your frigate close on her weather quarter, to make a lee for us." And every man held his breath with consternation, as the gallant hero, watching the lee roll, loudly gave the word to lower away roundly, still louder to let go and unhook, on the celerity of which depended all their lives. I drew my breath freely when the boat showed her stern to the mountainous waves, impelled by her oars, as each billow threatened to engulph her, and the cool magnanimity of Sir Sidney, as he steered alongside the wall-sided monster of a Yankee, who rolled awfully as he sprang on board.

"I guess you are the captain of that there Britisher," said Jonathan Corncob, addressing the hero of Acre, "and I take your conduct as most particularly civil."

"I am only a passenger in yon frigate, and am called Sir Sidney Smith. But let your carpenter show mine where he thinks the leak is, and I shall be glad to look at your chart."

"You shall see it, Sidney Smith (we do not acknowledge titles in our free country)," and Jonathan unrolled a very greasy chart before Sir Sidney.

"I do not see any track pricked off. What was your longitude at noon yesterday? and what do you think your drift has been since that time?"

"Why, to tell you the truth, Sidney Smith, I 'avn't begun to reckon yet, but mate and I was about it when the gale came on; I think we are about here;" and Jonathan Corncob covered many degrees with the broad palm of his hand; "Mate thinks we are more to the eastward."

This convinced Sir Sidney that he rightly guessed that the man was lost. Americans, long, long ago, were not pre-eminent as now in navigation, and were generally and irreverently called God's ships. The carpenter by this time had diminished the leak, and Sir Sidney, giving Captain Corncob the bearings and distance of Brest, only a day's sail dead to leeward, offered to take him and his crew on board the El Carmen, leaving the boat's crew to run the tarnation leaky hooker into Brest, and claiming half her value as salvage.

But Jonathan gravely demurred; and calling to mate, "Reverse our stripes and place our stars uppermost again where they should be," while he kindly slapped Sir Sidney on the shoulder, calling him an honest fellow from the old country, and in the fulness of his gratitude offered him a quid of tobacco and a glass of brandy.

Sir Sidney got on board without accident, and Jonathan Corncob made sail for Brest, where I trust (but never heard) that he safely arrived.

Sir Sidney's manners, we are told, "would have done honour to Lord Chesterfield's tuition." "He was the life of the ship, composed songs and sang them; full of anecdote, so well told, that you lost sight of the little bit of egotism they smacked of." He "shortened his moustachioes daily, according to our run made in the night, fully determined to get rid of them by our arrival in England." Sir Sidney "asserted that rats fed cleaner and were better eating than pigs or ducks, and, agreeably to his wish, a dish of these beautiful vermin were caught daily with fish-hooks, well-baited, in the provision hold, for the ship was infested with them, and served up at the captain's table." The knight, we are also informed, was a perfect Nimrod at running; for so fleet a-foot he was, that when reconnoitring the French army before Acre, and the enemy's sharp shooters had been thrown forward with a desire to make him their target, "he would enter the breach in the walls, where Jezza Pacha made his bed every night during the siege, before his companions were half way."

We have now given samples of the staple of the "Reminiscences. What more can we do to insure the popularity of the book?

ART. XI.—*Letters of Horace Walpole to Sir Horace Mann. Concluding Series.* 2 vols. Bentley.

WE are of that number who do not think that every scrap and letter written by a great man, should be published because he is dead. For should it happen that the fragments which have dropped from his literary table, that the scrapings of his library, have been the natural, unstudied, and careless expressions of his mind, about every-day or trifling matters, the probability is that they are not fit for or worth publishing, and ought in justice to the memory of the writer, to be left alone, as portions of the dust that must perish. On the other hand, if the things for the first time brought before the public eye, professing to be the genuine and inartificial outpourings of a master spirit, should be seen to have been covertly intended to be read by multitudes, then the tables are turned, but without bettering the case for the officious editor, because the pieces published are divested of all their professed or assumed naturalness. But we are proceeding upon the idea that the defunct was really a great man and a master genius, and asking would the *rakings* be desirable from the fields which he has cultured,—from the harvests which he has reaped? Yes, it will be returned; if Shakspeare's signature or autograph is a national wonder—a treasure in itself,—what price would not be set upon the briefest note he ever scrawled to his baker or butcher, should such a curious relic cast up? True, but it is because the relic was curious,

was single, was unique that it would be held invaluable; for if even Shakspeare had gossiped so perseveringly as Walpole did, and been so fully and fulsomely reported as some dead men and their sayings have been recently in our literary history, we should by this time have got tired of the commodity, and been obliged to complain of the oblique and unhealthy taste of an age that is greedy of food however morbid.

But this is presuming that Horace Walpole is entitled to and holds a niche in the front of the temple of fame, instead of assigning to him his rightful pedestal and appropriate site; and these are among the order of elegant triflers and cold-hearted superficialists,—far removed from the earnest and the sincere, it mattereth not for our argument, what be the object or what the course. Walpole was not a great man; no great man could have cultivated his species of liveliness, polish, and cleverness: none such could have sneered like as he did; libelled and lied like him; written as he has done shame-facing praise, mawkish morals, and tricked-out language to one, while, and in the same day, he was capable of sending scandal and indelicacy to another. To the charge that he was a bundle of affectation and an egregious frivolist, it has been answered that he pretended to be what he was not,—that he affected to be affected. Out and away with such a man; the world is too full of serious cares and of solid realities to give much ear to an idler, a sinecurist, a gim-crackery-man, a mere toy-master in thought, feeling, and occupation. Is it not vexing to think of a man, ripe and white in respect of years, squandering his hours and his powers in the way which our extracts will illustrate,—a way trodden habitually as all his manifold correspondence demonstrates? Without speaking of his covert infidelity, of his eagerness to scoff at sacred things, of his want of truth in reporting of persons or facts when his purpose was to be served, we must pronounce him to have had little of the man about him,—to have been at best a piece of brilliancy, and only the idol for the worship of Strawberry Hill devotees.

The volumes upon volumes of Horace Walpole's letters which Mr. Bentley has recently published, professing to contain not only all those that had previously been printed in a collected form, but several hundreds that had theretofore existed only in manuscript, or made their appearance singly and individually in other works, have grown to a shameful mass, if to be measured according to their intrinsic worth, and the grain in them as compared with the chaff. This is one of the most impudent of book-building schemes that can be instanced. It would not be difficult, it is true, to collate and to compile a desirable volume out of Walpole's epistles. And then such a volume might be made to present features that would be suggestive of more important considerations than any that directly arose from their merely literary and individual character. An editor,

with speculation in him, might view the selected portions as offering a type of the politics, of the criticism, of the social sentiments that prevailed amid the class of which the writer was assuredly one of the most distinguished members. Some of the pieces, too, might be consulted as curiosities in our day, in respect of the philosophical nonsense which they uttered concerning the results that would follow the French Revolution; the writer and those of his order, with scarcely an exception, being altogether at sea, and rudderless in their notions about that political and social convulsion,—its forerunners and probable developments.

But measured according to their real worth, or even their characteristic features, these two tomes of letters to Sir Horace Mann, when examined after the voluminous series that recently preceded them, are little short of a gross imposition. In the first place they are less studded with wit and anecdote than the epistles already before the world; and, secondly, they afford us no new grounds for estimating the character of the writer, at least none that leave a more favourable impression of the qualities of his nature, or in regard to his cherished habits, than did their predecessors. Trash and artificiality,—gossipry, twaddle, and heartlessness continually obtrude themselves, and scarcely with a vestige or an index of tenderness and sympathy for his fellow-creatures; while of deep interest in behalf of his country, of which his father had been so long prime minister, there is not a sign. Expunge from the collection the spontaneous wit that here and there sparkles, and the humour so disdainful of truth, that amuses now and then, and we have little more left than the lineaments that are in themselves uninviting,—that caused the frivolist to be disliked when he lived, and still prevent him taking a hold of the cordialities of the living race. These general observations will find corroborative illustration even in the specimens to be selected by us, although the purpose has been to provide some of the more entertaining and pungent bits of gossip. Our first is of a poor creature, "how far from ninety!"

> Poor Lady Coventry concluded her short race with the same attention to her looks. She lay constantly on a couch, with a pocket-glass in her hand; and when that told her how great the change was, she took to her bed the last fortnight, had no light in her room but the lamp of a tea-kettle, and at last took things in through the curtains of her bed, without suffering them to be undrawn. The mob, who never quitted curiosity about her, went, to the number of ten thousand, only to see her coffin.

"She was not eight and twenty." There are follies and fashions that in point of costliness keep pace with the *march* in every other sort of extravagance; and royal weddings and coronations do not offer exceptions. The crowning of George the Third is the subject of our extract:

On this occasion one saw to how high-water-mark extravagance is risen in England. At the coronation of George II. my mother gave forty guineas for a dining-room, scaffold, and bed-chamber. An exactly parallel apartment, only with rather a worse view, was at this time set at three hundred and fifty guineas—a tolerable rise in thirty-three years! The platform from St. Margaret's roundhouse to the church-door, which formerly let for forty pounds, went this time for two thousand four hundred pounds. Still more was given for the inside of the Abbey. The prebends would like a coronation every year. The King paid nine thousand pounds for the hire of jewels; indeed, last time it cost my father fourteen hundred to bejewel my Lady Orford. A single shop now sold six hundred pounds sterling worth of nails; but nails are risen; so is everything, and everything adulterated. If we conquer Spain, as we have done France, I expect to be poisoned.

Wilkes and liberty.

The campaign is opened, hostilities begun, and blood shed. Now you think, my dear sir, that all this is metaphor, and mere eloquence. You are mistaken: our diets, like that approaching in Poland, use other weapons than the tongue; ay, in good truth, and they who use the tongue too, and who perhaps you are under the common error of thinking would not fight, have signalized their prowess. But stay, I will tell you my story more methodically; perhaps you shall not know for these two pages what member of the British Senate, of that august divan whose wisdom influences the councils of all Europe, as its incorrupt virtue recalls to mind the purest ages of Rome, was shot in a duel yesterday in Hyde-park. The parliament met on Tuesday. We—for you know I have the honour of being a senator, sat till two in the morning; and had it not been that there is always more oratory, more good sense, more knowledge, and more sound reasoning in the House of Commons than in the rest of the universe put together, the House of Lords only excepted, I should have thought it as tedious, dull, and unentertaining a debate as ever I heard in my days. The business was a complaint made by one King George of a certain paper called the North Briton, No. 45, which the said King asserted was written by a much more famous man called Mr. Wilkes.—Well! and so you imagine that Mr. Wilkes and King George went from the House of Commons and fought out their quarrel in Hyde-park? and which do you guess was killed? Again you are mistaken. Mr. Wilkes, with all the impartiality in the world, and with the phlegm of an Areopagite, sat and heard the whole matter discussed, and now and then put in a word, as if the affair did not concern *him*. The House of Commons, who would be wisdom itself, if they could but all agree on which side of a question wisdom lies, and who are sometimes forced to divide in order to find this out, did divide twice on this affair. The first time, one hundred and eleven, of which I had the misfortune to be one, had more curiosity to hear Mr. Wilkes's story than King George's; but three hundred being of the contrary opinion, it was plain they were in the right, especially as they had no *private* motives to guide them. Again, the individual one hundred and eleven could not see that the North Briton tended to foment treasonable insurrections, though we had it argumentatively demonstrated to us for seven hours together: but the moment we heard two

hundred and seventy-five gentlemen counted, it grew as plain to us as a pike-staff, for a syllogism carries less conviction than a superior number, though that number does not use the least force upon earth, but only walk peaceably out of the house and into it again. The next day we were to be in the same *numerical* way convinced that we ought to be but one hundred and ten, for that we ought to expel Mr. Wilkes out of the house; and the majority were to prove to us (for we are slow of comprehension, and imbibe instruction very deliberately) that in order to have all London acquainted with the person and features of Mr. Wilkes, it would be necessary to set him on a high place called the pillory, where everybody might see him at leisure. Some were even almost ready to think that, being a very ugly man, he would look better without his ears; and poor Sir William Stanhope, who endeavoured all day by the help of a trumpet to listen to these wise debates and found it to no purpose, said, "if they want a pair of ears they may take mine, for I am sure they are of no use to me." The regularity, however, of these systematic proceedings has been a little interrupted. One Mr. Martin, who has much the same quarrel with Mr. Wilkes as King George, and who chose to suspend his resentment like his Majesty till with proper dignity he could notify his wrath to Parliament, did express his indignation with rather less temper than the King had done, calling Mr. Wilkes to his face *cowardly scoundrel*, which you who represent monarchs, know, is not royal language. Mr. Wilkes, who, it seems, whatever may have been thought, had rather die compendiously than piece-meal, inquired of Mr. Martin by letter next morning, if he, Mr. Wilkes, was meant by him, Mr. Martin, under the periphrasis *cowardly scoundrel*. Mr. Martin replied in the affirmative, and accompanied his answer with a challenge. They immediately went into Hyde-park; and, at the second fire, Mr. Wilkes received a bullet in his body. Don't be frightened, the wound was not mortal—at least it was not yesterday. Being corporally delirious to-day, as he has been mentally some time, I cannot tell what to say to it. However, the breed will not be lost, if he should die. You have still countrymen enough left: we need not despair of amusement.

Here follows one method of measuring life's length. Still, a man's age is not to be counted by the number of summers or sovereigns he may have seen, but according to what he has done in the given time.

I have seen and remember so much, that my life already appears very long; nay, the first part seems to have been a former life, so entirely are the persons worn out who were on the stage when I came into the world. You must consider, as my father was a minister then, that I almost came into the world at three years old. I was ten when I was presented to George I., two nights before he left England for the last time. This makes me appear very old to myself, and Methuselah to young persons, if I happen to mention it before them. If I see another reign, which is but too probable, what shall I seem then? I will tell you an odd circumstance. Nearly ten years ago I had already seen six generations in one family, that of Waldgrave. I have often seen, and once been in a room with, Mrs. Godfrey,

the occupiers build the same castles in the air. What is ours but the present moment? And how many of mine are gone! And what do I want to show you? A plaything-vision, that has amused a poor transitory mortal for a few hours, and that will pass away like its master! Well! and yet is it not as sensible to conform to common ideas, and live while one lives? Perhaps the wisest way is to cheat one's self. Did one concentre all one's thoughts on the nearness and certainty of dissolution, all the world would lie eating and sleeping, like the savage Americans. Our wishes and views were given us to gild the dream of life, and if a Strawberry Hill can soften the decays of age, it is wise to embrace it, and due gratitude to the Great Giver to be happy with it. The true pain is the reflection on the numbers that are not so blessed; yet I have no doubt but the real miseries of life—I mean those that are unmerited and unavoidable—will be compensated to the sufferers. Tyrants are a proof of an hereafter. Millions of men cannot be formed for the sport of a cruel child.

ART. XII.—*Cant. A Satire.* Darton and Clark, London.

THERE are certain topics, the usual staple of demagogues and sceptics, on which while few can be original, all can be fluent; and while scarce one can say anything worth hearing, any one may secure an audience. It matters not, on a subject of this sort, that the speech or writing be in reality utterly worthless;—let there but be a profusion of party terms, and plenty of abuse, and all will go well. The grand requisite, besides hard names, is

> "some watchword for the fight,
> To vindicate the wrong, and warp the right:
> Some factious phrase by cunning caught and spread,
> That guilt may reign and wolves and worms be fed."

Let but these be supplied, and the "mobile vulgus," to whom of course such productions must be almost exclusively addressed, will take assertion for argument, abuse for satire, falsehood for facts, and the whole vile compound of a seditious harangue, or an infidel pamphlet, for a masterpiece of argumentative eloquence or impassioned oratory.

On the effect of one—perhaps the most frequent and most mischievous of any of such watchwords, that of priestcraft—must the writer of this little book found his hope of its success; and in the above-mentioned class, and therein only, must he expect to find approving readers. The title is a sad misnomer. There is not one particle of legitimate satire in the book. It consists of nearly a hundred pages of coarse and virulent invective against all churches and clergymen in the gross. It is full of scandalous misrepresentation, of impiety, and of *personal*, *indecent*, and *abominable* abuse. Part of it is mere simple folly, part falsehood, part low vitupera-

tion,—and a very, *very* small part is good in design, and shows some talent for versification in its execution. In proving by extracts the justice of the epithets we have applied as generally characteristic of the work, we declare seriously that we are about to select passages almost at random. They are so crowded into every page, and all of so sufficing a nature—"each one seeming monstrous till its fellow comes to match it"—that as it is impossible to find room but for a small proportion, so there seems scarcely any reason for preferring any given one to another. Some, however, we must give; and we may as well take them in the order wherein we have mentioned the qualities to which we object. We can take no rule from the work itself, for we can find in it nothing approaching to a regular plan or system—nothing which we can follow. It is, in fact, a *lump of Billingsgate.*

First, then, for the misrepresentation :—

> The child that dies uncrossed by Holy Ghost
> Is taboo'd by *our* priest, and set down "*lost*;"
> No tears can move, though parent bosoms swell;
> Salvation's mute, and *Satan tolls the bell!*
> Malignant priestcraft! that with soul austere
> Will suffer not the little babe come near,
> But spurns the blighted flower—to malice true,
> Because it hath not sipp'd "salvation's dew;"
> Because *unsprinkled* by thy hand it fled,
> Thy hand that was against the infant dead.

Read the twenty-seventh article of our church. Baptism is there called "a sign of profession," "a mark of difference," and "a sign of regeneration or new birth." The last sentence is this: "The Baptism of young children is in any wise to be retained in the church, as most agreeable with the institution of Christ." Now what is there here to bear out this maligner of religion and religious men in his false and calumnious assertion? We are told what baptism is; firstly, a distinguishing mark of Christians; secondly, a sign of regeneration: and we are recommended to baptize children, as a custom agreeable to scripture. Regarding the fate of infants dying before the rite, the articles of our faith maintain, as does the Bible from which they are derived, a solemn silence. And this is exactly what might have been expected. Our duty, and the consequence of neglect to *ourselves*, is clearly pointed out:—beyond this, as nothing is necessary to our welfare, little is in this life made known to us. The Bible was given to man to enable him to attain to that heaven which his gracious Maker after the first fall, again placed within his reach—not to satisfy the vain and restless longings of a morbid curiosity. It tells us, therefore, whatever is requisite for that purpose, and little if anything more. On extraneous points, such as this, every man of proper feeling in religion, while permitting his

thoughts occasionally to recur to them with a reverential hope, that in due time he shall see his Maker "face to face," and understand what is now mysterious in his dealings with his creatures, will surely feel all too free inquiry checked by the authoritative demand, "Shall not the judge of all the earth do right?" If our inference from the words of the article be not allowed as evident, we will refer to the admirable work of Bishop Burnet. "Our Saviour has made baptism one of the *precepts*, though not one of the *means*, necessary to salvation. A *mean* is that which does so certainly procure a thing, that it being had, the thing to which it is a certain and necessary *mean* is also had; and without it the thing cannot be had; there being a natural connexion between it and the end: whereas a *precept* is an institution in which there is no such natural efficiency; but it is positively commanded, so that the neglecting it is a contempt of the authority that commanded it; and, therefore, in obeying the *precept*, the value or virtue of the action lies only in the obedience. This distinction appears very clearly in what our Saviour has said both of *faith and baptism. He that believeth and is baptized, shall be saved; and he that believeth not shall be damned* . . . But this (baptism) being an action that is not always in our power, but is to be done by another, it were to put our salvation or damnation in the power of another, *to imagine that we cannot be saved without baptism;* and therefore it is only a precept which obliges us in order to our salvation; and our Saviour, by leaving it out when he reversed the words, saying only *he that believeth not*, without adding, and is not baptized, shall be *damned*, does plainly insinuate that it is not a mean, but only a precept in order to our salvation." (Burnet, Art. 27.) We need not, surely, comment upon this. It is impossible for words to be plainer.

We cannot refrain from noticing an instance of similar want of candour; though, not having the work of Dr. Buckland at hand for references, we are unable to expose it in detail. The opening lines of our author are these:—

> When nature form'd this nebula of earth,
> Millions of ages before man had birth.

To which is appended the following note:—

> Compare the Rev. Dr. Buckland's account of the creation of the world with that of Moses, and decide as seemeth best, for Philosophy or Divinity.

Comparing this with the general tenour and spirit of the work, we have ourselves no doubt that it is intended as a sneer at the Bible; but, at the least, it must be taken to mean that the discoveries of geological science are at variance with the Mosaic account of the creation. The chief objection of this kind, we believe, is that here hinted at; that portions of our globe exhibit to the geologist in their present

aspect, conclusive evidence of having existed from a date immensely anterior to that assigned by the Bible to the creation of the world and mankind; these being, it is asserted, by the narrative, apparently nearly cotemporary. In cases like this it is always well to set out the exact words whose meaning is disputed.

"In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth. And the earth was without form and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters."—(Genesis i. 1, 2.)

The rest of the chapter gives an account of the six days of creation, the creation of man in the image of his Maker on the sixth, and the solemn sabbath, "when the morning-stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy," on the seventh.

In reading this, the phrase in the beginning evidently gives us the possibility of as far-back an antiquity from whence to date the original creation of matter, as even the imagination can picture. On the other hand, when we are told, "and the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters;" we have nothing to fix the lapse of time between the two events—between the primary act of creative Omnipotence which called into being from nothing the materials, as yet without form and void, of what should one day be a world; and the second more beautiful, if not more wondrous exhibition of the Divine attributes, which reduced to shape the unwieldy mass, and clothed it with verdure, and peopled it with happy and sinless tenants, —and from the raw material of a chaos, produced the splendid manufacture of the habitable world. Let the period required by geologists, for the existence of matter prior to the usual date of the creation, to give time for the processes they trace, be what it may, there is room here to allow for it without the least stretch of probability or the least straining of the word. The sole thing indicated by the Bible is the *priority* of the one to the other. The *interval* between the two, as to which Scripture is silent, we learn from human science was, in all probability, extremely large. It may be said that such an explanation would not be admitted in any other work, and that is granted; but in a work so completely *sui generis* as the Bible, it is nothing to the purpose. The earlier portions of Scripture comprise the history of so vast a time in so small a compass that nothing can be gathered from their *omissions*. Whatever is actually stated in, or can be clearly deduced from the text, is of course indubitable, but beyond this it is not safe to venture. We will give a pretty strong instance of what we mean. The account of the parentage of Moses is thus given:—"And there went a man of the house of Levi, and took to wife a daughter of Levi, and the woman conceived and bare a son," (Exodus ii, 2.) Who, at first sight, would not take it for granted that the son here spoken of was

the eldest child of his parent? and yet, a few chapters onwards, where Moses and Aaron first speak by divine commission to Pharaoh, we find,—"and Moses was fourscore years old, and Aaron fourscore and three years old, when they spake unto Pharaoh," (Exodus vii. 7,) i. e. Aaron was the elder by three years. Besides this, Moses seems to have had a sister at least several years older than himself, for when exposed in the ark of bulrushes, "his sister stood afar off, to wit what would be done to him." Now suppose for a moment that there had been no mention in the Bible of the family of Moses' parents saving the one first quoted, but that the fact of his having had an elder brother and sister had been discovered from authentic sources in profane literature, how triumphantly would sceptical writers have urged the objection against the veracity of Scripture, and with how contemptuous a sneer would they have told us that the answer which we now see would, in the hypothetical case, have been the true one, was a most gratuitous and bare faced assumption! Yet surely the present case is scarcely so strong as the one we have supposed!

Next we have to see whether the charge above made of profanity can be substantiated.

> "The Devil smiled, his children work'd so well,
> And '*tithe*' resounded from the banks of Hell!"
>
> "And Harry's lust, combined with Luther's spite,
> Destroy'd the first, and brought man's second night."
>
> "Then State—a rake—look'd out a wife sedate,
> When Church, nought loth, play'd thimble-rig with State;
> And water, through State's miracle with Priest,
> Was changed to wine at Church's marriage-feast."
>
> "Of all the nostrums to embalm a soul,
> None's like thine, Athanasius, *'tis so droll!*
>
> "At holy love-feast, where, in love-bonds knit,
> Lo! all the doxies round the table sit;
> Each righteous spouse the true Creed represents,
> And *Shiloe's wife stands waiting for events*!
> Whilst heavenly sounds ascend on angel wings,
> As *Israel's tea-urn joins its voice and sings.*"

The next head is that of indecency. We are most truly and seriously disgusted with this part of our task:—with being obliged to pollute our pages by such sentences. But it must be done. An operation is often the more necessary the more it is disagreeable.

> Laying his snares to catch the harmless dove,
> The wily priest drives on the trade of love;
> Mouthing the eighth command, "Thou shalt not steal,"
> He plunders e'en the cloth,—"B—r—h versus N—l."

To this there is a note.

See the trial of the Rev. Mr. B—h versus the Rev. Mr. N—l, for criminal conversation with Mr. B—h's wife during Mr. B.'s performance of divine service at Hackney church:—at the same moment the Rev. Mr. N—l was performing his holy interchange of duties with Mrs. B—h.

In what follows he is speaking of Dr. Pusey of Oxford:—

"Thy virtuous wife by prompt obedience led,
With holy chastity may fill thy bed;
Yet chastest wife must feel the penance hard
Always to look to Heav'n for her reward;
Sore vex'd, thy *total* abstinence lament,
Lay by, and mourn the quick return of Lent."

To this also there is a note:—

It is currently attested that this Rev. Gentleman confesses to the example he sets his followers, of connubial abstinence during Lent."

When your proofs are aptly chosen, two are as valid as two dozen. We need not adduce anything more of this kind.

We now come to personality and abuse generally. As they naturally go together, we will not separate them:—

"In darkness proud our modern bishops tether
The cloven crown and cloven foot together."—

"'Twas *avarice* first led to Piety!
When cant and zeal, by holy church made one,
Begot Hypocrisy—their only son!"

"Pusey or Mormon,—or names just as odd,
Nonsense their faith, absurdity their God."

"Thus P***y hopes to obtain what he may want
By *wheedling Deity himself with cant.*"

"Whenever lucre's filthy tree takes root,
Be sure a Pusey's planted at the foot."

"Behold Pope P***y, when his wine he sups,
Breaking the real corpus o'er his cups."

"Oxford! where'er thou send'st a Pusey hack,
Be sure have 'Bigot' labell'd on his back;
Give him a brain of lead, a heart of stone,
That thou and all the world may know thine own,
As Cambridge did the Israelite, whom face
And circumcision made a child of grace."

Oxford is moreover called "Rome's old Harlot,"—"Imp,"—"shred of Rome,"—"filthy thing,"—"stye of Circe,"—cum multis aliis; and is said to be, her

"Papal doctrines spreading far and wide,
And 'number ninety' lends them wings to ride."

"Egregious ninety! In whose page thou see'st
Thy hope, thy creed, thy gospel, and thy beast!"

Eheu! jam satis est. Wings wherewith to *ride*, (we may remark parenthetically) must be most extraordinary articles—something analogous of the patent steam-ship it may be presumed. The line is an evident adaptation from Pope's

"Lend corruption lighter wings to fly,"

but the necessity of rhyme and the congruity of metaphor were here at variance of a truth.

"Sometimes,
Monarchs are less imperative than rhymes."

It may be worth while to show the author's manner of giving a fair description of a large body of men. This is his picture of a clergyman of the Church of England of good family:—

Thrice happy Church! condemn'd by fate to hear
The younger booby of some pauper peer,
Taught from the nursery with disdain to throw
His glance and spit upon the herd below.
Eton receives the Tyro with delight,
Training him gladly for the holy fight;
To Oxford sent, his bigot creed to scan,
He comes out saint upon the Pusey plan;
As curate first in his vocation labours,
Ordain'd to be—a nuisance to his neighbours;
By nature dull and fitted for his post,
Tho' fill'd and quicken'd now by Holy Ghost!
His sire turn'd sycophant—and glad to turn one,
Begs him a living who could never earn one;
In four-wheel chariot next to Church he rolls,
To cast out devils and to cure much souls;
An expletive, by fraud and folly led,
With pride near bursting, and the nation's bread!
His heavenly Master's meekness he despises,
He smokes—he sports—he swears—he advertises.
Exchanging livings with his own dear race,
He swops salvation with some chip of grace;
Two precious scamps,—so equally unblest,
It puzzles Satan much, which bargain's best!
On Sabbath-day Paul's faith he strives to fix,
But gives to Ovid all the other six!
Love's God on Sunday even, smiles to see
The Priest denouncing pride in each degree;
For love and lust he points his deadliest sting,

And lashes pride with elevated ring,
As wandering glances from the pulpit fly,
Caught in the beaming of some beauty's eye!
His patron lord, who asks him oft to dine,
Receives the parish scandal for his wine;
Proud—mean—despised, he joins the hungry pack,
His life a steeple-chase,—the Church his hack!

And the man who wrote this thought it was satire! To define satire, except by negatives, is no very easy task. It is not scurrility, it is not falsehood, it is not declamation, it is not argument—but it is at times a little like them all. A great part of this book, we have said, is partial and unjust;—so was Byron's English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,—universally allowed to be a satire of the first water. Part of this is indecent,—yet nothing approaching to the grossness of Juvenal, whom we consider beyond praise. Part of this is false,—but certainly not more so than the inimitable "Death and Dr. Hornbook" of Burns, which has established his fame as a satirist for ever. Why then, may the author ask, do you deny to me the name of a satirist? You admit, and even point out, all the faults you can lay to my charge, as existing in still greater degree in the writings of the very first masters of satire, and yet make them the ground of my exclusion from the body. How can you justify this? Our answer is, if none can *define*, all can *feel*, what is, or is not, satire. General opinion—the supreme tribunal in these matters—has long ago pronounced the works mentioned to be—and we confidently predict that it will soon pronounce yours *not* to be—satire. It were easy, moreover, for one so inclined, to show the difference in detail. There is no similarity between the falsehoods we have exposed, and the ludicrously absurd exaggeration in Burns' satire. In the latter they are falsehoods but in name—they are "lily-white lies, fragrant with merriment." Such misrepresentations as the present, are calculated to do unheard-of mischief by the influence they may have on ignorant and unthinking people; and the only possible way for their writer to escape the charge of serious wickedness, is by pleading guilty to the most consummate presumption, in writing on subjects of which he was totally ignorant. What his religious creed, if any, may be, we are as ignorant, after reading the book, as we are of his name, (the work being anonymous;) for he abuses everything like religion under the name of Cant. But if he be anything short of an atheist he can scarcely avoid allowing, that the guilt he has incurred by endeavouring to disseminate error, is incalculably increased by the importance of the subject. Grossness is a blot on the fame of any writer; but if ever it was to be excused, it was in Juvenal. The subject, age and manners of the time, all join to render that venial in him which would be unpardonable now. And what in truth is it? It is the strong

language of honest scorn,—calling a spade a spade, and disdaining to run the risk of diminishing the native deformity of vice, by treating of it in fictitious decency of appellation. It is the overflowing of actual loathing and disgust at the crimes he stigmatises,—disgust *felt*, not *simulated*—when "facit indignatio versus," and the poet's feelings compelled him to use the coarsest language wherewith to brand the foulest depravity. Nothing in Juvenal can ever afford the slightest countenance to one who rakes up from appropriate oblivion instances of personal wickedness—true or false we neither know nor care—and thereby thinks to injure the fame of a body of men, whom by the laws of God and man he is bound to honour. Again, satire may well be personal when it is really deserved; but not else. No man has any right to treat with wanton scorn or affected indifference the feelings, habits, or even prejudices, of a vast majority of his fellow-countrymen. Common modesty, as well as common sense, ought to remind him that if out of one hundred people, ninety-nine are of the contrary opinion to him, the chances certainly are that the ninety-nine are right. It is this self-opinionated annoyance that forms one of the most repulsive features in the character of modern scepticism and sedition. All religions, we are told, have equal claims upon our notice! All men are born equal, forsooth! William Shakspeare, for instance, and the author of "Cant." Because some scapegrace young sprig of nobility may have turned a fox-hunting parson, his picture, God save the mark, is a fair portrait of a clergyman of the Church of England! Because one of our ordained priests may have been convicted of gross wickedness, his conduct is selected as an average specimen of the morality practised by the ministers of England's time-hallowed, reformed Church! Admirable logicians! Impartial observers! Modest assumers of self-evident impossibilities! As to the abuse of Dr. Pusey, it is infinitely below contempt. It will never cost him an uneasy moment. It is not now our province to discuss the subject of the Oxford-tract doctrines. But we can certainly say this much: that those shades of error in religious views, which proceed from approaching too nearly to Roman Catholicism, are in our estimation far more venial than those which border too closely upon dissent. They have their rise in a more humble and Christian-like spirit. They spring primarily from a too complete surrender of private opinions, to the decision of the powers that be,—from a too entire abandonment of self: and at least this is a more amiable, a more holy, a more scriptural feeling, than that self-sufficient pride, that intellectual annoyance, which induces an obscure or unlearned individual, to oppose his own worthless opinion to the wisdom of numbers and of ages; and to consider as of no value the concurrent testimony of mankind when it at all militates against his own preconceived notions. It is this spirit of which the author of "Cant" requires to be purged; let

him learn by the example of the greatest and wisest of mankind generally to be humble-minded, and low in spirit; let him remember that the Bible, as an object of reverence to his countrymen generally for centuries long past, is not a fit subject for mockery for one to whom it has clearly hitherto been a sealed book; and he may then employ his talents, of which he is by no means entirely destitute, to better purpose than in writing a book which will mislead the ignorant, disgust the wise, and to all whose opinion is worth having, render its author an object partly of pity and partly of scorn.

ART. XIII.—*The Letters and Journals of Robert Baillie, from the Author's Manuscripts.* By DAVID LAING, Esq. Vol. III. Ogle, Edinburgh.

IN our former notice of Baillie's Letters and Journals, we mentioned that the second volume closed with his return to Scotland, after having with his colleagues "wrestled through the whole confession." It may be satisfactory if we repeat ourselves so far as to state that these relics extend in nearly an unbroken series, from January 1637, to May 1662. The earlier ones relate to the mad intolerance by which it was sought to impose the ritual of the English church upon the Scotch, and exhibit with much accuracy and force the strong feelings of indignation and religious zeal which the attempt awakened. They then detail the origin, the changing fortunes, and the tragical incidents of the great civil war which devastated the kingdom; interspersed with accounts of the trial of the Earl of Stafford, the proceedings of the General Assemblies of the church, and of the Westminster Assembly of divines; and they carry us to the period when the dominant power of Cromwell and his sectarian forces, aided by the infatuated conduct of the English monarch, prevented that uniformity of religion in doctrine and church government, to the accomplishment of which both nations were deeply pledged by the solemn league and covenant. From this period to the Restoration, Baillie's letters relate chiefly to the affairs of his church, and throw considerable light on the monarchical predilections of its members, as well as on the origin of the two parties into which they became divided. The larger portion of his letters were addressed to his relative, Mr. W. Spang, a minister of the Scotch kirk, and were written with all the unrestrained fulness by which the correspondence of persons, who have entire confidence in each other, and are deeply interested in the matters about which they write, is usually characterised.

The position which Baillie occupied as one of the chaplains of the Scotch army which entered England, in opposition to Charles I., and the mission on which he was subsequently sent to London, to

any tearmes. This untymous excess of friendship hes ruined that unhappie Prince; for the better partie, finding the conclusion of the King's comeing to Scotland, and thereby their own present ruin, and ruin of the whole, caused the makeing the Malignants masters of Church and State, the drawing the whole force of England upon Scotland for their perjurous violation of their Covenant, they resolved by all means to crosse that designe.

Again, in July, on the news arriving of the king being seized by the "silly rascalls," viz. the army, evidence is afforded of the writer's growing fears.

These matters of England are so extremely desperate, that now twyse they have made me sick: except God arise, all is gone there. The imprudence and cowardice of the better part of the City and Parliament, which was triple or sextuple the greater, has permitted a company of silly rascalles, which call themselves yet no more than fourteen thousand horse and foot, to make themselves masters of the King, and Parliament, and City, and by them of all England; so that now that disgraced Parliament is but a committee to act all at their pleasure, and the City is ready to fright the Parliament, at every first or second boast from the army. No humane hope remaines but in the King's unparallelled wilfulness, and the Armie's unmeasurable pride.

It will be a disappointment to many readers that there are considerable breaks and intervals in these letters and journals; so as to leave us as much in the dark as before with regard to the king and national contemporaneous events; Baillie after his return to Scotland, confining himself almost exclusively to such affairs as were connected in some shape with the kirk. At the same time, however, we obtain many vivid glimpses of public characters, of the troubles and strife of parties, and of the authoritative discipline exercised by the clergy. The following particulars are illustrative in several ways:

The first bikering was for our Declaration; when, contrarie to their minds, we had past it, they were earnest it might not be published; but we had given order, as ever had been our custoume, to print it, even before we had communicate it to the Parliament. They had diverse purposes, either by perswasion or violence, to have keept it in; but we let it goe out on Monday, and ordained it to be read on Sunday thereafter in all the Kirks of Edinburgh, and about. That which hastened it out was our irritation by the Thesaurer's challenge of Argyle on the Monday morning; ane unhappie accident, that was ready to have kindled the fire amongst us all, had not the Lord prevented it. Argyle's enemies had of a long tyme burdened him among many slanders, with that of cowardice and cullionrie. On the Fryday afternoon in Parliament, discoursing merrilie with the Thesaurer, he said, He heard of a meeting whereat the Thesaurer had been the other night. Speaking a little of this purpose, he apprehended that the Thesaurer had said not only that the best men of the kingdom had been at that meeting, but also that himselfe was a better man than he. Upon

this, Argyle goes out of the house in anger, and calls for Major Innes, who had sitten at both their feet, and heard their discourse, to know if he had heard the Thesaurer say, that himselfe was a better man than Argyle. Innes did not avow the words; but being sent to the Thesaurer from Argyle, to try if he had spoken so, he said, He would not make accompt to Argyle what he said; but whatever it was, he would make it good with his sword. Upon this Argyle desired him to appoint tyme and place; and on the Sunday, a public fast-day, the Thesaurer sent back word, after both sermons, that on Musleburgh Links, at seven o'clock to-morrow morning, he should meet him, and bring a nobleman for a second. Innes, albeit no great friend to Argyle, not only offered himselfe to Argyle for a second, but told him he would resent it as a wrong if he were not admitted; so Argyle with no flesh but Innes, the Thesaurer and Lanerick, his second, did meet. Incontinent all were missed, and many run out to all quarters to search them: and, by God's providence, before they began their pley, some fell on them, and made them part without a stroke. The counsell that night, with much adoe, gott them to a professed coldryfe frindship. We had resolved in the Commission of the Church to have made both before the congregetion acknowledge their fault; so much the more, as Sinclare and David Bedley, Eglintonne and Glencame, some days before; and some days after, Kenmure and Cranstone, had been on the like engagements; but other matters put that out of our heads.

We have already seen that Baillie cherished no friendly feelings towards Cromwell's troops. He called them by many bad names, such as "serpents," "enemies to God and man," and such like hard words. But the second Scotch army sent into England, and now in behalf of the king, were made to learn at Preston and Warrington, that the "silly rascals" had mettle in them, and were not so deficient in respect of tactics as the letter-writer would fain have continued to believe. At length, however, the king was put to death, and new hopes and fears began to agitate the minds of the presbyterians. Great things were expected on the accession of the second Charles; but still all was to depend upon his willingness to join with the Scots, by subscribing the National Covenant. He thus expresses himself, soon after receiving the melancholy tidings to which we have just now referred:

To the great joy of all, in the midst of a very great and universal sorrow we proclaimed, on Monday last, the Prince King of Brittaine, France and Ireland. We have sent the bearer, (Sir J. Douglas,) a worthy gentleman, to signifie so much to his Majestie at the Hague. We purpose speedily to send an honourable Commission from all estates. The dangers and difficulties wherewith both his Majestie and all his Kingdomes at this time are involved, are exceeding great and many. The first necessare and prime one, (as all here without exception conceave) doth put his Majestie and his people both in a hopeful proceeding; and his Majestie's joining with us in the National Covenant, subscribed by his grandfather King James, and the Solemne League and Covenant, wherein the well affected of the three King-

domes are entered, and must live and die in, upon all hazards:—If his Majestie may be moved to joyne with us in this one point, he will have all Scotland readie to sacrifice their lives for his service:—If he refuse or shift this duety, his best and most usefull friends, both here and elsewhere, will be cast into inextricable labyrinths, we fear, for the ruine of us all.

Two commissioners were appointed to represent the kirk to the king at the Hague, and Baillie was selected as one of them. This is an account of their arrival, their interview with Charles, and sundry subjects of solicitude:

At night we came to the Hague, and spake with some friends, who were not many here. On the Tuesday, the second afternoon, we went to the Court, and had a favourable reception. My Lord Cassillis did speak to his Majestie in name of the Parliament and Kingdome, and Mr. Robert Baillie in name of the Church. So farr as we could learn, what was spoken was taken in good part by all who heard. We then delyvered our letters to his Majestie. The rest of that day, and the following, was spent in visiting the Queen of Boheme, the Princess Royall, the Prince of Orange, the Princess Dowager, and the Estates Generall. The Commissioners of Parliament found it necessary to give in, as previous to their desyres, a paper, for removing of James Grahame from Court. His Majestie's answer, under his owne hand, was, "That he desyred and expected all our propositions together, to which he hoped to give a satisfactorie answer." With this we were not content, bot pressed againe our desyre, the Commissioners of Parliament by ane other paper; and we also by one, second theirs, a copie whereof we send yow herewith. The King's second answer was an abyding in the first. We had all of us some discourse with his Majestie about the equity and necessity of that our desire; bot James Grahame hath so many and so powerful friends in the English Councill, that as yet we cannot gett the King to discountenance him. On the Saturday morning we delyvered to his Majestie the Nationall Covenant, the Solemne League and Covenant, the Directory, the Confession of Faith, the Catechise, the Propositions of Government, bound together in a booke so handsome as we could gett them. We spoke something on the matter, and desyred of his Majestie more frequent and private conferences; who shew his willingnesse, and promised to send to us to advertise of his fittest opportunities.

Again, and from a private letter:

As yet our fears are great of a sore storm to Scotland; yet yesternight I learned from a great person here, that our affaires, blessed be God, are not desperate. There is no Scotchman that is on the King's Councel: the five or six English that are, Cottington, Culpepper, Hyde, Long, and some more, are divided. The most are of Prince Rupert's faction, who caresses Montrose, and presse mightily to have the King to Ireland: Culpepper and some bedchalmer-men, as Wilmot, Byron, Gerard, and the master of the horse, Peircie, are of the Queen's faction, and these are for the King's joyning with us; but all of them are much averse from the League and Covenant. The Prince of Orange, and by him all the nobles here, are for

the last; and by their means we are somewhat hopefull yet to eary his Majestie to our Covenant and the most of our desyres for religion; bot I dare not promise so much; yet the greatest stick, I suspect, shall be our severe Acts of Parliament. It seems all here, even our best friends, will be peremptor for a greater mitigation than I fear shall be granted by yow here. It were verily a great pitty for the King: he is one of the most gentle, innocent, well-inclyned Princes, so far as yet appears, that lives in the world; a trimme person, and of manlie carriage; understands prettie well; speaks not much: would God he were amongst us.

Baillie entertained highly favourable ideas of the young king's principles and docility. He talked of Charles's "meeke and equitable disposition," and felt assured that "if God would send him among us, without his present counsellors," that he "might make as good a king as Britain saw these hundred years." At length the Scots did get the monarch among them, and the Marquis of Montrose having been executed, and the presbyterian party carrying their measures with a high hand, prevailed on Charles to sign the Covenant, and all seemed to promise for the best in so far as Charles was personally concerned.

Here is the account of his coronation:

This day we have done that what I earnestly desyred and long expected, crowned our noble King with all the solemnities at Scoone, so peaceablie and magnificentlie as if no enemy had been among us. This is of God; for it was Cromwell's purpose, which I thought easily he might have performed, to have marred by armes, that action, at least the solemnitie of it. The Remonstrants, with all their power, would have opposed it; others prolonged it so long as they were able: allwayes, blessed be God; it is this day celebrate with great joy and contentment to all honest-hearted men here. Mr. Douglass, from 2 Kings xi., Joash's coronation, had a very pertinent, wise, and good sermon. The King sware the Covenant, the League and Covenant, the Coronation Oath: when Argyle put on the Crown, Mr. Robert Douglass prayed weel; when the Chancellour set him on the throne, he exhorted weel; when all were ended, he, with great earnestness, pressed sinceritie and constancie in the Covenant on the King, delateing at length King James's breach of the Covenant, persewed yet against the family, from Nehemiah v. 13, God's casting the King out of his lap, and the 34th of Jeremiah, many plagues on him if he doe not sincerely keep the oathes now taken: he closed all with a prayer and the 20th Psalm.

None of Baillie's letters on ecclesiastical matters are fuller of interest than those to, or concerning, James Sharpe, afterwards the archbishop of St. Andrews. The writer was slow to believe in the betrayal of his trust by that duplicit man, when sent on a special mission to London to represent the Scotch presbyterians; nor did Sharpe fail in his letters to dress his hypocrisy in the garb of great candour and kindness. The following is a specimen:

His Majestie hath been pleased to send by me a gracious letter to the Presbytrie of Edinburgh to be communicated to all the Presbytries in Scotland, which I am confident will satisfie all who are satisfiable; it will be printed, and within a day or two, a copie transmitted to yow. However the affaires of the Church of England may be disposed, which I see are tending to Episcopacie there, the blame whereof ought not to be laid upon the King, yet we need fear no violation of our settlement here, if the Lord give us to prize our own mercie, and know our dutie. I have brought a letter from some citie ministers, bearing an account of their late procedure to an accommodation, for moderated Epicopacie, and the Church contests there are swallowed up by these who are for Prelacie in the former way, and these who are for a regulated Episcopacie. The King, by his declaration, which will be speedilie published, will endeavour a composeing of these differences until a Synod be called. Your noble friend (Lord Lauderdale) who hath sent yow the inclosed, (however he is represented by some with yow) is a fixed friend to the interests of the Church of Scotland, and to that cause we have owned: we have cause to blesse God that he is putt into such a station by his Majestie, wherein he is capacitated to doe good offices to our Church, and honest men in it, for which I am persuaded he will lay himself forth to the utmost."

We conclude our notice of the collection before us, which is deserving of reiterated perusal, with a curious anecdote.

My Lord Belhaven, without any example I ever heard of in Scotland, with his Ladie, a very wittie woman's advyce, did fayne death, and for seven yeares was taken by all for dead, yet now appear againe safe and sound in his own house. He was much ingadged for Duke Hamilton: fearing the creditors might fall on his person and estate, and knowing if he were reputed dead, his wife by conjunct-fie and otherwayes, would keep his estate, he went, with his brother and two servants, towards England. These returned, affirming, that in Solway Sands my Lord was carried down by the river, and they could not rescue him. His horse and his hatt they got, but when all search was made his body could not be found. His Ladie and friends made great dool for him, and none controverts his death. In the meantime he goes beyond London and farmes a piece of ground, and lives very privatelie there.

ART. XIV.—*Memoir of the Life of the Right Honourable Charles Lord Sydenham, G.C.B. With a Narrative of his Administration in Canada.* Edited by his Brother G. POULETT SCROPE, Esq., M.P. Murray.

ON his death-bed Lord Sydenham expressed a wish that Mr. Murdoch his Civil Secretary, should write an account of his Canadian Administration. This accordingly has been done, Mr. Scrope enriching the volume with a suitable Memoir of his brother's entire life, illustrating also Mr. Murdoch's narrative with numerous extracts from his lordship's private correspondence. The public will welcome

and relish the book; for while there is much of a practical and sensible sort in the career of the deceased nobleman, the offices of narrator and biographer have been performed with ability, modesty, and proper affection. We have discovered nothing like straining in the volume; and indeed nothing could have been worse timed or more foreign to the character of its distinguished subject, than exaggeration or pompous pretension of any kind.

Poulett Thomson was the younger son of an eminent London merchant, and was at an early age initiated in his father's business. However, before he settled in the metropolis, to steadily pursue a mercantile career, he travelled rather extensively on the continent, during which period he seems to have assiduously cultivated a knowledge of political affairs, besides improving his commercial views. One thing is certain, that he imbibed and fortified liberal sentiments with regard to finance and national relations, and that he ever after remained consistent with his first professed principles. He formed an intimacy with Bentham and other persons of a similar political creed, and at length, although contrary to the wish of his father and other members of the family, he became a candidate for Dover, was successful in the contest, and joined the Opposition in Parliament. Indeed, he soon gave proofs of a very decided liberalism, dividing on more occasions than one against large majorities; Vote by Ballot being a question on which he at an early period recorded a decided opinion, and to which he continued to adhere.

Mr. Thomson was never a very shining personage, taken in a public sense. In debate or as an orator he made no great figure, and as a statesman was by no means dazzling. But his appear to have been the sound, sober, and sterling qualities for practical performance, which the more he was known were the more respected, and which at length made such an impression upon Lord John Russell, when Colonial Secretary, that the appointment to the government of Canada was the result, in spite of the multitudes who endeavoured to ridicule the choice, and took upon themselves not only to predict that the saddest failure would attend Mr. Thomson's administration, but did all in their power to dishearten and embarass him. The duties to be performed were surrounded with difficulties; for in Canada as well as at home, the new governor had the most reluctant and distracted feelings to contend with. However, it is now matter of history that the issue redounded to his honour, and that the voice of his most stern opponents was silenced.

Poulett Thomson had on various important occasions, before going out to Canada, done good service to the state. He was the firm supporter of Huskisson in behalf of free trade. As Treasurer of the Navy and Vice-President of the Board of Trade, on the formation of Earl Grey's ministry, it is known that he was an active and efficient servant, and that much reliance was reposed in his advice.

His return as the first representative in parliament for Manchester sufficiently attests the nature of the confidence placed in his judgment and exertions for the benefit of the great manufacturing and trading interests of the country. His appointment to the Presidency of the Board of Trade in the Melbourne administration, and a seat in the Cabinet, gave him higher opportunities of exercising influence in the councils of the nation; and he actually stood alone among his colleagues in a vote on the Corn Laws. Last of all he proceeded to Canada, the offer being left to him either to choose the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, or the government on the other side of the Atlantic, Spring Rice having at the period been called to the Upper House.

On his choice of the government of Canada, an entry in his private journal throws light. The passage is so characteristic of his plain and practical sense that it deserves to be quoted even on that account. He thus speaks:—

I have a better chance of settling things in Canada than any one they could have found to go; and if I had not taken it then, as I could not well have got out of the government, I should have shared in the disgrace next session. It is a *great field*, too, if I bring about the union, and stay for a year to meet the United Assembly, and set them to work. On the other hand, in England there is little to be done by me. At the Exchequer all that can be hoped is to get through some BAD tax. There is no chance of carrying the House with one for any great commercial reforms, *timber*, *corn*, *sugar*, &c.; party and private interests will prevent it. If Peel were in, he might do this, as he could muzzle or keep away his Tory allies, and we should support him. If he got in and had courage, what a field for him; But he has *not*.

There is something better and more solid than modesty in his judgment upon himself with regard to what he might merely have been able to accomplish had he remained at home and taken the other office: there is manly and sober self-appreciation,—a principle and habit of estimating his own powers, which, we may rest assured, would have preserved his firmness when once he took his stand, as stoutly as it would have prevented him from stepping beyond his proper depth in statesmanship or political speculation. It must have been these sound and sagacious qualities that obtained for him from those who enjoyed the best means of measuring his capacity and worth, that consideration and advancement in the state which distinguished his career. And we say that he was perfectly aware of the precise character of his own merits, and how he could stand a comparison with others. Listen to him adducing the case of Sir James Macintosh, whose life he had been reading:—

He was more fitted to embellish society at Holland House, when there was *time* for literary and philosophical discussion, than for the duties of an active statesman in these later days, or even for the conversation of those

who now form society in the political circles in which I move, and which he then moved in. It is strange though that I, who never had half his recommendations to the Whig aristocracy, and not a tithe of his talent, nor a hundredth part of his information, should have been in office with him as his superior, and for five years a Cabinet Minister. I believe that the cause of this is to be found in the dependence of the one and the independence of the other. The knowledge that I wanted not office for the sake of money, nor patronage to procure me a seat, has done for me that which his superior talents and knowledge, wanting both, could not do.

He speaks of his independence. Now this virtue, together with the conviction that was gradually produced upon the public mind both at home and in Canada, that it really belonged to him, enabled him to carry out the measures which he deliberately planned, with steadiness and straightforwardness. He saw that the great mistake of the Governors who preceded him, was, that each "threw himself into the hands of one party or the other, and became their slave." But, he adds, "I have let them know and feel that I will yield to neither of them,—that I will take the moderate from both sides,—reject the extremes,—and govern as I think right, and not as they fancy."

His government, however, was not without great personal toil and prolonged anxiety. He looked into everthing with his own eyes, and had often to discipline his own mind to enable him to bear up amid difficulties and opposition.

"When I find myself getting gloomy at the opposition of little petty interests to great improvements, and by the difficulty of making people understand what is really for the general benefit, I turn back to my own recollection of what was the condition of the House of Commons not many years ago, with reference to all the great improvements which we have either carried or raised to a position in which they must be soon carried; such as Parliamentary Representation, the Poor Laws, Municipal Reform, County Administration, the Tithe Question, both in Ireland and England, Slavery, Free Trade, &c., and I become very merciful towards these poor Colonists. So advance steadily, and depend upon it you will succeed in your objects ultimately.

We shall now throw together a few miscellaneous passages, gathered from the volume, partly for the sake of illustrating the character of Lord Sydenham, and partly to indicate the manner and principles of his conduct as Governor. These specimens will carry evidence and influence with them that must raise a wish in every one of our readers to have a leisurely opportunity for going through the entire book.

It is not unamusing to hear how the new Governor carried himself and felt on his first stately essays. He is somewhat humorous on the subject. "The worst part of the thing to me, individually, is the ceremonial," he says. "The bore of this is unspeakable. Fancy

having to stand for an hour and a half, bowing, and then to sit with one's cocked hat on to receive addresses. Poor royalty! I learn to feel for it. Then the misery of always being on parade! When I get over the first blush, however, I hope to remedy this a little."

After a period of great anxiety and labour, Lord Sydenham had the proud satisfaction of finding that he could carry the Union of the two provinces. This accomplished he made a progress through them both, and was gratified in the highest degree by the reception that awaited him:—

All parties uniting in addresses at every place, full of confidence in my government, and of a determination to forget their former disputes. Escorts of two and three hundred farmers on horseback at every place from township to township, with all the etceteras of guns, music, and flags. What is of more importance, my candidates everywhere taken for the ensuing elections; in short, such unanimity and confidence I never saw, and it augurs well for the future. Even the Toronto people, who have been spending the last six weeks in squabbling, were led, I suppose by the feeling shown in the rest of the province, into giving me a splendid reception, and took in good part a lecture I read them, telling them that they had better follow the good example of peace and renewed harmony which had been set them elsewhere, instead of making a piece of work about what they did not understand.

Legislation, too, went on apace with him and his parliament, which was a subject of his exultation, although damped by the consideration that his measures and success would obtain but slight consideration in England:—

What do you think of this, you miserable people in England, who spend two years upon a single measure?

The worst of it is that I am afraid I shall never be good for quiet purposes hereafter; for I actually breathe, eat, drink, and sleep on nothing but government and politics, and my day is a lost one when I do not find that I have advanced some of these objects materially. That, in fact, is the secret of my success. The people know that I am ready at all hours and times to do business, and that what I have once undertaken I will carry through; so they follow my star.

However, this will avail me nothing in England. No one there knows the difference between an active and a supine administration of affairs in a colony; and for all the credit to be got, except perhaps from Lord John, it will be as if I had never done anything. So, though I write *to you* in high spirits, and recount my *hauts faits*, you need not think that I shall come back bragging of them, or expect to find that they have rendered me half so *marquant* a person as a good speech in the House of Commons or a successful breakfast at Greenwich would have done.

He continued to feel a deep concern with regard to the prospects and the measures of his party at home. The Whig budget of 1841

gave him particular satisfaction, and was also the occasion of confident prediction: He thus writes:—

The last accounts I have make me think that the whole of your plan is likely to be upset by the Tories and the class interests. But, never mind. The seed is sown—and the flag of commercial reform is at last unfurled, and sooner or later it must triumph. The debate of the 18th May (my latest news) tells me nothing of what your course will be; but I trust, for your own sakes and that of the cause, that you will not have abandoned the helm to the Tories upon the mere defeat upon the Sugar Duties, which was of course inevitable. It seems to me that, having once entered upon this new contest, you are bound to proceed with it. If they beat you on Sugar, give them Timber; if they beat you on that, give them Corn. The discussions must benefit you, and *must* injure them. And when beaten on all, and your course of policy fairly before the country, test it with a dissolution, which though it can scarcely be expected to give you a majority, or render resignation unnecessary, will at least have ranged parties under the new banners, both on one side and the other, and enable you *to force your measures on another government*, should your own not get back.

The following are some of Lord Sydenham's views on emigration:

I have sent home a long Report on Emigration, which some of you won't like because it tells the truth, and declares that to throw starving and diseased paupers under the rock at Quebec ought to be punishable as *murder*. Send me out good stout English peasants who know what *work* is; give them the means of getting up the country 600 or 700 mlies where it is to be had; and I will take as many as you can get, and promise them *independence*. Or give me some yeomen with a few hundred pounds each, and let them take prudent *advice—buy cleared farms—not* throw themselves into the bush, where they are as helpless as they would be in the Great Desert; and I will secure them comfort and perfect independence at the end of a couple of years—but not *money*. *That* is a thing never to be mentioned. Pigs, pork, flour, potatoes, horses to ride, cows to milk; but you must eat all you produce, for devil a purchaser is to be found. However, the man's chief wants are supplied, and those of his family; he has no rent or taxes to pay, and he ought to be satisfied. But send me no Irish paupers; nor young gentlemen with 500*l*, or 600*l*., who fancy that upon that they may be idle, and are hardly used because they cannot get 200*l*. or 300*l*. a year income in return for it. The province absolutely teems with persons of this character—lawyers, broken-down merchants, clerks, soldiers—who have come out here to farm; lost their money through their ignorance of the business; or have been unable to brook plenty without the enjoyments of civilised life—the lot of those who succeed best; and all these are applicants for places, of which there is one perhaps to one hundred candidates. So you see competition is nearly as rife here as in the mother country.

His lordship's views of Yankee politics and government, as well as of Yankee manners, may be just, but they are far from flattering. He says,—

It is the corruption of Walpole's House of Commons extended over a whole people. Peculation and jobbing, the only objects; delusion and the basest flattery of the people, the means. The joke is, that we in Europe are apt to fancy the Government is a cheap one, the patronage little, the means of corruption small, and the people careful of their own interests as opposed to the attempts of their rulers: this, all because we find the President getting only 5,000*l.* a year! The reverse of all this is the fact. I will venture to say that there is more jobbing and dirty work in *one* State of the Union, that in all Downing-street and Whitehall. Every place is the object of party contest, and they are innumerable in each little Government of each State. The *people* being the direct bestowers of all, if not immediately, at least indirectly, are adulated in the most disgusting and degrading way; and the trash from which an educated minister or boroughmonger in England would turn with disgust, is greedily swallowed by them. The result, of course, is general debasement. Those who aim at place and power are corrupt and corrupters. The masses who bestow them are ignorant, prejudiced, dishonest, and utterly immoral. You will naturally say, under such circumstances, how is it that they advance so rapidly and so steadily? It is the millions of acres of good land alone that does this. Exhaust the means by which all their unquiet spirits and ruined speculators now find a fresh field, and the bubble will burst at once. If they drive us into a war, which, however, I do not think likely, the *blacks* in the South will soon settle all that part of the Union; and in the North I feel sure that we can lick them to their heart's content.

Again,

We have a host of Yankees, either in the house, or arriving daily from the opposite shore, a gun-shot off, to see Mr. Governor Thomson. You never saw, or can imagine such a set of people; but they are great fun. I gave them a review yesterday of the 93rd, a Highland regiment in *kilts*, which delighted them not a little I guess. I overheard one of them say, "I guess these Britishers do it a'most as handsome as the Buffalo Citizen Militia!" Another said to me to-day, meaning, I presume, to pay me the highest compliment, "I opinionate that you are very like our old Hickory" (Jackson)—"you *downs* them everlasting locusts of place-goers, and won't stand no *up* but your own;"—pretty true, by-the-bye. Yesterday on the balcony a Yankee lady was walking with her little girl; the child said, "Mamma, I can't bear this." Upon which mamma looked daggers at her, and said, "How can you talk so before the Governor? You should say, I can't tolerate this." Such is their delicacy of language. What it is, practically, you may imagine from the circumstance of my bed-room's opening on a balcony that is common to the house; and there is not a young lady in the hotel who does not walk up and down staring into the window of the room, which is about 8 feet square, every morning whilst I am going through all the processes of my toilet.

Lord Sydenham does not appear to have been blessed with a robust constitution; and his bodily as well as mental exertions in Canada completely wore him out. The account which he gives of his daily routine of work, besides his long and late dinner hours, when

he had company, "which is about three times a week," show that his was no idle sphere. "The excitement and worry are more than I can stand in the present state of my health." He longed for September, after which he would not stay though they were to make him Duke of Canada. The hoped-for month arrived; he was recovering and preparing to return to England. But by the fall of his horse his leg was fractured. And now for the close:—

In the night between Friday and Saturday the 18th a change took place, which for the first time thoroughly aroused his family to his imminent danger, and showed that his sufferings were fast approaching to a fatal termination: all his symptoms were in those few short hours fearfully aggravated,—the spasms by which for several days he had been tortured became more frequent and intense, and his strength was evidently fast failing. Those who had hoped most were now forced to allow that hope was no longer reasonable; and the only question was, how many hours he might still linger in agony.

He became very soon aware of his own state; yet even in those trying moments, when all worldly prospects were fast fading from his sight—when the reward of success and the discredit of failure were becoming alike indifferent, his sense of duty still kept alive his interest in public matters. With a calmness and tranquillity most astonishing to those who witnessed it, he continued between the paroxysms of pain to devote his attention to such public matters as required immediate decision. His faculties remained unimpaired; and early in the day he executed his will, in which, among other legacies, was one "in token of his friendship and esteem" to Lord John Russell. When this part of his will was subsequently read over to him, he repeated twice in a firm and emphatic tone, "He was the noblest man it was ever my good fortune to know." Among the many testimonies which during his public life Lord John Russell may have received, none can have borne more deeply the stamp of sincere attachment and admiration than these few words from the dying lips of his friend and fellow-statesman.

In the afternoon Lord Sydenham invited all the members of his family to unite with him in receiving the Holy Sacrament. After the administration of that sacred ordinance he took leave of them individually, addressing to each some words of kind remembrance, accompanied by some token of his regard. He then desired to be left alone with his chaplain; and during the night he continued constant and fervent in prayer, and in preparation for the awful change about to take place. No murmur at his untimely fate ever escaped his lips, but in his death he evinced the same firmness and strength of mind which in life had been his distinguishing characteristic. Throughout the night his sufferings continued unabated, and repeatedly those who watched thought that his last moment was come; but it was not until seven o'clock of Sunday the 19th that he breathed his last.

We shall go back to his childhood, in order to cite a pleasant anecdote in which he, George the Third, and another great man were parties concerned. The scene was Brighton, and the narrator is the author of the Memoir before us:—

"The King became so partial to Charles, the youngest, then not quite four years old, that he insisted on a daily visit from him, often watched at the window for his arrival, ran down himself to open the door to let him in, and carried him about in his arms to show all that could amuse the child, in the very ordinary lodging-house then occupied by the royal party, and especially the suppers laid out for the children's balls, which their majesties frequently gave for the amusement of their young favourites. On one occasion, the King being on the pier-head, about to embark in the royal yacht upon one of his sailing trips, and having the child in his arms, he turned round to Mr. Pitt, who was in attendance at his elbow, having probably hurried down from London for an audience on important business, and exclaimed, "Is not this a fine boy, Pitt? Fine boy, isn't he? Take him in your arms, Pitt; take him in your arms: charming child, isn't he?" Then suiting the action to the word, he made the stiff and solemn premier, weighed down as he seemed to be with cares of state, dandle and kiss the pretty boy, and carry him some minutes in his arms, albeit strange and unused to such a burden. The circumstance, though trivial, had so comical an effect, from the awkwardness and apparent reluctance with which the formal minister performed his compelled part of nurse, as to make an impression on the writer, who stood by, though but seven years old himself, which time has never effaced.

ART. XV.—*Narrative of a Journey from Heraut to Khiva, Moscow, and St. Petersburgh.* By Capt. JAMES ABBOT. 2 vols. Allen and Co.

THIS is a singularly unsatisfactory narrative. It is almost entirely destitute of interest and value in a diplomatic point of view, and even of facts of any importance. The Captain himself says, "I feel sensible that some apology is necessary for the incompleteness of the materials and defectiveness of the execution. I departed for Khiva ignorant of every particular, whether of fact or curiosity, connected with Toorkestaun, had to learn the Persian tongue (itself a foreign language in Khaurism) on my hurried march thither, and was closely guarded whilst there from intercourse with the natives." Similar difficulties were encountered in Russia; "ignorance of the language, restricted leisure, and a mind utterly unprepared by previous reading for the subject before it." Neither does the Captain appear to be in possession of a temperament well adapted for political negotiation between civilized and uncivilized nations. He draws too frequently upon his imagination; he is a bundle of sensations and emotions; nor does he prove himself to have had the discreetness to refrain from the disclosure of feelings and opinions which could benefit no one, and at the best could only result in self-portraiture and uninteresting egotism. He does not seem to have met with bad usage at Khiva, however suspicious and timid he may have been; and it is equally certain from his own showing that he was the reserve of being com-

petent to forward any delicate arrangement which required promptitude of decision together with composure of action.

The Captain entertained an exaggerated sense of the magnitude and the difficulties of the mission upon which he went, just as he did of his ability to deal with what he describes as desperate circumstances. He arrives at Khiva, and says,—

My present position was one of interest and deep anxiety. I had been sent to execute what might well appear an impossibility, and my fame, as well as life, was staked upon the venture. When I considered my imperfect knowledge of even the Persian tongue, my utter ignorance of that of the court and people, as well as of their manners and temper; my entire want of instruments suited to my need: that my sole instrument of intercourse with the natives was Ali Muhummed, a ransomed slave, new to my service, and of whose capacity or fidelity I knew nothing; when I considered the lightness of my purse; the impossibility of recruiting it at Khiva; the poverty of the presents to be offered the Khaun Huzurut, contrasted with the lavish gifts, which, it was well known, had been bestowed upon the government of Heraut; my want of suite to give dignity to my mission; that the Vuzeer Yar Muhummud Khaun had agents at Khiva, secretly engaged in thwarting my endeavours, and throwing the most dangerous suspicions upon my motives; that the Persian ambassador had just preceded me, at the head of a hundred horse, and laden with handsome presents; that it must be his object to hinder the meditated alliance; that Doost Muhummud Khaun, the Ex-Ummeer of Cabul, had also agents at Khiva, who would naturally, if possible, poison the Khaun's mind against the English,—a nation whose very existence was a recent discovery at Khiva. When I considered, that in demanding the confidence of the Khaun, I was empowered to promise him nothing, but rather to make excuses for non-compliance with every request he had made,—I confess, the case appeared to me as desperate as possible.

Captain Abbot's mission was a sort of nondescript affair,—at best a semi-official undertaking. Tidings of the Russian invasion of Central Asia reach Major Todd, the British envoy at Heraut. An intercourse is then sought for by him with the Khan or king of Khiva, and during its formation a report reaches the envoy that the Russian invading forces amount to 100,000. The Khan was urgent to receive aid and supplies from the British, which, however, Major Todd had neither the authority nor the means to supply; deputing our author to the court of the Khan to smooth the bonds of amity, of course, in the best way that could be done, and no doubt to furnish the British agent at Herat with the earliest and most accurate accounts respecting the movements and intentions of the Russians that could be obtained at Khiva, so as that the Indian government might without delay be put into possession of the real and entire facts connected with the invasion.

Captain Abbot, in the capacity of Major Todd's messenger, started for Khiva towards the latter end of December, 1839, although he

seems to have looked upon himself as the direct agent of the British Government. His journeyings, however, as above intimated, supply us with remarkably rare realities; romantic notions, and elaborate details of excited feeling greatly prevailing even over precise descriptions of nature, or simple sketches of persons and character. Two or three notices, however, must be gleaned from the stately volumes.

The journey to Khiva from Heraut may be some 600 miles, part of which is over an extended desert, which at the season of the year that it was traversed by the Captain, presented an intensely cold climate, although not without furnishing some variety of experience and certain pleasing reliefs, as the account of one day's trip will illustrate.

It may be interesting to sketch a single day's trip, with all its pleasures and inconveniences. I rise then at midnight, and sit at a blazing fire, sipping tea without milk, until the camels are laden and have started. I then mount and follow them, and as camels walk something less than three miles an hour, soon overtake them. As the cold is intense, and our feet are by this time fully numbed, I alight and spread my carpet, and a large fire is soon made, around which we all sit half an hour. Wood is very abundant, and so dry that when the hoar frost or snow is shaken from it, it kindles instantly. It is likewise so deficient in solidity, that a stem, the thickness of a man's body, is torn up by the roots without difficulty. We now mount again, and proceed in silence, for the path admits not of two abreast, and the freezing of the vapour of the breath, upon one's beard and mustachios, renders the motion of the jaw singularly unpleasant. Indeed, in raising the handkerchief to one's face, it is tangled in a disagreeable manner with the crystals, and the chin has become so brittle, that a very slight titillation is painful. Jupiter is now far above the horizon, and Venus is shining gloriously upon the desoalte wild. And by degrees we perceive the day itself slightly winking in the east, and again we pull up, to light a fire, and to thaw our frozen extremities.

Ere sunrise they again mount and are away.

Now we are close upon the traces of the camels. The slave caravans keep them company. The hardy Toorcumuns as they trudge along in their clouted, laced boots, and legs wound round with woolen cloths, and their white sheepskin caps heavy with hoar frost, have no cause to envy us, whose knees are cramped with the saddle, and whose feet are again freezing in the morning air. How frosty their cheeks and sharp noses appear, peeping above the cataract of ice which clings to their scanty beards, and below the snowy mass which overhangs their brows. The captive ladies are wisely invisible. They have tucked themselves below the felts of their Kujawurs, and yet, I fear, in spite of all their management, have but a chilly birth.

Next we cite an account of the Captain's entry into Khiva, and of the appearance of the town.

I dressed accordingly, and was scarcely ready when the master of ceremonies arrived, with his Oozbeg and Toorcumun horse. He was a fine man, tall and stout, with squarish face, a ruddy complexion, long half-closed eyes, good features, and, merit of merits, a decent beard. He is an Oozbeg, and a good specimen of his race. After an interchange of civilities, we mounted and proceeded toward the city. I had exchanged my Afghaun dress for my only full-dress suit,—an embroidered surtout with golden epaulettes. The master of ceremonies rode beside me, and the horsemen followed in close column, some of them from time to time dashing from the ranks, discharging their fire-arms, and wheeling their horses at speed; my impression of their horsemanship was not favourable. Many of the bridles were richly decorated with gold, silver, and precious stones, which gave them a splendid effect; there were also some very handsome matchlock and fire-lock rifles, the fabric of Heraut and Persia. The horses greatly exceed in size those of Hindoostaun. But some where disproportionately small, and I observed none that I should have valued very highly. The Oozbegs and a few of the Toorcumuns, wore the high cylindric Oozbeg cap of black lambskin. I call it cylindric, but it is generally rather larger above than below, so as to be the frustrum of a cone inverted. The larger the cap the more dignified is it considered. The Toorcumuns, however, generally wear their own black lambskin cap, which is smaller, sits close to the head, and ends above, not like the Persian in a point, but slightly rounded. It is a far more convenient head dress than the Oozbeg, but not so graceful as the Persian cap. The horsemen rode in a dense mass, which would have had a more military effect, had there been any uniformity in their arms. But some bore spears, others sabres alone, and a few rifles. After riding a couple of miles the town of Khiva appeared on our right, and we entered a country, laid out in gardens and dwellings of the gentry. The houses have all one character, being an enclosure of very lofty clay walls, flanked by ornamental towers at the angles, which give them the appearance of castles. This name (Gullah) they bear at Khiva. The exterior has but one visible opening, which is the entrance, lying generally between two towers, and being a spacious gateway, flat above, and roofed throughout, to its termination in the court behind the house, or rather within the enclosure. On one side of this a door admits to the men's apartments, and on the other side, the women's quarters are constructed. The walls, built with great regularity of rammed clay, are generally fluted, an effect given them perhaps by the hurdles of straight branches, between which the clay is supported whilst soft, and during the process of ramming. The gardens are surrounded by very low walls of similar construction, allowing the eye to command many estates from a single point of view. The trees are a species of elm, wide, and very shadowy; the poplar, and the plane tree. The appearance of the country is pleasing, but it is too flat for beauty, and I observed that neither grass, weed, nor wild flower will grow upon the banks, although canals from the river plentifully irrigate the whole valley.

This is his sketch of the Khan:—

Ullah Koolies Khaun, the present king of Khaurism, is about forty-five years of age, and so far as I can judge, rather under the middle height. His

face is round. The features are high and regular; the expression is the most amiable possible; but there is an absence of vigour, for which, at the present crisis, nothing can atone, unless it be the powerful interposition of some foreign power. His eyes are long, and not well-opened. His beard is decent; his family having some mixture of Sart blood. He is inclined to be stout. He was seated upon a carpet, and supported by cushions. Before him a wood fire blazed up, sending its smoke and sparks through the sky-light of the tent. He shifted his posture from time to time. It was always ungraceful and unkingly. Sometimes cross-legged, sometimes kneeling, sometimes half reclining. His dress was a green cloak, fringed and lined with dark sables, and showing at the waist a gold chain, the exact use of which I know not. On his head was the Oozbeg cylindric cap of black lambskin. He wore no ornament, and his sole insignium of office was a large dagger in a sheath of gold, which lay before him. No guards were visible about the tent, but the doors of the court were guarded. The black tent of felt which he occupied, was of the usual dimensions, i. e. about twenty-four feet in diameter, and quite unadorned, its sole furniture being the carpet and cushions, on which he reclined.

How long Captain Abbot remained in Khiva does not distinctly appear from his narrative; neither can we state what were the services which he performed while there for any one person or party. This, however, is certain, that he opposed the immediate liberation of the Russians held in slavery in the Khan's kingdom, until he should have negotiated a peace; and accordingly, although apparently upon his own responsibility and self-authoritative tone, he resolved on proceeding to the court of the Muscovite, being excited as usual, it would seem, by some sort of dreamy motive. He says—

My position was novel and romantic. I was already the representative of two states, Great Britain and Heraut, at the Court of Khiva. I was now to become in fact, though not in name, the ambassador of a Khaun of Tartary to the Court of the Muscovite. There were, heaven knew, sufficient difficulties and dangers in my path; but it was the path of duty, and I trusted, that in the encounter of obstacles and perils, my birthright as a Briton should be manifest. Such feelings are to be known, perhaps, in full force only by the exile—by him who has lived long and dreary years upon a single, sacred, and most beauteous remembrance, the wealth and honour of his life. I could not sleep that night, but went often into the snow-covered court to gaze upon the stars, and think of the possibility, how faint, yet how precious, that amid my many adventures, some happier wave of destiny might cast me upon my native shore. The 900 miles of snowy desert disappeared before my excited fancy. The difficulties at posts and outposts were all as nothing. I had, in the determination to succeed, a talisman which nothing could impair or confound.

After leaving Khiva the Captain did not keep notes of his observations and movements; nor was it until long after, and on his return to India, that he found leisure to compose the volumes, rely-

ing chiefly on the vividness of his imagination and the liveliness of his remembrance of "sensations and emotions." His journey towards Russia was not without adventure, danger, detention, and suffering. But it is with the most extraordinary taste for picturing decapitation and the throes of death that he dwells upon, and ekes out, his reminiscences. For example—

I said, baring and offering him my throat, and touching with my finger his sabre, strike away, but save my servants. He shook his head, and intimated that we were safe, but I did not believe him. I returned and watched the rest of the night, determining to throw myself upon the first sword, that there might be no excuse for farther bloodshed. I meditated deeply on death. I imagined to myself its pang. I never could quite reconcile myself to the shape in which it was ever threatening; namely, the crushing together of the brain beneath the hatchet of Ahris Mhatoor. I had self-control, indeed, sufficient not to flinch as he flourished it near me, but a vivid imagination left no rest for the nerves. The sabre stroke had but one terrible accompaniment. The head, when struck off, retains life until the blood has discharged itself from the vessels of the brain. The eyes open and shut, the lips and muscles move. The system is still complete, the nerves of the eyes, nose, mouth, ears, communicating direct with the brain, &c.

This was a man for a diplomatist! It is beside our purpose to say more, or to go into the particulars of the events and the arrangements belonging to the history of Central Asia, posterior to the fruitless mission of Captain Abbot.

ART. XVI.—*Carstairs' National System of Penmanship.* The Eighth Edition. J. CARSTAIRS.

MR. CARSTAIRS claims to be the inventor of the natural and mechanical principles upon which the art of penmanship is truly founded; and we are persuaded from all that had been previously reported, and also from a perusal of the letter-press before us, together with an examination of the accompanying exercises and plates, that his system is the most simple and original, the soundest and most susceptible to be reduced to useful and constant practice by each and every person,—being capable of accommodating itself to all, whatever may be the occasion,—that has yet been laid before the public. This system has stood the test of many years; has been extensively adopted; and only requires to be fully and universally understood, to experience as wide and as popular an adoption. Mr. C. is an enthusiast in his profession; nor without the perseverance, the ardour, and the ingenuity which enthusiasm begets and cherishes, is it likely that he ever could have brought his principles

of penmanship to any considerable degree of ripeness. He looks upon the study of the art as hardly second to any that is secular or mundane; and regards skilfulness in penmanship as being one of the first accomplishments which even a monarch can aspire to. Augustus "taught his own son the art of writing." "Constantine the Great was an admirer and cultivator of the art." "Charles the Fifth, and Charles the Seventh of France, were remarkable for their skill in penmanship." "Mr. Chinnery, who when a youth, was taken into the Treasury, and had the lowest situation in that department, but by paying particular attention to his writing, and being taught very carefully by his father, who was at that time a writing master, the great improvement made at his leisure hours, which was noticed for its peculiar fineness, was the means of his direct advancement, step by step, to the very head situation of the Treasury." We must not be too critical with regard to the construction of this last illustrative passage. Neither is it needful to inform the reader that Mr. Carstairs must mean the department filled by the clerks, and not that occupied by the lords of the governmental establishment.

The history of Mr. Carstairs' system, of his progress towards perfecting it, as well as his exposures and animadversions relative to the old methods, and even some of the novelties of the day, are not uninstructive. For "nearly fifty years of severe, attentive application and study," has he persevered; his object having all along been to obtain "some regular system of teaching the art, on principles scientifically arranged, and founded on a sure basis, that would be as lasting as time, by bringing into use every natural means which man possesses." He is not one of your six or twelve lesson teachers; neither can he calmly endure to think of a boy expending several years at school in endeavouring to acquire even a formal style, to be laid aside when entering into a house of business, very probably an irregular scrawl succeeding the finest school-hand. Mr. Carstairs, however, undertakes "to teach youth, in a few weeks, the art of writing a bold large hand, and, in the same time, a running or business hand, and to modify the most illegible manuscript of an adult pupil, into a fine, flowing, and regular form of penmanship."

Mr. Carstairs was employed when quite a youth, as an under-assistant teacher of writing and common arithmetic, in the county of Durham. He, however, experienced a great deficiency in the command of the hand and the pen, at the same time that he entertained a decided predilection for the art of writing. For years he imagined that all he had to do to attain perfection, "was to study principally to form with symmetry the contours of the letters, and to make them with regularity and precision their proper size and width, and a correct position." But having obtained a situation in a mercantile office, he discovered, when called to transcribe the letters of his

master, and in time for the post, that rapidity was necessary, and that he could hardly keep pace with half the speed of the merchant. He therefore abandoned the affairs of commerce, and took to the business of teaching again, straining his mind to the study of the principles, natural and mechanical, of the art of writing. At length he completed a system which has long satisfied himself, and earned for him the most extended celebrity, we understand, that any writing master has yet obtained.

In the volume before us the principles and details of the system, as well as the history of its author's progress towards its completion, are fully described and minutely illustrated. It comprehends a variety of particular directions and rules with regard to sitting, the positions of the body, the movements not only of the fingers, but the free use of the hand and arm. We cite passages bearing upon some of these points.

Observe, first, that the body ought to be in such a position as to correspond with the position of the writing. Writing should generally be slanted from fifty-three to sixty degrees, and the left side of the body should be turned towards the table, or desk, and the legs of the writer should be placed obliquely, to hold the same slope as the writing itself, that is, the legs and feet should be oblique with the edge of the table, or desk, towards the right, and not straight-forward, as is commonly practised; and the body should be kept as upright as possible. In this case the weight of the body cannot possibly be thrown on the right arm, while a convenient rest will be found on the left, and will not only tend to steady the body while writing, but the right arm also, by allowing it a free play and command for writing.

Persons who are taught according to the old system, generally sit with the front of the body facing right-forward to the table or desk: the consequence is, that too much weight must come on the right arm; and, in this case, it is impossible to have a free action of the hand on the paper, and the hand and pen must be compelled to act almost transversely to the position or slanting of the writing. Secondly, if the body is kept with the left side towards the table, as I have recommended, the head itself will verge more to the left, and enable the writer to have a perfect view of every letter which he is writing, be enabled to write without any impediment, and to sit with perfect ease and comfort to himself, and be enabled to write with the greatest possible rapidity when required. Thirdly, by resting or leaning on the left arm, all the movements will become more perfect, always observing to keep the paper perfectly square with the edge of the table, and the right arm perfectly parallel with the paper; and the paper ought to be always facing the right arm, and in a perfectly direct line with it. The left arm, from the elbow to the end of the fingers, ought to lay on the table, or desk, as nearly as possible in a direct line with the edge of the table, or desk, at the distance of about four or five inches from the edge, while the right arm must lay in a parallel position with the paper, resting gently, or lightly, on the edge of the table, or desk, from within three or four inches from the elbow,

with the hand bearing lightly at the same time on the surface of the nails of the third and fourth fingers.

Since I have written my former observations on the position and holding of the pen, I have found it more convenient, as well as more graceful, to keep the wrist laying flat with the table, or desk, and to move on the surface of the nails of the third and fourth fingers: and this will be found to assist the movement more than by leaning entirely on the end of the fingers, from the smoothness of the nails. This position of the hand may be used, or not, according to fancy or inclination. I now, however, always teach it to my pupils, as it gives a wonderful steadiness to the hand and arm.

It certainly must appear very evident that the hand and pen ought, as much as possible, to be kept in one uniform elevation, or position, at the beginning, middle, and end of the same word, and of the same line; but I am persuaded we shall hardly find one person out of ten (who have learnt from the old mode), when writing running-hand, having one and the same position of the hand and pen in every part of a word; and if they have not, the writing cannot appear regular, consistent, and good.

For instance, in writing a formal hand, the little finger is generally used as a fixed prop; and sometimes several letters in succession are formed by the motion of the upper fingers only, without moving the little finger. When writing a running-hand, the consequence is, that a line of writing is composed of a number of successive and uncertain curves and shifts of the hand and pen; therefore, the hand, before it makes a move in this way, is gradually drawn over while in the action of writing, so as to show the inside of the hand. The pen being thus continually used at different angles of inclination, gives varying characters to the letters, and the writing is unequal in style and drawn out of the direct line.

To accomplish the object of free writing, great attention is necessary to be paid to the different movements of the arm, hand, and fingers, because the grand principle of improvement, perfection, and quickness, chiefly depends on these, throughout the whole of the learner's practice. The first and greatest movement is that of the whole arm; the next is the free action of a part of the arm and hand, from the elbow, resting on the table or desk, at the elbow; and the least and last movement is that of the fingers.

Mr. Carstairs has recourse to sundry measures for controlling the movements, and for disciplining the fingers, &c., for the due and felicitous performance of their task.

To produce the command of the arm, so necessary to free writing, the author has found it expedient, in the beginning, to tie up the fingers, in order to prevent the motion of the joints, and ties a piece of tape, about eight inches long, round the first and second fingers and the first joint of the thumb, with the pen held betwixt them: the pupil, in consequence, is compelled to move the arm to form the letters.

In like manner, the third and fourth fingers are tied up, that they may be kept in their proper position. A tape is tied to them also, so as to bring them sufficiently under the hand, that the surface of the nails may run on the paper: this is done by taking a piece of tape and tying the middle of it

just immediately between the nails and the first joints of the third and fourth fingers, then, with the two ends of the tape, bring the fingers under the hand, so as to admit the tape to be fastened round the wrist.

The chief intention of tying the upper fingers and thumb is to hinder the too flexible motion of them when the pupil is endeavouring to learn the larger movements: there being three direct movements, the first, the movement of the whole arm; the second, the fore-arm; the third, the combined movements of the fingers and thumb, and the varied combinations of all the movements of the arm, hand, and fingers. Each movement ought to be acquired distinctly and correctly by itself.

Among Mr. Carstairs' auxiliaries and mechanical resources, he invented an instrument, in 1810, to which he has added, he says, many improvements. This instrument "retains the hand lightly suspended above the paper, leaving it, at the same time, full liberty to perform all the necessary movements employed in copying the exercises in my systems of writing." He sets great importance on the free and light use of the arm as well as hand, instead of confining the movements almost exclusively to the fingers, as has ordinarily been done.

We shall now copy out a few notices and directions bearing upon the writing exercises suitable for pupils, reference being made to the accompanying illustrative plates as well as foregoing instructions.

Forming the *x*, without taking off the pen, is always found difficult: the form of the *x* given in this plate (ix.) will generally answer the purpose in running-hand, and can be made with great ease, without lifting the pen from the paper. Let it be noticed here, that the first part of the *x* resembles very nearly the first part of a small *m*, rather turned to the left at the bottom, the second part is like a small *i*, a little turned at the top towards the right. The pupil should commence with the first part of the *x*, as if he intended to form the first part of the *m*, observing to return upwards on the stroke he came down with; then return down again on the stroke he went up with, forming the second part something like the shape of the *i*, as mentioned above, without taking off the pen, and so continue, keeping on the pen, from *x* to *x*, by the help of the loops, until the column is completed. The *e* is so very simple that it will not be necessary to give a long direction about it, only be particular to make a clear, open loop in the *e* itself. The *o* I have already sufficiently explained. Learners often find the *s* rather difficult when the pen is kept on. It is nearly as easy as any other letter, if we attend properly to bringing the pen back round the turn at the bottom. When the *s* is formed, return steadily round the bottom, in a retrograde movement, from the dot of the *s*, so as to keep on the line. A little practice will soon confirm this into a habit. In making the *t*, the pen must return up the down-stroke, and form a small loop like an *o* in the middle of it, and continue the fine stroke, which serves as a crossing to the *t*, and admits of being readily joined with any letter that may follow it. In the *u*, which is commonly in the form of two *i*'s, the down-stroke returns upon the up-stroke, as in the *o*, but is not turned at the top. The *u* and *w* are made nearly on the same principle.

Again.

The words, or syllables, are much the same as those given to children in their commencing to learn reading. The author recommends all teachers to require learners, as soon as they have something like a right conception of all the letters of the alphabet, to let them begin with joining the double letters, commonly denominated *ab*'s, from models of their own writing on the top lines of their copy-books, both in large-hand and round-hand, about the size they are given in this plate (xi.), and let them endeavour to make them with the oval curved line, without lifting the pen in the entire line, by a free movement of the hand and arm, which will be quite easy for them to perform after they have been well exercised in the mechanical movements, particularly exercise xi., which they should perform with the lateral horizontal movement of the whole arm, according to the instructions given at page 51, for that exercise. Before doing this, the young learners ought to be frequently exercised with the large and small characters, daily, until they are able not only to make every character, as nearly as possible, from models performed by the teacher, but also know each separately, by its number.

I here advise every teacher to make their young pupils not only practise the large characters, which are to be made with the movement of the whole arm, but ever after to allow them frequently to exercise the large characters, and also large words, consisting of easy letters; always rejecting those words which contain the letters *a*, *d*, *g*, *q*, *c*, *s*, and *x*: but all words that commence with those letters may be practised, even with great advantage, but never to make choice of words with any one of those letters coming in any part of the word after the first letter.

The young learner ought to be exercised in large hand, and large as well as small capital letters, frequently, during the time he remains under the instructions of his writing master.

Mr. Carstairs has a considerable number of directions and illustrative figures on the subject of pen-making, and which, like everything connected with his system, exhibit or indicate pliability, fluency, rapid freedom, and graceful sweep. Of course his system of writing requires that it be studied in all its fulness, and particularly as taught in the volume before us, the edition presenting his last, and perhaps his final improvements. We dismiss the work with a confident expression of the opinion that the methods here taught and elucidated, deserve to be adopted in every school and by every teacher of penmanship; and that on account of its simplicity, its beauty, and its cheapness both in regard to the expenditure of time and money, it ought to form a part of whatever system of national education which may happen to be established by authority.

NOTICES.

ART. XVII.—*Tales of the Colonies; or, the Adventures of an Emigrant.* Edited by a late Colonial Magistrate.

WE last month had merely the opportunity of noticing in the briefest fashion these "Tales of the Colonies," but drew copiously from some of the earlier sketches and adventures of the Emigrant. On further acquaintanceship with the work we are prepared not only to reiterate, but to go beyond our former praise and recommendation of its contents. It is decidedly original; for it traverses a country that is new, pictures the most striking scenes and objects in nature as met with in untamed or partially cultured regions, and presents contrasts of the boldest character. It is a penetrating guide even in such a luxuriantly wild country, abounding with retrospective as well as prospective glimpses that are clear and strong, drawing forcibly upon one's sympathies, and arousing to healthful flow and action the sentiments. It is an original work in manner of treatment as well as in respect of subject. As narratives, seldom has human writing been more truthful than these tales, more fresh in regard to life and nature, more various yet faithful in respect of character, or more exciting in point of incident; the author having gone on in his strength and glee with perfect self-confiding, and with a perfect knowledge of what he wrote about.

Let no one suppose that because the work passes under the name of Tales, that therefore nothing better than feigned things, merely to amuse the devourer of novels, enter into these volumes; for the fact is that the reader can no more doubt of the truth of the narratives than were it a book of De Foe's that he had before him, nor rise from the perusal of a single passage, be the subject gay or sad,—of beautiful civilization or of savage features, without being instructed and bettered. It is very remarkable that where there is so much of simplicity and also of particular detail as the late Colonial Magistrate deals in, there should be so many points and so great attraction; the reason partly at least being that the author is full of the subject that may happen to be in hand, as well as having a full view of it: that his contemplation of it is direct; and that his purpose is manly and far-reaching. We do not hesitate to say, that for a settler in a new country, and especially if similarly circumstanced with Van Diemen's land, a truer, a more informing, or a more inspiriting publication does not exist. Everything seems to be shown and taught that is necessary, or can offer itself to the emigrants' observation or necessities. And then there are such healthfulness of principle, such traits of genuine humanity, and so many touches of well-timed humour, good-natured wit, and sly satire, that the book contains large quantities of food for every phase of feeling and order of appetite. But on all occasions when speaking of a work of sterling merit, and large abundance, nothing is more unsatisfactory than the vague eulogy, and the generalities which one must utter if limited to a few sentences. We therefore without further preface introduce a story that is exceedingly well told,

besides being illustrative of some of the more terrible experiences in colonial history, during the infancy of settlement.

Had we room and time it would be easy to give many specimens in which the writer surpasses, whether viewed as a person of literary skill, of mental vigour, or of raciness of description and portraiture. But we must desist.

"My presence of mind almost forsook me at this crisis. Escape seemed impossible; and I felt that I was doomed to the most horrible of deaths—that of being burnt alive!

"The light of the flames increased, and the smoke inside the hut became almost insufferable! Feeling that if I remained where I was, death was certain, I determined to make a desperate effort to escape. There was a little wind, which blew the smoke in the direction of the back of the hut; the natives, as I knew by their cries, were assembled in the front.

"I determined to attempt my escape by the back window, hoping that the smoke in that direction would serve to conceal my exit at the moment of getting out of the window, when my position would be defenceless. I hastily tore down my barricade of logs, and jumped through the opening into the smoke. I was almost suffocated, but, with my gun in my hand, I dashed through it.

"For the moment I was not perceived; but the natives soon got sight of me, and a volley of spears around me, one of which struck me in the back, but dropped out again, proclaimed that they were in chase. I kept on running as long as I could towards a tree that was in the middle of the little plain over which I was passing, intending to make that my fighting place, by setting my back to it, and so to protect myself in the rear.

"The spears flew around me and near me, but I reached the tree, and instantly turning round, I fired among the advancing natives. This checked them, for they were now becoming afraid of my formidable weapon, and seeing that I stood resolute and prepared for them, they retreated to some distance; but they continued to throw some spears, most of which fell short, and kept up a shouting and yelling in a frightful manner, capering and dancing about in a sort of frenzy,—ferocious to get at me, but kept at bay by my terrible gun.

"My blood was now up! I was excited to a pitch of joyful exultation by my escape from the burning hut, and I felt that courage of excitement which almost prompted me to rush on my enemies, and to bring the matter to an issue by a bodily conflict with my broadsword. But prudence prevailed; and I placed my hope and my dependence on my trusty gun, which had already done me such good service.

"Taking advantage of the temporary inaction of the natives, I felt for my powder-horn, to reload the barrel which I had discharged. To my unspeakable horror and disappointment it was missing! I searched every pocket in vain! I had laid it on the table in the hut, and there I had left it! To recover it was impossible, as the hut was all in flames, and while I gazed on the burning mass, a dull report and a burst of sparks from the building made known to me that the powder had become ignited, and was lost to me for ever!

"In my agony of mind at this discovery, my hair seemed to bristle up;

and the sweat ran down my forehead and obscured my sight! I now felt that nothing but a miracle could save me: but the love of life increasing in proportion to the danger of losing it, I once more summoned up my failing energies for a last effort. I had three barrels loaded; one in my fowling-piece and two in my pistols; I had also my broadsword, but that would not avail me against their spears.

"If I could hold out till night, I thought I might be able then to elude my savage enemies, as the natives have a fear of moving about at night, believing that in the darkness an evil spirit roams about, seeking to do them mischief, and who then has power over them. Casting my eyes upwards to the branches of the tree under which I was standing, I observed that it was easy to climb, and there appeared to me indications of a hollow in the trunk between the principal branches, which might serve me for a place of shelter till the night should enable me, under the cover of its darkness, to escape from my pursuers.

"I formed my plan on the instant, and without losing a moment I slung my gun behind me, and, catching hold of a branch within reach, I clambered up. The natives who were watching my motions, renewed their shouts and yells at this manœuvre, and rushed towards the tree in a body.

"I scrambled as fast as I could to the fork of the tree, and found to my infinite relief that my anticipation was right; there was a hollow large enough to admit my whole body, and effectually to shield me from the spears of the savages. As my foot reached the bottom, it encountered some soft body, which I quickly learnt was an opossum, the owner of the habitation, which asserted its rights by a sharp attack on the calf of my leg with teeth and claws: I was not in a humour to argue the matter with my new assailant, so with my thick bush shoes I trampled the creature down into a jelly, though it left its remembrances on my torn flesh, which smarted not a little. When I recovered my breath, I listened to ascertain the motions of my enemies outside.

"They had ceased their yells, and there was a dead silence, so that I could hear my own quick breathing within the trunk of the tree. 'What are they about?' thought I. While I mentioned ejaculately this thought, I felt an agitation of the tree, from which I guessed that some venturous savage was climbing up to attack me in my retreat. I cautiously raised myself up to look around me, but the appearance of my hat above the hole was the signal for half-a dozen spears, three of which passed through it, one of them grazing the scalp of my head. 'That plan will not do,' thought I; 'I must keep close.'

"As I crouched myself down, I thought I heard a breathing above me. I looked up, and beheld the hideous visage of one of the savages glaring on me with his white eyeballs, which exhibited a ferocious sort of exultation. He had his waddie in his hand, which he slowly raised, to give me a pat on the head, thinking that he had me quite safe, like an opossum in its hole. 'You're mistaken, my beauty,' thought I; 'I'm not done for yet.' Drawing out one of my pistols from my pocket, which was rather a matter of difficulty in my confined position, I fired. The ball crashed through his face and skull, and I heard his dead body fall heavily to the ground.'

"A yell of fear and rage arose from his black companions! I took advantage of the opportunity, and raised myself up so as to look about me, but their threatening spears soon drove me back to my retreat. There was now another pause and a dead silence; and I flattered myself with the hope that the savages, having been so frequently baffled, and having suffered so much in their attacks, would now retire. But the death and the wounds of their comrades, it appears, only whetted their rage, and stimulated them to fresh endeavours; and the cunning devices of that devilish savage Musqueeto were turned in a new and more fatal direction.

"As I lay in my retreat, I heard a sound as if heavy materials were being dragged towards the tree. I ventured to peep out, and beheld the savages busy in piling dead wood round the trunk, with the intention as I immediately surmised, of setting fire to it, and of burning me in my hole.

"My conjectures were presently verified. I saw emerging from the wood one of their females, bearing the lighted fire-sticks which the natives always carry with them in their journeys. I looked on these preparations as a neglected but not indifferent spectator, the natives disregarding my appearance above the opening, and waiting with a sort of savage patience for the sure destruction which they were preparing for me.

"The native women approached with the fire, and the natives, forming a circle round the tree, performed a dance of death as a prelude to my sacrifice. I was tempted to fire on them; but I did not like to part with my last two shots, except in an extremity even greater than this.

"In the meantime the natives continued their dance, seeming to enjoy the interval between me and death, like the epicure who delays his attack on the delicious feast before him, that he may the longer enjoy the exciting pleasure of anticipation. Presently, however, their death-song broke out into loud cries of fury; they applied the fire to the faggots, and as the blaze increased, they danced and yelled around the tree in a complete delirium of rage and exultation.

"The fire burned up!—the smoke ascended! I already felt the horrid sensation of being stifled by the thick atmosphere of smoke before the flames encompassed me. In this extremity, I determined, at least, to inflict some vengeance on my savage persecutors.

"I scrambled up from my hiding-place, and crawled as far as I could on one of the branches which was most free from the suffocating smoke and heat, and fired the remaining barrel of my fowling-piece at the yelling wretches, which I then hurled at their heads. I did the same with my remaining pistol, when to my amazement, I heard the reports of other guns; but whether they were the echoes of my own, or that my failing senses deceived me, I know not, for the smoke and flames now mastered me. Stifled and scorched, I remember only falling from the branch of the tree, which was not high, to the ground, when my senses left me.

"I was roused from my trance of death by copious deluges of water, and I heard a voice which was familiar to me exclaiming,—

"'Well, if this is not enough to disgust a man with this horrid country, I don't know what he would have more! For years and years I have been preaching to him that nothing good could come of this wretched den of bush-rangers and natives, and now, you see, the evil is come at last!'

"I opened my eyes at these words. It was the voice of Crabb, whom heaven had directed with a party of friends to this spot to deliver me! Overcome with the intensity of my emotions, racked with pain, and sick from the very fulness of joy at my escape from death, I uttered a piercing cry of mingled pain and delight, and fainted!"

ART. XVIII.—*Sacred Poems, from Subjects in the Old Testament.* By JOHN EDMUND READE, Author of "Italy," &c.

WE have frequently noticed Mr. Reade's poetical efforts in terms of high commendation. There is not one of our living writers who has a deeper and more abiding sense of the requirements of his art, or who approaches his subjects with greater sincerity and earnestness than does the author of these Sacred pieces. He is not of the number who imagine that a set of verses strung together without forethought and steady purpose can be fitting either as respects the purposes of Poetry, or his own character. As he himself observes, the great ends of Poetry are like those of Truth, "with whom she is one, the sister and the adorning handmaid—to hold up the evil and the good in their most impressive colours." Accordingly he never thinks of applying his art as a mere plaything, but makes its employment a matter of conscience. Most sedulously has he sought to improve his skill by study, by travel, and by careful revision; and we may be sure that when he essayed sacred themes he did not rush unadvisedly into the temple, nor read his texts with an undisciplined imagination.

These Poems have for their subjects some of the most remarkable events and characters to be met with in the Old Testament, which abounds with passages of the very highest capability for poetical treatment, and which at the same time impose the highest responsibility upon him who approaches them with the design of bringing out parts of the picture more fully than has been done by the inspired penman, or of enlarging a sentiment that may be but incidentally or indirectly suggested by the text. An example from the collection before us may be given to illustrate our meaning, and at the same time, to convince the reader of the beauties which shine in these poems. The lines are taken from the piece called "Jephthah's Vow."

> The shouts of victory rose, the timbrels sounded:
> The old men came forth with their laurels green;
> And in the dance glad Israel's maidens bounded,
> Circling their mistress with triumphant mien:
> For Jephthah's honoured daughter they surrounded,—
> Handmaids of beauty waiting round their queen.
>
> She stood among them yet alone,
> Peerless and pure as is the moon
> Among the lesser planets shown:
> Her hair, unbraided now, was strewn
> In masses o'er her shoulders bright,
> Glistening in threads of amber light!

But where they parted o'er her brow,
And left her temples bare, ye traced
The violet vein that stained their snow;
And where those tresses, interlaced
With their own tangled braids, descended,
Veiling that swan-like neck of pride,
And with her heaving bosom blended,
Shadowing the forms they could not hide,
They looked as they had stolen the rays
Of sunset in their golden maze.

All this is fairly within the scope of the sacred narrative, and certainly a very beautiful enlargement. We think that it would be idle after such a specimen to offer any further words of general recommendation.

ART. XIX.—*Marriage; a Poem in four Cantos.* By the Rev. Dr. HENRY EDMUNDS.

DR. EDMUNDS is Minister of St. John's Chapel, Dover, and is author of "Piety and Intellect relatively estimated;" "Our Female Servants," &c. He now sings of matrimony and marriage, although at the period when his muse delivered herself of this poem, he had not yet been wedded, but was only going to be, and to an unrivalled and peerless lady; for he exclaims,—

"Come forth behind the scenes, my matchless bride,
Nor blush, nor faint, nor falter, by my side:
Thy virtues well deserve an angel's tongue,
On thee through life, my hopes, my heaven are hung.
Happy, thrice happy they, of human mind,
Who one the least resembles her shall find.
Proud Wellington, and Peel, and Brougham retire—
For such, though humble swains, rank justly higher."

Has not the Rev. Doctor spoken prematurely? Could he not have waited at least till the honeymoon was o'er?

ART. XX.—*A Voice from the Vintages, on the Force of Example, addressed to those who think and feel.* By the author of "The Women of England."

MRS. ELLIS has here entered upon the question of temperance, balancing the claims of moderation and total abstinence in the use of intoxicating drinks. She advocates the adoption of the latter principle and practice.

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